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May 27, 1939

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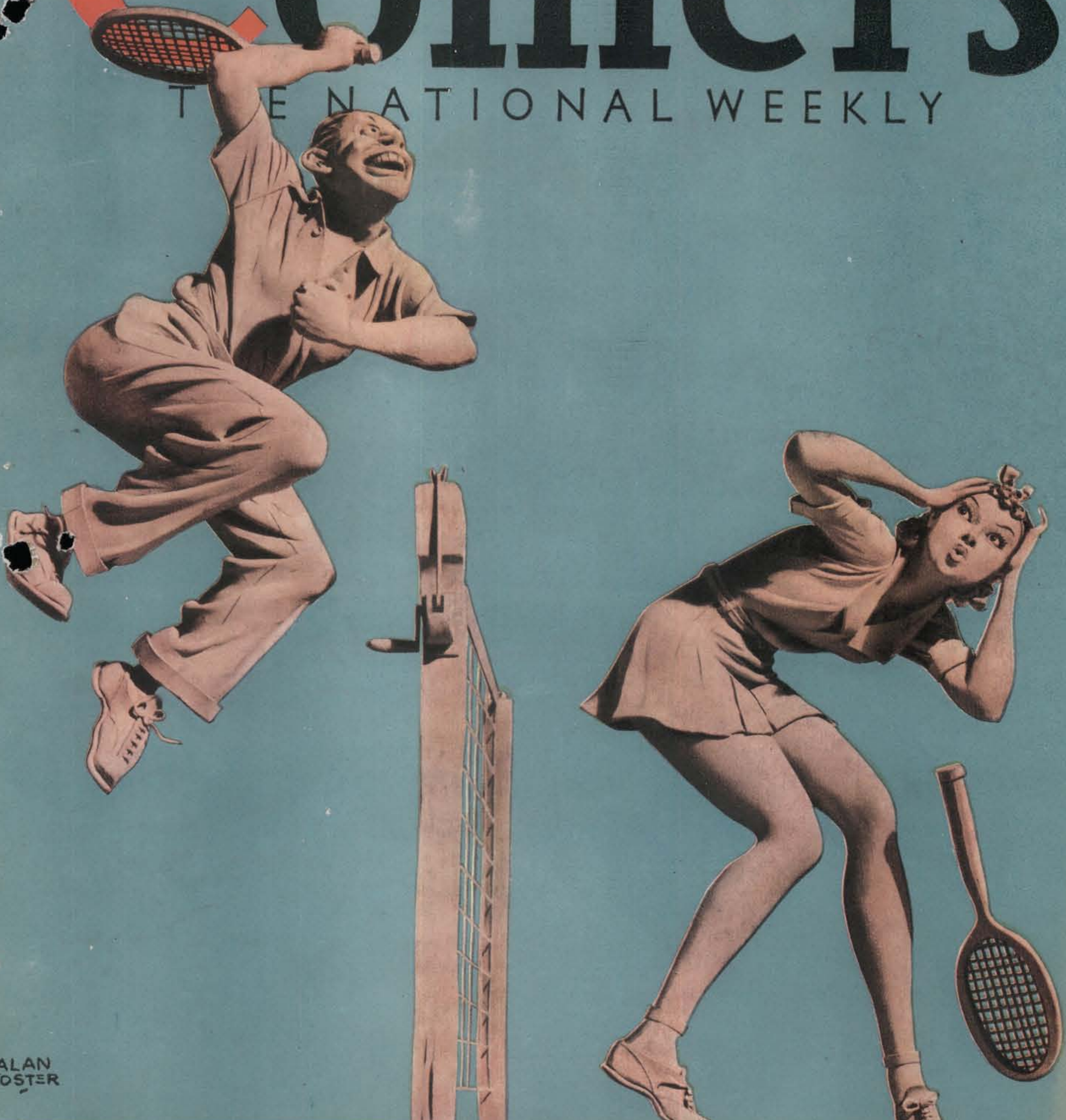
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



BAD-BLOOD WAGON BY WALTER

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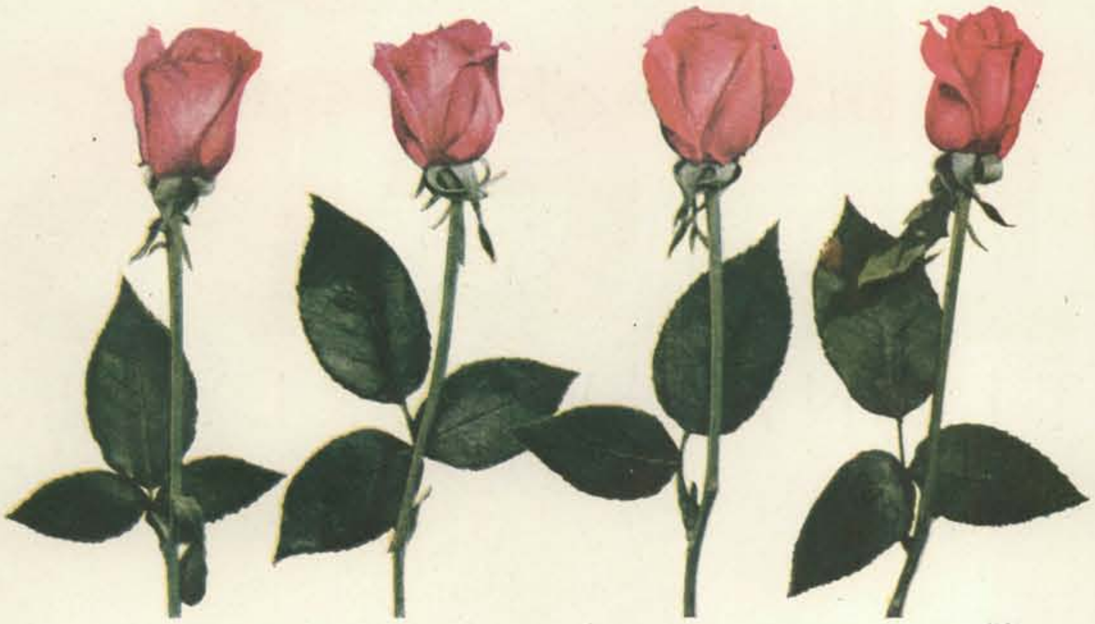
May 27, 1939



These four roses tell you the age of the *youngest* whiskey in it!

Q. *What is meant by the "youngest" whiskey in Four Roses?*

A. Just that. Four Roses is a combination of *several* straight whiskies. And even the *youngest* of these whiskies has been aged in the wood for 4 long years. All of these whiskies are old enough to be bottled in bond.

Q. *Then why aren't they bottled separately—each as a fine bonded whiskey?*

A. Because we think it better to make these whiskies lighter, milder, by reducing them to 90 proof (instead of the 100 proof which bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). Then, with a skill born of 74 years' experience, we bring these distinguished whiskies together, so as to unite *all* their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone.

Q. *Can this be proved?*

A. Yes! We're certain that once you taste the deep-flavored richness and mellow smoothness of Four Roses, you'll agree that it's the *one* whiskey that simply can't be matched!

Ask for Four Roses at your favorite bar or package store today. You may find that it costs a trifle more. It's worth it! *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST *4 YEARS OLD*

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Wise in the practice of Gum Massage she's starting at 8 to safeguard her smile!

Modern children often know more than their elders about the benefits derived from Ipana and Massage

THIS young lady's only eight—but wise beyond her years in the care of her teeth and gums! For she's already learned in school what her dad and mother haven't learned—the importance of gum massage to sound teeth and an attractive, winning smile. And she knows, too, all about that warning tinge of "pink" and what a threat it can be to a lovely smile.

For one of the lessons thousands of lucky children are being taught is that gum troubles can come from our soft and well-cooked foods. Robbed of vigorous chewing, gums naturally tend to grow weak and flabby, and all too often they flash a warning—a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

When you see that "pink" on your brush—*your dentist is the one man to see!* He'll tell you if you're in for serious gum trouble. Usually, however, he's apt to pronounce it no more than "gums grown lazy from lack of work." And his advice may be that of so many other modern dentists, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases in the gum tissues. Lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, stronger.

Be wise, yourself, like this young lady! Don't risk trouble. Buy a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Help your dentist make *your* smile the smile it should be—winning and attractive!

Try the Ipana way for a Brighter Smile!

Teacher says, "Massage helps wake up lazy gums," Mother! It's easy to do.
Sonny's after me again, Tom, about gum massage. I'm going to try it.
Sa-ay, Mary, that tip was a good idea! Your smile is much brighter now.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK
USED ALWAYS

Get the new D.D. DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush *—The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE *(see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

May 27, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

INEXORABLY, silicosis kills men. Thousands of them. Particularly miners and tunnel workers. The tiny, deadly dust particles lodge in lung tissue. Death is inevitable. And horrible. Only in recent weeks have scientists discovered anything to do for silicosis sufferers. They don't exactly understand it themselves, as yet. But they know that the story of their years of quiet work can now be told, for they have produced a cure. Hannah Lees has been privileged to tell the story to the public for the first time. It is titled "Dust Fights Dust." We're printing it next week.

BY TRANSATLANTIC telephone the Editor of Collier's speaks to Winston Churchill, Britain's elder statesman, in London. "Mr. Churchill," he asks, "would you write an article for us on the theory that there will be no war?" "Certainly not," Churchill answered. "Would you write an article on the theory that there will be a war?" And Churchill answered, "Certainly not. But," he continued, "I will write an article estimating the forces that will make for war and peace, and giving the best guess I can as to the outcome." He did, and cabled it. It appears next week.

FICTION forecast: Revealing what a radio gossip can do with the help of an actress skilled in witchiness, Edwin Olmstead serves up "Little Jalopy." A jolly saga of a high-school siren who snares two swains with the same bait is Josephine Bentham's "Two Guys and a Girl." Wilbur Daniel Steele's "The Black Road" is a story of a Connecticut runaway who came back home to modernize things that his contemporaries didn't want changed. The Short Short Story is by Richard Hoffmann. Will Jenkins writes the dramatic story of a perfect crime that carried the seeds of solution in its very perfection.

ARTICLE augury: It seems there are two Irishmen, both young and both handy with their dukes. Quentin Reynolds predicts that they will one day battle for the lost glory of Erin and for the heavyweight championship of the world; Kyle Crichton scales the citadel of Isa Miranda, newest screen glamorette, and finds what she's hiding behind those forbidding walls of her Hollywood home. Ben Ames Williams pulls the plug on the theory that you have to be brainy to be a successful fisherman. He claims that he's a successful one, giving a ready-made rebuttal to the thousands of fishermen who are going to be outraged by his heresy.

This Week

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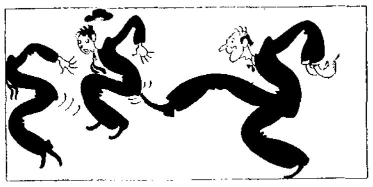
COVER ALAN FOSTER

Any Week

WITH a long apprehensive look into a dark future, Mr. Joe Brannock of New Orleans, Louisiana, produces the following shudder: "I see where this big G-string man, J. Edgar Hoover, has a yen to be President. When I think of the possible ticket of Hoover and Dewey, I sure start looking around. The cop for President and the district attorney for Vice President. Call the wagon, boys, call the wagon."

AND a minor wail issues from Mr. William Trottier of Lowell, Massachusetts. Mr. Trottier is not happy because he derives very little nourishment from the newspaper dispatches from Europe. In fact, he finally got so mad that he investigated. He reports that the newspaper correspondents write "diplomatic stuff" for daily journalism because they're saving the low-down for "a rainy day, that is, their memoirs."

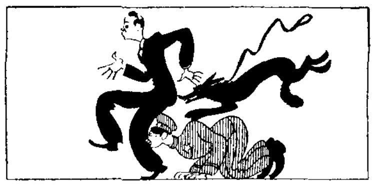
"WHEN I was ten," writes Mr. Louis Vogel of Baltimore, Maryland, "my grandfather became a hero to me by kicking two reporters out of his office. He vowed they were rats and that reporters would remain rats until the day of judgment. The passing years (I am sixty and have read Collier's for forty-two years) tended to bear out Grandpap's statement. Gosh, how joyfully and effectively that grand old man could punt a reporter. Lord rest his sole."



DR. FOSTER KENNEDY, author of last week's article on euthanasia, wants you to know that the title "Legalize Mercy Killings" was ours, not his, and that he, moreover, felt that our title did his opinions injustice.

HERE'S one that we've wanted to print for years. It's from Doctor Alan G. Cazort of Little Rock, Arkansas, and we hope a lot of authors read it. "I object," says the doctor, with our enthusiastic endorsement, "to the expression 'allergic to.' Next to 'swell,' allergic and its derivatives seem to be the most abused words in the American language. Allergic is an adjective which can be properly used only in describing the human whose cells have been sensitized, or who has become hypersensitive to certain substances. No substance is allergic other than human tissue. No person is allergic to any substance. The person who is allergic is hypersensitive to allergens which come from allergenic substances."

THAT we feel better now is understatement. We may proceed, therefore, with the information that Dr. Creston Collins of Hollywood, Florida, brands as a "libelous lie" Ernest Haycox's description of "a Missouri nester family living in a two-room house and an ex-cowhand building a home of three rooms." Roars the doctor: "No nester family ever had a house of more than one room and if any man had come along and started to build a three-room house he would have been fatally injured immediately. I am an authority on early settlers. Look what the Key Westers did to the fellow who first sawed a barrel in two to make two washtubs."



AND we have somewhat doleful and none too explicit news about our W. B. Courtney in Mani[illegible] Philippine Islands. Either Mr. Courtney was bitten by a police dog or by the policeman who was, at the time, accompanying the dog. Mr. Felix Wang is our informant. We lack the space to give you all of Mr. Wang's letter, but one paragraph will give you the idea. "It was a melee," writes Mr. Wang. "Only one thing. When the great throng take police and dog from Mr. Courtney he is not serious mangle. Mr. Courtney proceeds."

WE'RE informed by Mr. George N. Londonberry of Washington, D. C., that several of Secretary Ickes' young men are not too optimistic about the future of the New Deal. Mr. Londonberry, who says he was indulging in "a few spring gin drinks" with the gloomy fellows, reports that it was "generally agreed after a lot of clear thinking" that the New Deal would be a permanent state of affairs and that Mr. Ickes might even be elected President "if the Roosevelt Administration hadn't been wasted on the wrong sort of people." The trouble, goes on Mr. Londonberry, seemed to be that "the American people are the most materialistic in the world, thinking only of motorcars, radios and other luxuries."

THE cads. W. D.

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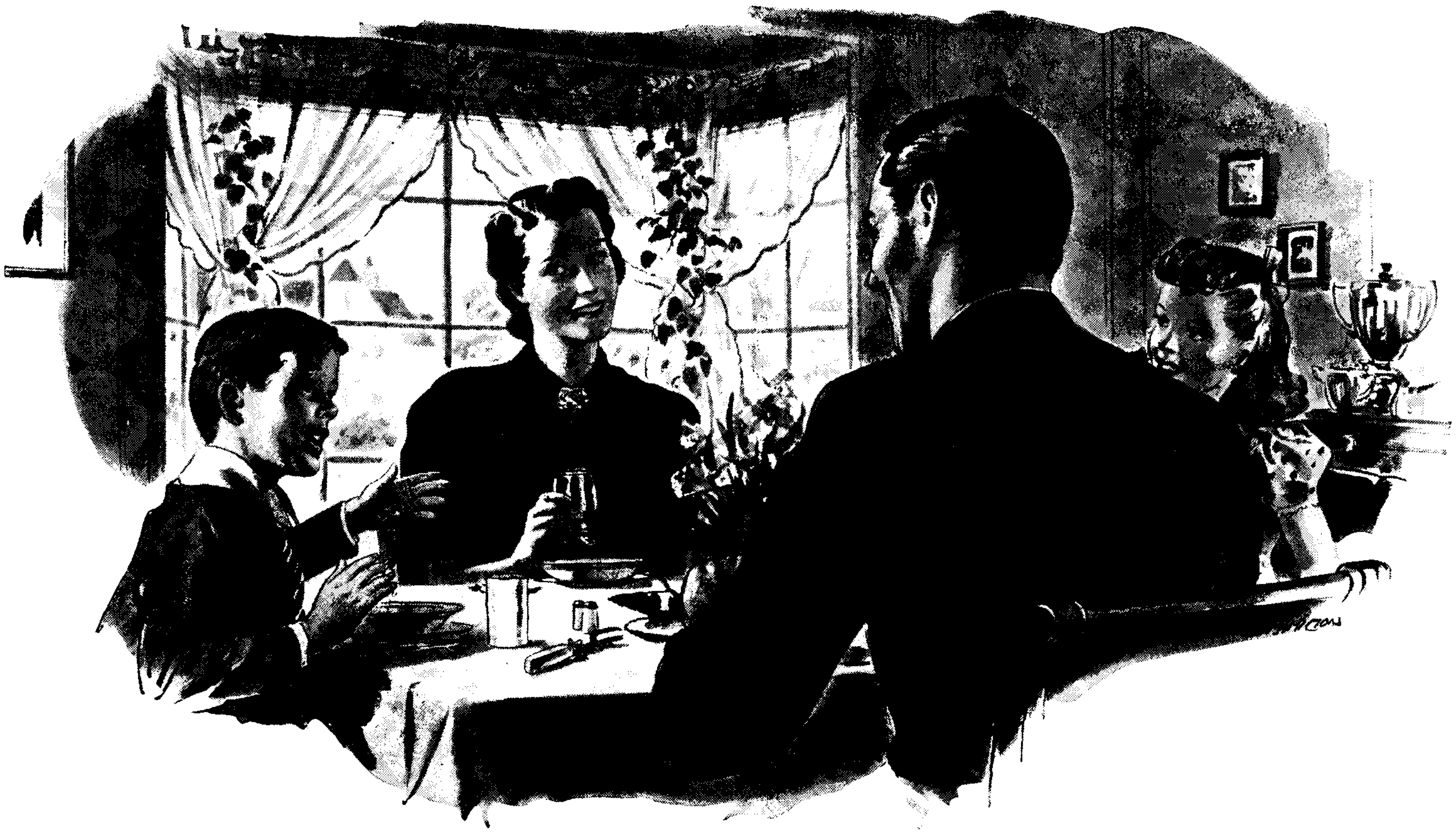


A BALANCED DIET

– vital to your Family's Health

A "balanced diet" is one which contains all the food elements needed every day. However, many of us fail to appreciate the direct relation between a balanced diet and good health.

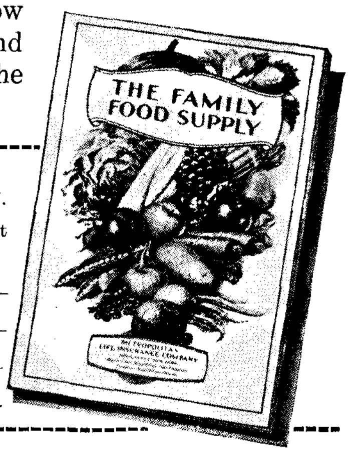
A well-balanced daily diet for healthy people should include a plentiful supply of "Protective Foods"—milk and other dairy products, fresh vegetables and fruits. These are necessary to maintain health and build resistance to disease—not simply "desirable extras." Your diet should also include "Building Foods," particularly meat, fish, cheese and poultry—necessary to make sturdy muscles. It should in addition contain daily servings of "Energy Foods"—sugar, bread, cereals and fats—which create power for work, play and all other activities of the body.

All of the elements contained in such a diet are important to protect health. Milk is particularly valuable. Wherever possible every child should have a quart and every adult a pint a day—as a beverage or used in other food.

But a "balanced diet" is concerned with more than just "what" you eat. "How" and "when" must be considered. The eat-and-run habit is likely to take a heavy toll in stomach disorders. If you have only fifteen minutes, a light meal such as a bowl of crackers and milk followed by fruit will do you more good than a heavier meal swallowed practically whole. Eat at regular intervals and whenever possible take time to sit quietly at a table and enjoy a well-chosen meal. Regular eating habits are especially important for growing children.

Give real thought to your diet—whether you eat at home or in restaurants. You will find it decidedly worth-while, for remember this—keeping healthy begins with the eating of proper foods, in proper quantities, at proper times.

Your whole family may profit from reading the Metropolitan booklet "The Family Food Supply." It describes the values of various foods and the elements they contain. Homemakers, especially, will like the advice on how to plan appetizing, nourishing and inexpensive meals. A post card or the coupon will bring you a copy.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Dept. 639-C, 1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet "The Family Food Supply."

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________________

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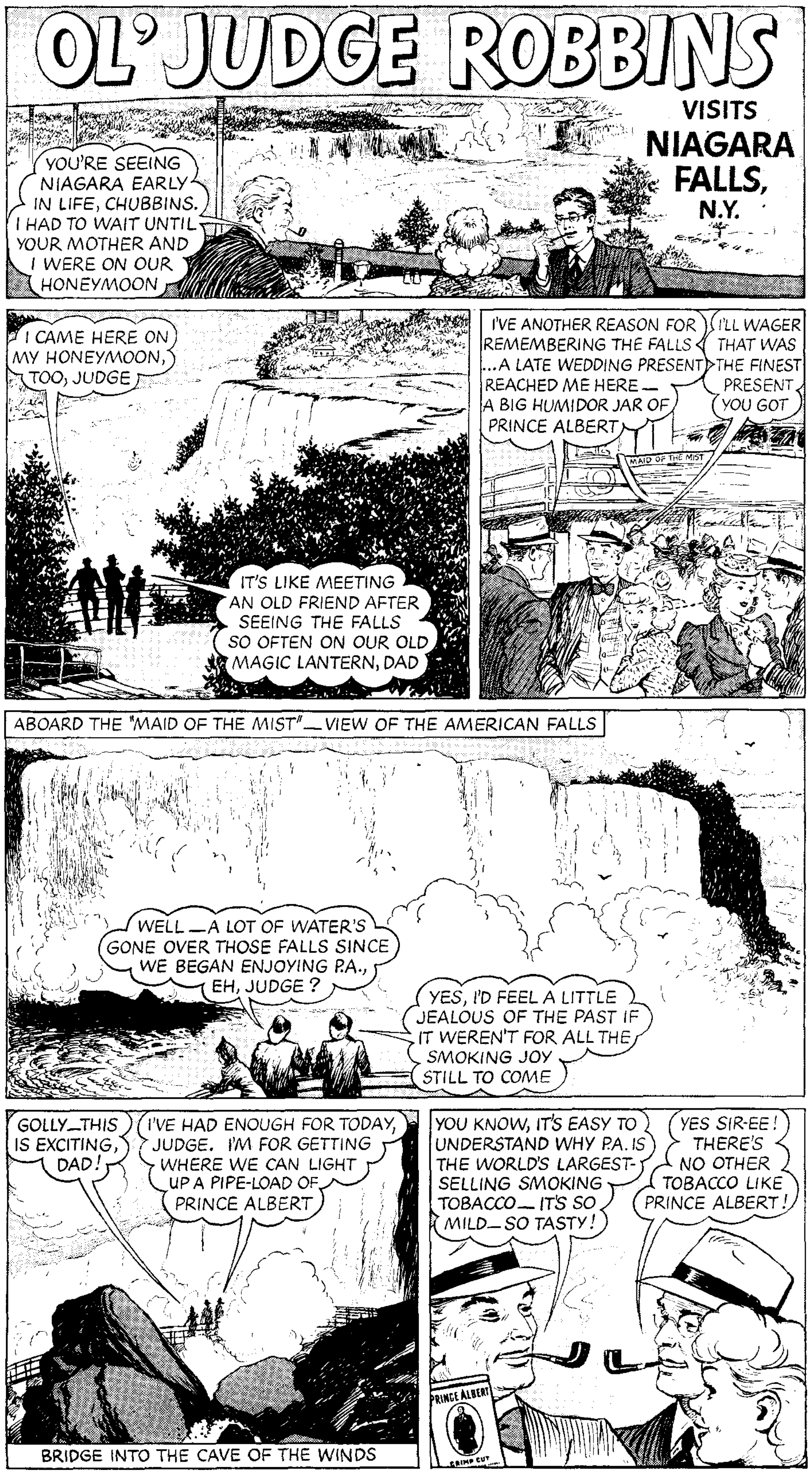


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
VISITS NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.
YOU'RE SEEING NIAGARA EARLY IN LIFE, CHUBBINS. I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE ON OUR HONEYMOON
I CAME HERE ON MY HONEYMOON, TOO, JUDGE
IT'S LIKE MEETING AN OLD FRIEND AFTER SEEING THE FALLS SO OFTEN ON OUR OLD MAGIC LANTERN, DAD
I'VE ANOTHER REASON FOR REMEMBERING THE FALLS ...A LATE WEDDING PRESENT REACHED ME HERE — A BIG HUMIDOR JAR OF PRINCE ALBERT
I'LL WAGER THAT WAS THE FINEST PRESENT YOU GOT
MAID OF THE MIST
ABOARD THE "MAID OF THE MIST"—VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FALLS
WELL — A LOT OF WATER'S GONE OVER THOSE FALLS SINCE WE BEGAN ENJOYING P.A., EH, JUDGE?
YES, I'D FEEL A LITTLE JEALOUS OF THE PAST IF IT WEREN'T FOR ALL THE SMOKING JOY STILL TO COME
GOLLY—THIS IS EXCITING, DAD!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR TODAY, JUDGE. I'M FOR GETTING WHERE WE CAN LIGHT UP A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
BRIDGE INTO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS
YOU KNOW, IT'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND WHY P.A. IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO— IT'S SO MILD—SO TASTY!
YES SIR-EE! THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

HERE'S TO A LIFETIME HONEYMOON
WITH SMOKING JOY

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
ONE PIPEFUL OF P.A. AND YOU'LL MAKE IT YOUR 'ONE AND ONLY'! IT'S MILD—WITH GOOD, RICH TASTE

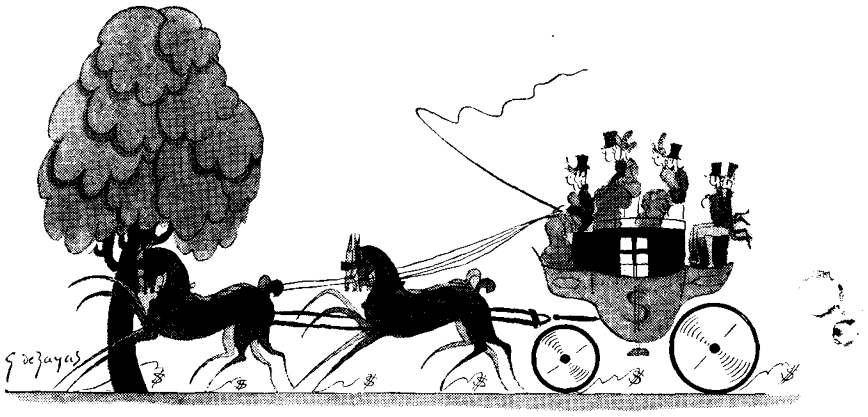
NO-RISK OFFER Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of PRINCE ALBERT. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

You'll find Prince Albert the "one and only" for "makin's" smokes too! Rolls fast . . . stays lit!

SO MILD SO TASTY

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the late 1850's August Belmont, famous banker and diplomat, traveled about Newport in a carriage that, with four fine horses, harness and livery, cost $110,000.—*By Wayne V. Clark, Butler, Pennsylvania.*

In French Indo-China, Caodaism, a twelve-year-old religion with three million adherents, has an odd ritual. In its main temple in the city of Tay-ninh, a priest strikes a bell once every minute throughout the day and night to remind all Caodaists that truth must constantly be kept in their minds.

For several hundred years in Scotland and the north of England, farm workers and servants, upon being hired, have been given a silver coin or two to bind the bargain. This token, which is usually equivalent to about fifty cents, is variously known as arles, earnest money and God's penny.

A Welsh soldier, who was in the Somme offensive near Tara Hill, Albert, France, at daybreak on September 15, 1916, and who was shot when the battle started, received 38 additional machine-gun and shrapnel wounds during the nine hours he waited to be taken to a dressing station. For fear some of them might be overlooked during his subsequent hospitalization, they were drawn on a chart, which is still in the man's possession.

One of the longest theatrical careers ever achieved by an animal was that of "Anna," a horse that appeared on the New York stage from 1913 to 1938. When she was retired last spring at the age of 36 years, a party was given in her honor by the polo ponies of The Pegasus Club of Rockleigh, New Jersey.—*By Janie S. Brown, Jonesboro, Georgia.*

The only midshipman to graduate from the U. S. Naval Academy without receiving one demerit during his four-years training was Malcolm T. Wordell ('35) of New Bedford, Massachusetts. A student is allowed nine hundred demerits before his conduct is unsatisfactory, and they may be given for such offenses as leaving a bedroom door closed when its occupants are out. —*By M. L. Moore, Portsmouth, Virginia.*

Garnets are believed by some superstitious people to make better bullets than lead, because, being of blood color, they are supposed to inflict a more deadly wound. Such bullets were used as late as 1892 by the Hanzas in their conflicts with British troops on the Kashmir frontier.

One of Hungary's greatest religious events took place last summer when the country's most sacred relic, the mummified hand of St. Stephen, founder of the Hungarian monarchy, was taken on a tour of the provinces. As this was the first time it had been moved since the death of the saint in 1038, the shrine was attended with much ceremony, being carried between cities in a gilded train and in parades on a special carriage, drawn by eight white horses.

The heaviest one-day rainfall in history occurred in Baguio, Philippine Islands, on July 14-15, 1911, when forty-six inches of water fell in twenty-four hours.—*By Lois M. Carter, Denver, Colorado.*

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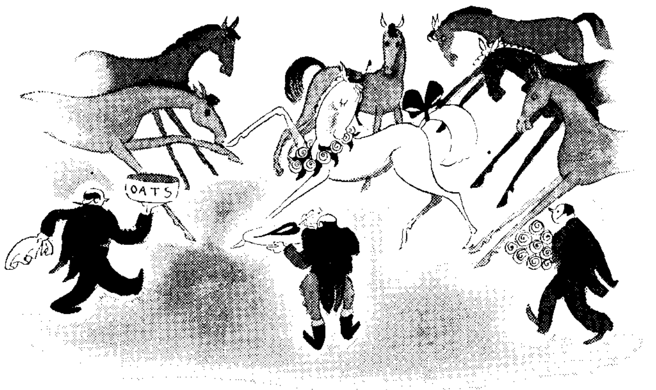


No Wonder it's so Popular

PLYMOUTH
IS BIGGEST OF "ALL THREE"—THE YEAR'S BEST BUY!

☞ Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is five inches longer than one; six inches longer than the other!

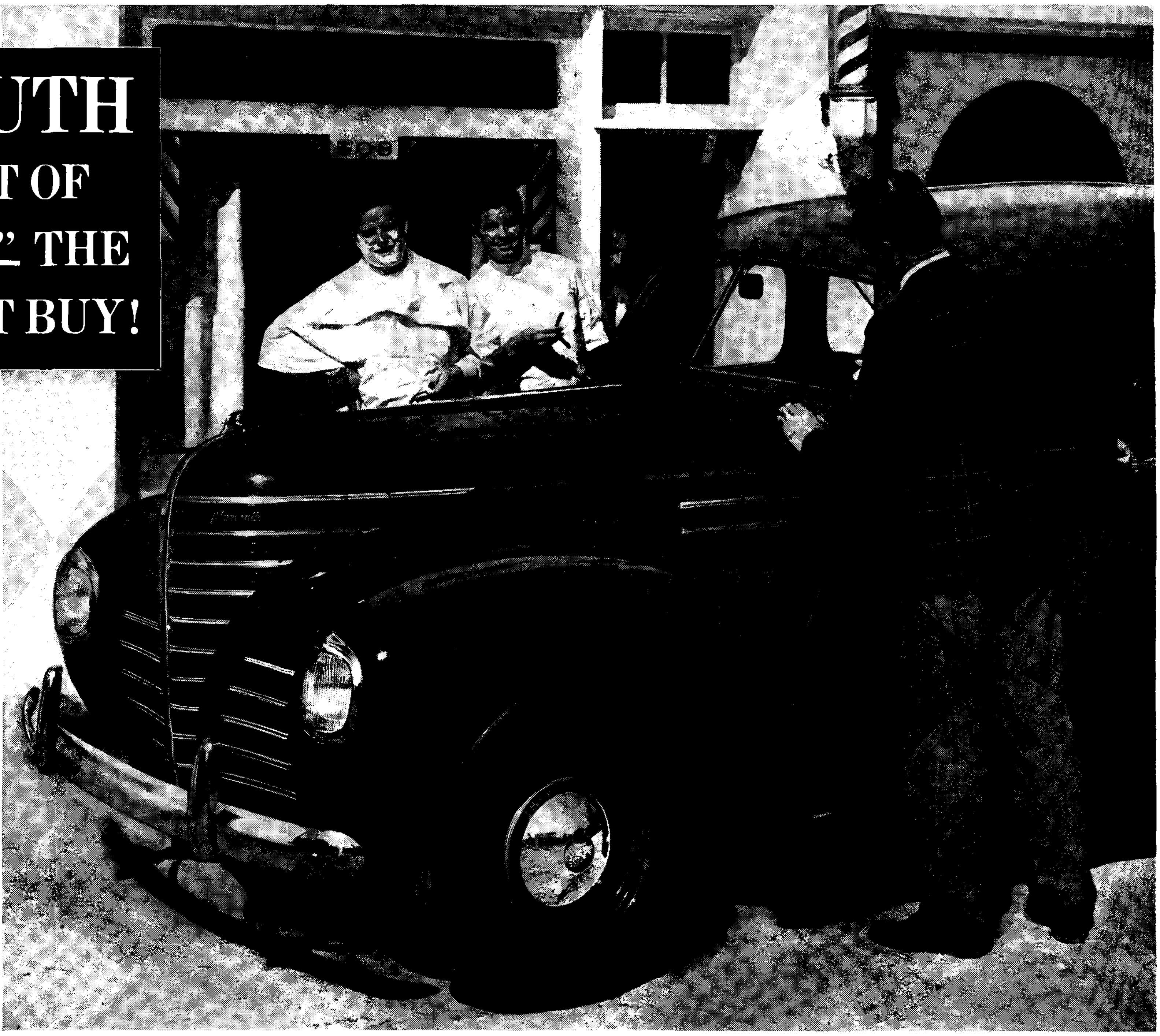
☞ Plymouth is the only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with steering-post gear shift as standard on all De Luxe models at no extra cost.

☞ Plymouth is the only low-priced car with the matchless ride of coil springs as standard equipment on all models.

☞ The only leading low-priced car with a Safety-Steel body completely rust-proofed to preserve its beauty.

☞ Only low-priced car with a "safety signal" speedometer ... another Plymouth "Safety First." It shows green, amber or red, according to speed.

☞ Every Plymouth model has the same big, six-cylinder "L-head" engine, giving full power plus great economy.



THE NEW PLYMOUTH has the smoothness of famed Floating Power engine mountings... the safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes.

COUPES START AT **$645**

SEDANS START AT **$685**

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission.

THERE'S NO MYSTERY about Plymouth's popularity. It's just that this brilliant car has the finer quality people want...*for low price!*

Take the matter of size. Not only is this Plymouth *inches longer* than the other leading low-priced cars, but it's *roomiest inside*, too.

And you'll be glad to know that, with all its thrilling power, Plymouth is *exceptionally* economical! You save on gas, oil, tires...on every item of upkeep!

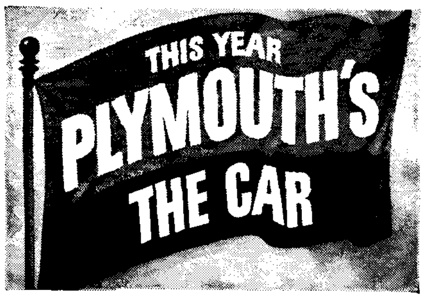
Furthermore, people say Plymouth has the smoothest, softest ride of any low-priced car. That's the direct result of new Amola Steel coil springs.

And there's Plymouth's new handling ease and the extra safety of those world-famous Hydraulic Brakes. It all adds up to the *year's stand-out buy!*

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price... balance in low monthly instalments.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



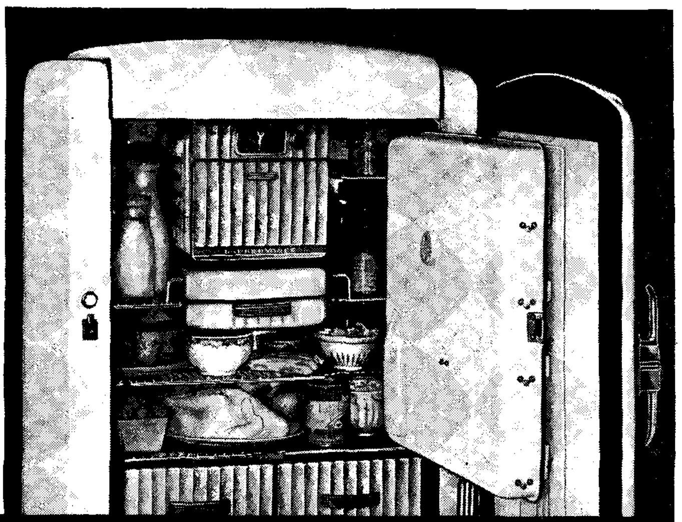
PHILCO GIVES YOU THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR WITH THE SHELF-LINED Inner Door...

CONSERVADOR

NO other refrigerator made can give you the new convenience, the new economy brought to you by Philco in the Conservador Refrigerator because only Conservador has the exclusive, patented shelf-lined Inner Door.

Pictured at the left is the Conservador with the outer door open, exposing the Inner Door only. Note how it holds the food you use most often—the butter, eggs, milk, beverages, package goods—all within easy reach and without even opening the main compartment of the refrigerator.

As pictured at the right, the touch of a lever *opens both doors together,* exposing the roomy main compartment. It's easy to reach, too . . . not crammed and crowded in front, nothing to move out of the way, no hunting, groping or spilling.



SAVES TIME! SAVES WORK! SAVES MONEY!

CONSERVADOR Has Every Worth While Quality Feature!

The Conservador is, first of all, a *quality* refrigerator. Every feature ever developed to save time, effort and money, to make meal preparation easier, pleasanter and more successful is found in the Conservador. Its smart beauty is a lasting source of pride. Note a few of its features—

Quick Ice Cube Release . . . Extra-cold Meat Storage Compartment . . . Self-sealing Vegetable Crisper and Fruit Basket . . . Reserve Storage Chest . . . Sliding and Removable Shelves . . . Illuminated Cold Control Dial . . . Interior Light . . . Full-view Thermometer . . . Oversize Freezing Unit . . . Sustained Cold Defrosting . . . Quiet, Hermetically-sealed Power Unit . . . Durable, Dulux Exterior . . . Acid-resisting Porcelain Interior . . . Handsome, oversize, two-tone hardware . . . Five-Year Protection Plan.

See it *NOW!*

Visit your nearest Philco dealer today . . . see the shelf-lined Inner Door and all the new 1939 Conservador models. Ask about his easy payment offer—*24 months to pay!* Or mail coupon below today for 24-page Conservador book—*sent* FREE.

PHILCO RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION
Dept. 107, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Please send me, free and without obligation, your 24-page book about the Conservador Refrigerator with the shelf-lined Inner Door.

Name____________________

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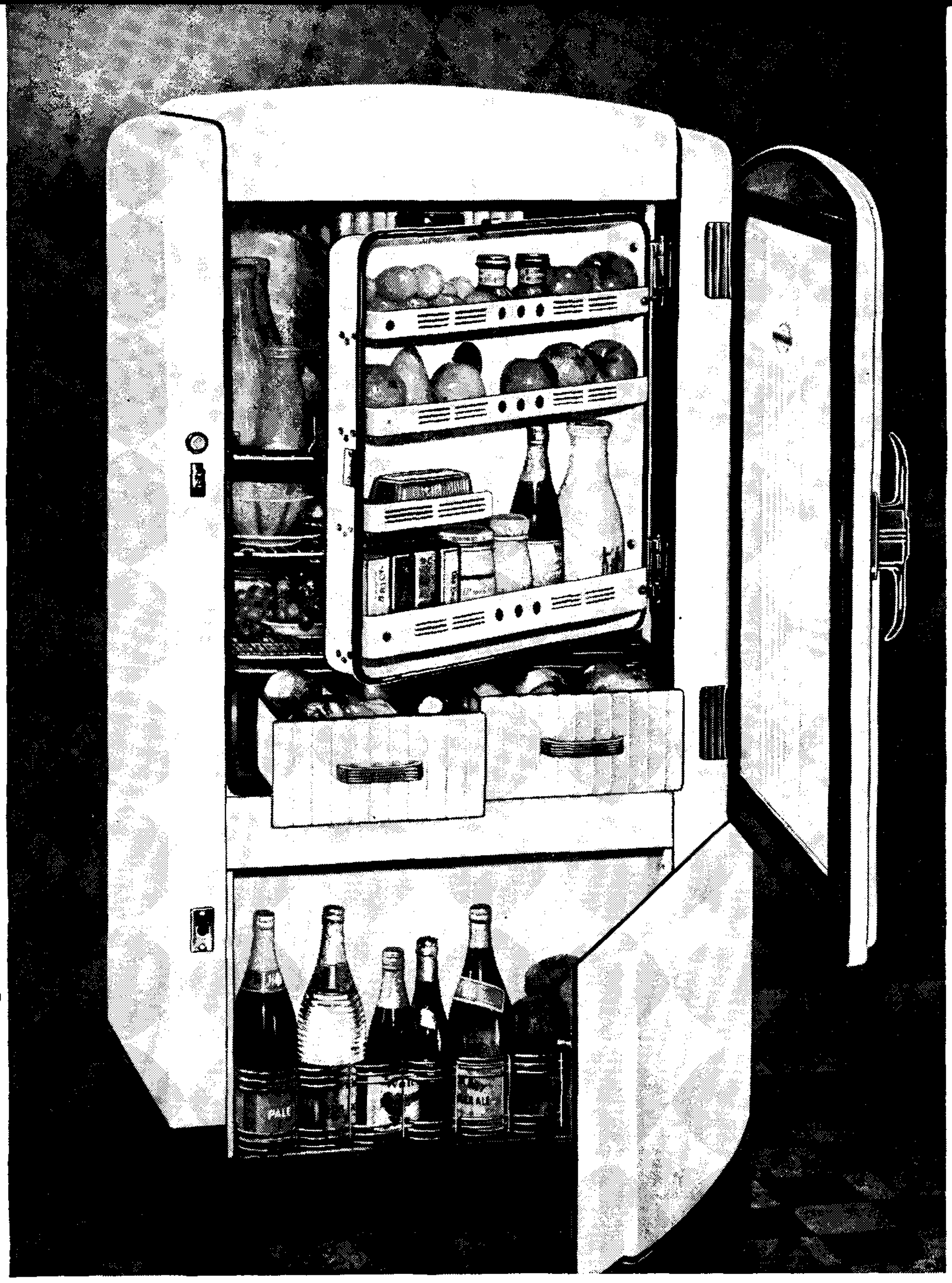


A Really New and Different Refrigerator

The shelf-lined Inner Door gives you 26% more quickly usable space . . . because it *doubles* the easy-to-use front space. Two-fifths of all your food is *right at your finger-tips*, easy to find and easy to reach. And then—*you get more food into a Conservador* because the new shelf arrangement lets you *use* the space without *wasting* it! Everything that clutters the shelves of an ordinary refrigerator, that takes up space *without filling it,* is out of the way in the Inner Door. The main compartment is free and clear for the bulkier foods. No wasted space—more room to *use* for storing foods.

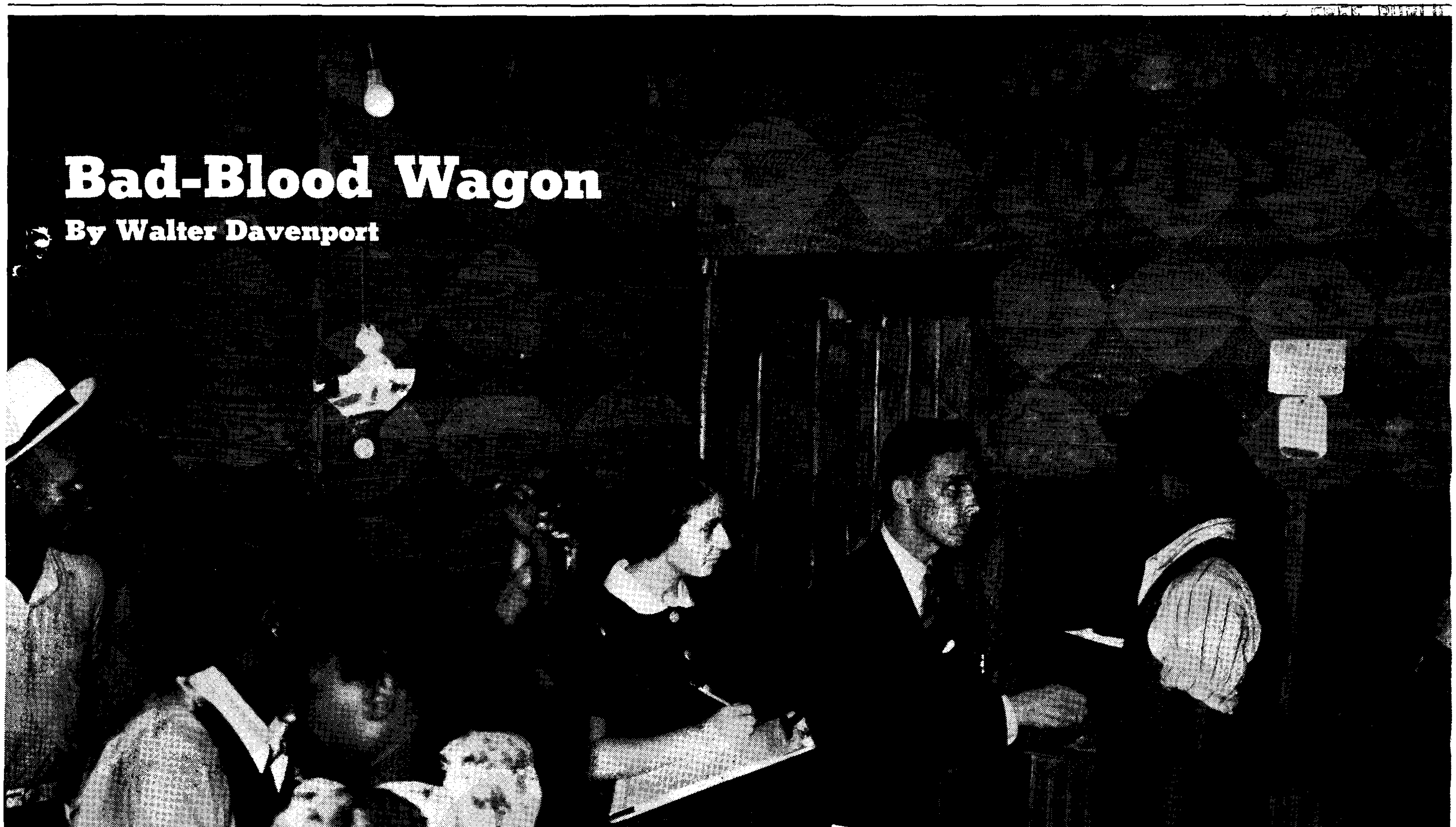
CONSERVADOR Brings New Economy, Too!

In addition to the efficient, oversize freezing unit, the strong, heat resisting one-piece steel cabinet, the super-powerful, hermetically sealed refrigerating unit, the Inner Door shields the precious cold in the main compartment from the current-wasting warm air outside. No matter how many times you go to the refrigerator for food in the Inner Door, you never open the main compartment! Yes, the Inner Door saves you money every hour on electric bills . . . *and only Philco's Conservador has it!*

Collier's The National Weekly for May 27, 1939

Bad-Blood Wagon

By Walter Davenport



Dr. Leroy Burney, who originated the trailer-clinic idea and sold it to Georgia, taking blood samples in a Negro dance hall. Below, a poster announcing a health clinic

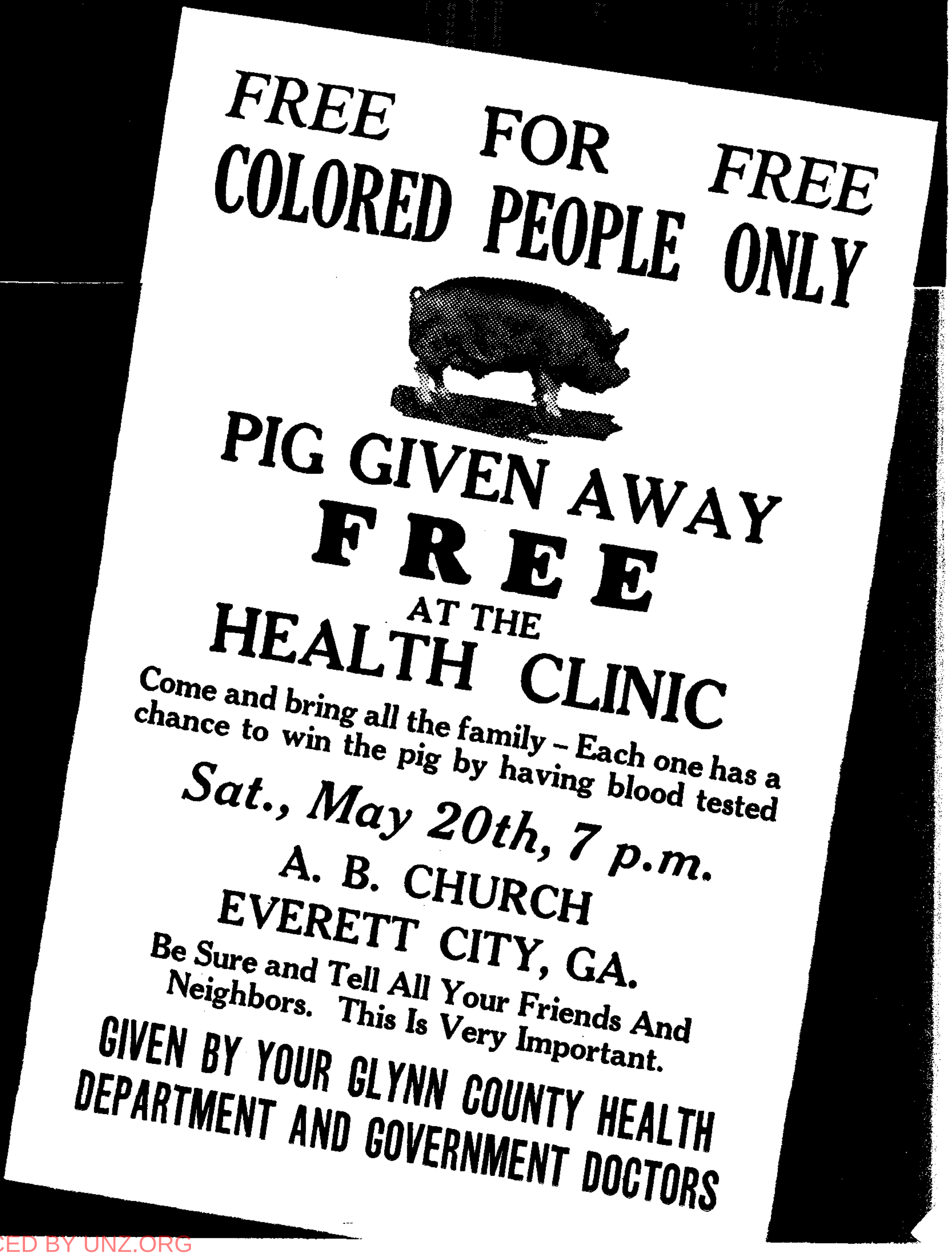
A reporter rides a traveling clinic through the syphilis-infested Georgia backwoods, where therapy is a droll and dramatic business. Get aboard with him for the tour

JUST before we got to Buck Swamp we saw Gully Gut. In one of his huge black paws he held the bony brown hand of Sister Naomi Domingo. Gully Gut was talking—apparently talking at random but with considerable effect on everybody except Sister Naomi. She was almost as tall as Gully Gut but as narrow and flinty as he was wide and blubbery.

Of course she heard Gully Gut, whose soft bass bellow we heard before we saw him. But the only sign she gave was an occasional disdainful "Huh." Once or twice she said, "Big mouf—lot go in, nothin' come out." She knew her man.

But Gully Gut was getting results. Men and women popped out of the piney woods of Glynn County, Georgia, and took to the sandy road to Buck Swamp. In pairs, in little groups they joined the parade. Their salute was always the same: "Hi, Gully Gut." And he went right on roaring to his unseen audience, calling them out of the swamp, out of the pine forests, out of the shacks in the jungle along the road.

"De Lawd say bring yo' misery. De docta say bring yo'



FREE FOR FREE

COLORED PEOPLE ONLY

PIG GIVEN AWAY

FREE

AT THE

HEALTH CLINIC

Come and bring all the family - Each one has a chance to win the pig by having blood tested

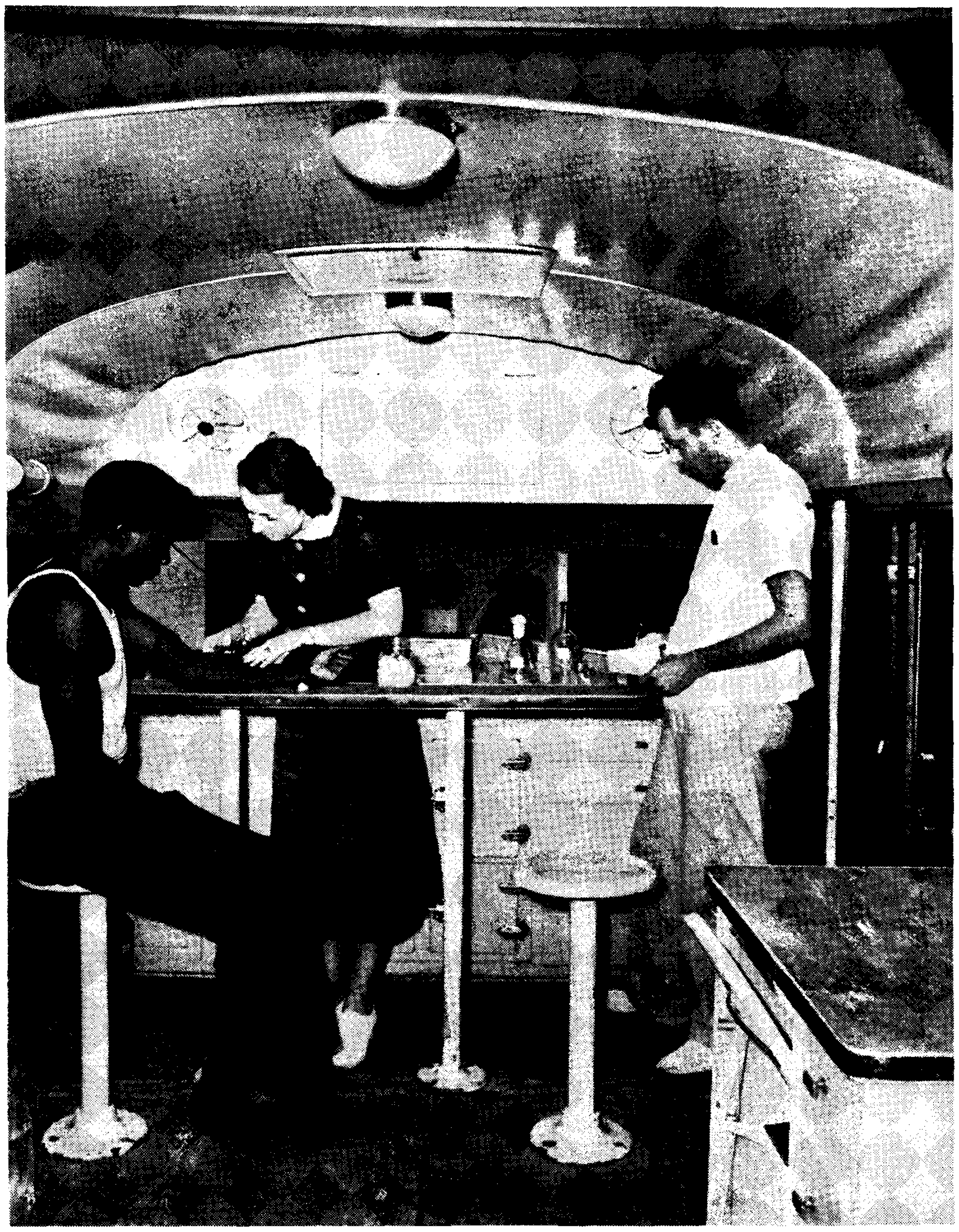
Sat., May 20th, 7 p.m.

A. B. CHURCH

EVERETT CITY, GA.

Be Sure and Tell All Your Friends And Neighbors. This Is Very Important.

GIVEN BY YOUR GLYNN COUNTY HEALTH DEPARTMENT AND GOVERNMENT DOCTORS



Georgia's traveling trailer clinic is a new and potent weapon in the state's fight against syphilis in its colored population. These photographs, made in Camden County, show Dr. John C. Hume, assisted by Nurse Ruth Booker, taking blood from a Negro who will learn, on the next visit of the clinic, whether he has "bad blood." If he has, his treatment will be free and begin at once

U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

children. Gully Gut say bring a shovel. Bad-blood wagon like git stuck."

And Sister Naomi said, "Huh."

But Gully Gut, the swamp bully, went on unheeding:

"De reverend say git joy on a weekday, git sorrow on a Sunday. Don't let nobody turn you around. The docta say bring yo' mother and father that yo' days may be long. Bring on, bring on, nobody can't hide from Gully Gut."

"Huh," said Sister Naomi.

But out of the woods and swamp the Negroes of Glynn County keep coming, obedient to the call of the great Geechee black man whose word was their law.

"Kin happen wid Gully Gut, kin happen wid all," he cried. "Does the blood wagon only run over you, does you good, I wanna die easy when I die. Row fo' de rock, brotha, row fo' de rock."

Buck Swamp was just a wide place in the road. Before we were through riding the blood wagon we were to see many more like it in Camden, Glynn and McIntosh counties, Georgia, where a jovial, globular country doctor who looks like a smooth-shaven Santa Claus is working his second major miracle and calling it a demonstration.

His first miracle banished malaria from a section it had ruled and cursed since Georgia was a colony. His name is Dr. Millard Everingham Winchester. His unpretentious job is health commissioner of Glynn County. He's in his middle forties, almost as broad as he is tall and in manner and viewpoint still the simple country boy from Moultrie with two hard convictions—that the unhappiest man is he who cannot justify his existence and, more to the immediate point, that mankind knows no plague that he cannot control and someday conquer if he will.

Almost merrily, he is now fighting the disease that kills a hundred thousand of us every year—syphilis. He is making his fight in the three counties where more than half the combined population —31,491—are Negroes. Between thirty and thirty-five per cent of those Negroes are syphilitics.

Buck Swamp Pilgrimage

Public health authorities in thirty states are following his demonstration and asking his advice. The United States Public Health Service is assigning doctors to follow his trailer clinic through the Georgia jungle. His mail fetches letters from syphilologists in the Far East, South Africa, South America and Europe.

He hastens to inform you that he's not a scientist, that his own state contains dozens of men who know more about syphilis than he ever will. He knows that the quack doctor, the bottled nostrum and the purse-mouthed prude are greater menaces to the sufferer than the disease is. But we'll come back to him and his trailer—the bad-blood wagon—later. We're in Buck Swamp.

Around the clearing that is Buck Swamp stand a few unpainted, sap-blotched pine buildings. They look like exhausted animals on spraddled legs worn to stumps. The largest is the general store—the social, commercial, political center of the district. Near by is the colored school, a one-room barrack that seems to be sitting on its haunches.

As the little doctor gets out of his car and walks slowly, smiling, through the crowd of Negroes waiting in front of the store, the children march into the clearing and stand there, their eyes white and round, waiting for him to speak to them. Hi, children. Yassuh, Docta. Hi, yawl, children. We good, thankya, Docta. (Between nine and thirteen per cent of the children have syphilis. The doctors tell us: "We know when they have it but only God knows when they're cured.")

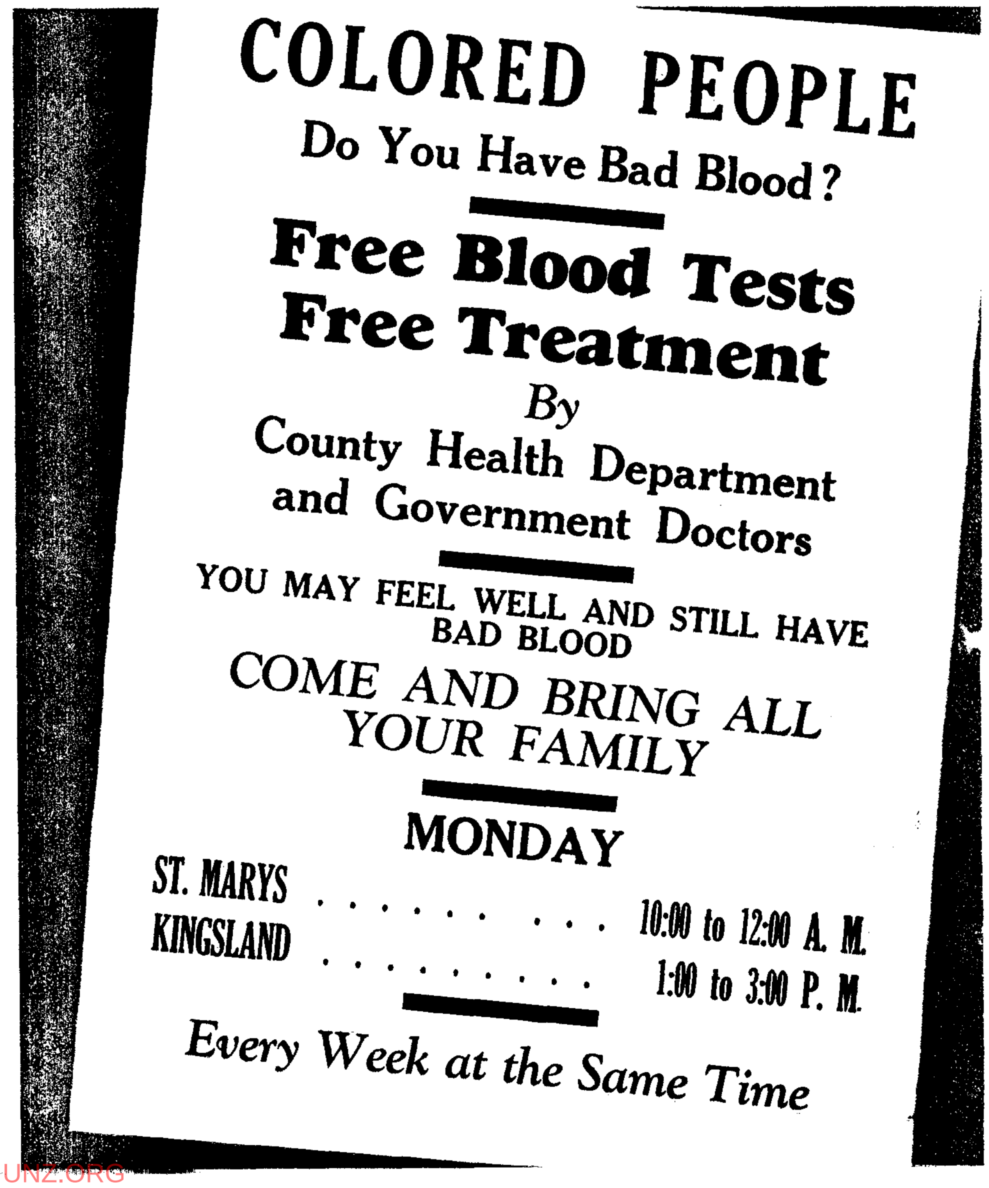
Gully Gut and Sister Naomi have led the pilgrims we've picked up along the way. Some of the pilgrims have walked ten miles. Some of the crowd at the store have waited three hours. It's a sultry, humid morning. A heavy, brackish odor from the swamps is sharpened by the acrid smell of the surrounding turpentine stills.

Even the district's animal life has come to the clearing. Thin razorback hogs, thinner hound dogs, a few dour mules and yonder a hatrack cow or two meander through the crowd. If they get too bothersome they get kicked in the ribs. A hawk-faced woman whose Indian blood has come sharply to the surface raises a short, loud laugh—yah, yah, yah—by shouting to a razorback that darts against her legs. "Hole up, pig, hole up. Gully Gut he look hungry."

Two doctors—Gant, the syphilologist from New York, and Lewis, the observer from the United States Public Health Service—are arranging the physical examination cubicle in the rear of the trailer. It's snugly curtained off from the rest of the clinic. Up front, surrounded by all their shiny equipment, are two nurses, one of them colored.

The white nurse is skillful Ruth Booker. She takes the blood from the arms of the newcomers. It will be sent to the state laboratories at Waycross.

(Continued on page 27)



COLORED PEOPLE

Do You Have Bad Blood?

Free Blood Tests

Free Treatment

By

County Health Department

and Government Doctors

YOU MAY FEEL WELL AND STILL HAVE BAD BLOOD

COME AND BRING ALL YOUR FAMILY

MONDAY

ST. MARYS . . . . 10:00 to 12:00 A. M.

KINGSLAND . . . . 1:00 to 3:00 P. M.

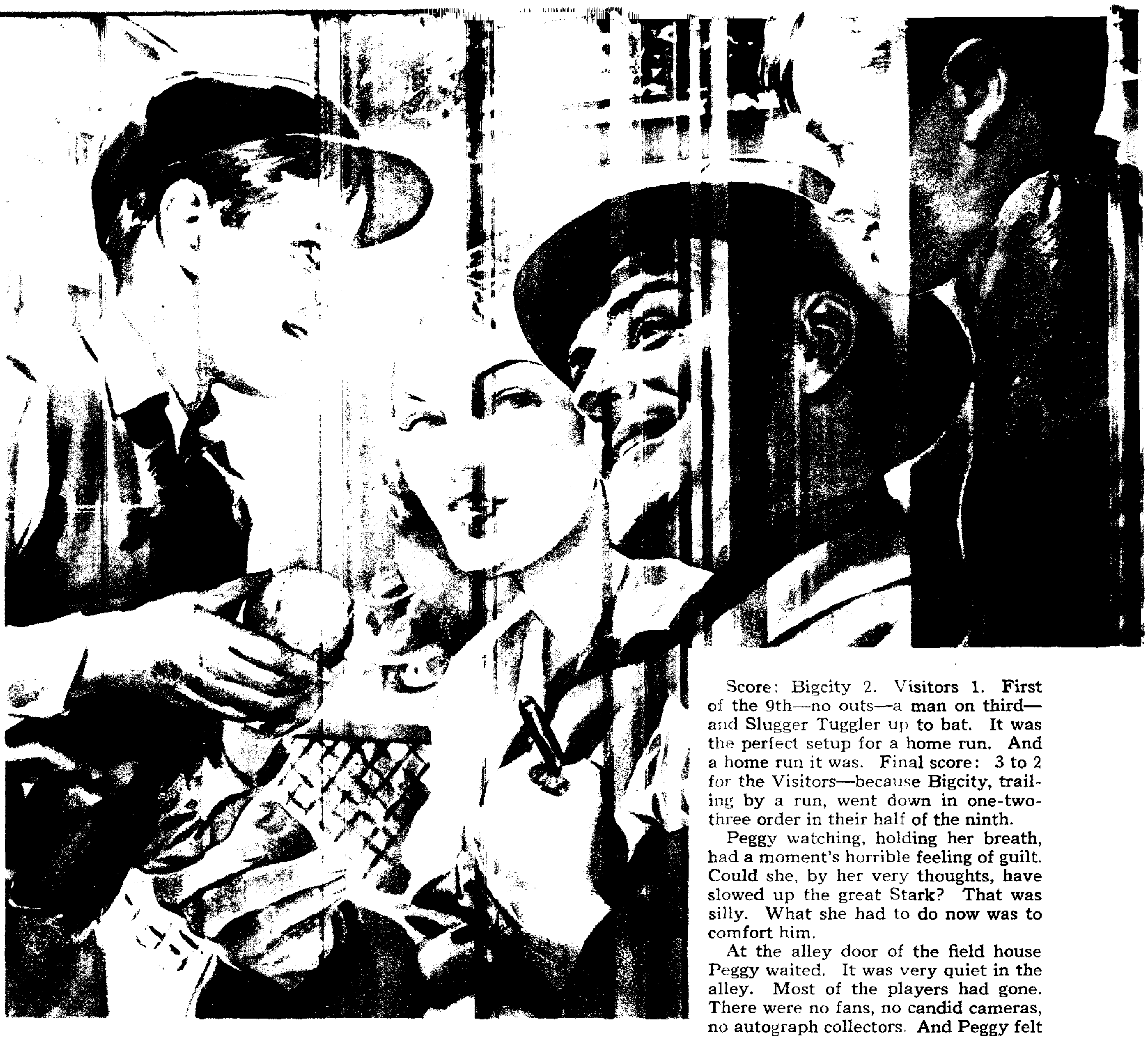
Every Week at the Same Time

The Hero

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



Peggy saw a grin spread over Lefty's face. "Sure," he said. "Be glad to"

STRIKE one!"

Lefty Stark was on the mound and Peggy Sloan was in the grandstand. Through her field glasses the great Stark seemed so near her she could touch him. She could see his jaw muscles working smoothly over the wad of gum and the sun glinting on his lean, weathered face.

The man on Peggy's left was soliloquizing—now pleading, now demanding, "Go to it, Lefty! We're all for you, Lefty!" The man on her right kept praying, "Strike 'em out, kid. Strike 'em out!"

Peggy was pushed about by the men who hadn't noticed that they were sitting next to one swell-looking gal in a new spring hat.

Through her glasses Peggy saw the Stark's mighty chin and the dark shadow of the stubble thereon, and she remembered with tenderness that only two hours ago that chin had been an inch away from hers. It would have been closer but for the sudden interruption of five dozen fans with baseballs to be autographed and a battery of candid-camera fiends. It was more than an interruption—it was an abduction. They snatched the Stark right out of her arms and left her there in the dust of the alleyway outside the field-house door.

"Strike two!"

Peggy glanced at the scoreboard across the field. INNING: First of 8th. OUT: 1. RUNS: Bigcity 2. Visitors 0.

Ed FitzGerald, manager of the Bigcity club, was short of Grade-A pitchers. He was working the Stark pretty hard. Too hard, some sports writers said—no pitcher could stand the strain. That was why Peggy had brought along her field glasses. She was watching the Stark's jaw. She could always tell how the Stark felt by his jaw. It was a barometer—the faster the jaw moved the better the Stark felt.

"Strike three—you're-rout!"

"He's an iron man," Peggy thought, feeling a glow of pride in her heart. Last night the Stark had come around to her family's apartment as he always did when his team was playing in the home town. But a lot of good it did her. What chance did she have? There was her brother asking the Stark how to hold the ball for this curve or that, and her dad with his dopesheet laid out on the table. And the O'Neils and the Whipples and the Bergmans kept bobbing in to borrow some butter and to get a good close look at the Stark—to shake his hand—to feel his muscle. And old Mr. Bolislovski from the delicatessen downstairs brought up the especially cooked chicken à la Stark.

"Foul, strike one!"

And through it all Lefty moved with a patient but bored smile, fingering the pen in his breast pocket—and Peggy knew that as soon as they were alone—if they ever could be alone—he would tell her how he hated all this—"This autographin' and grinnin' like a baboon just like I was crazy to put my name on them baseballs." After supper he got sore. It was in a taxi. The Stark had said to Peggy, "I want to kiss you. Let's grab a cab!" To the driver he said, "To Greenwood Cemetery. Step on it!"

"Strike two!"

THE taxi stopped in front of a granite monument to the lasting memory of the late Joseph Zilch. "At last!" Peggy sighed. "Babe," said the Stark as he slipped his famous left arm around her, "I just want to tell you how much I love . . ."

The taxi driver twisted around in the front seat and said, "Hey, Lefty! Watch that arm. I got plenty money on you tomorrow."

"Strike three—you're-rout!" That was the way the Stark did it.

As Peggy watched him amble to the dugout as the visitors took the field, she noticed that his jaw wasn't working so fast—that he was just pushing that wad of gum around in his cheek. Peggy thought, "He's tired. Ed should have laid him off today."

But the fans, who knew every figure in the Stark's fine record, didn't know a thing about the Stark's mighty jaw. What they saw was their hero and they shouted to him words of endearment—words that even Peggy wouldn't dare spring on him. She resented them. What right had they, for their dollar seats, to talk to him that way? "Oh! stop your jabbering," Peggy muttered to herself.

Bigcity didn't score in the last of the 8th. But the game still looked cinched when Lefty again walked on the mound. Peggy raised her glasses. She watched carefully. He was winding up. There's the pitch!

"Ball one!"

"Come on, sweetheart," the man on her right shouted in a peremptory tone. "Quit your kiddin'! Strike 'em out—one-two-three!"

But Lefty didn't. He walked the first man.

Peggy sat on the edge of the seat. She wasn't worried because Lefty had just walked a man. He had done that once or twice before. But she sat on the edge of the seat because she could see through the glasses that the Stark's jaw had stopped working!

"Ball one!"

All around her the customers were cooing and wooing and pleading with Lefty—*their* Lefty—not to let them down.

What if he did let them down?

"Whack!" the crack of the bat on a solid hit. The stands were up. It was a triple. And the man who had been walked scored a run.

"Hey, Lefty!" the man on her right shouted angrily, "whatza matter wid youse?"

Then a terrible idea began to stir in Peggy's mind. If the Stark *did* fail! if he *did* blow up—if he *did* lose the game . . . ? Why, then, Peggy Sloan, wouldn't you be the only one to comfort him? Wouldn't the fans lay off him? Couldn't you and Lefty walk out the players' gate that afternoon without being mangled and mauled?

Score: Bigcity 2. Visitors 1. First of the 9th—no outs—a man on third—and Slugger Tuggler up to bat. It was the perfect setup for a home run. And a home run it was. Final score: 3 to 2 for the Visitors—because Bigcity, trailing by a run, went down in one-two-three order in their half of the ninth.

Peggy watching, holding her breath, had a moment's horrible feeling of guilt. Could she, by her very thoughts, have slowed up the great Stark? That was silly. What she had to do now was to comfort him.

At the alley door of the field house Peggy waited. It was very quiet in the alley. Most of the players had gone. There were no fans, no candid cameras, no autograph collectors. And Peggy felt a cozy warmth steal over her.

He came out. His felt hat slanted over his left eye. "Darling," Peggy said, "you're okay with me."

The Stark smiled, but it was as though he didn't really see her. He kept glancing up and down the deserted alley. Peggy tucked her arm through his and said, "Let's go, Lefty—supper's ready!"

He said in an absent-minded way, "Fine." He kept looking around as if he were expecting someone.

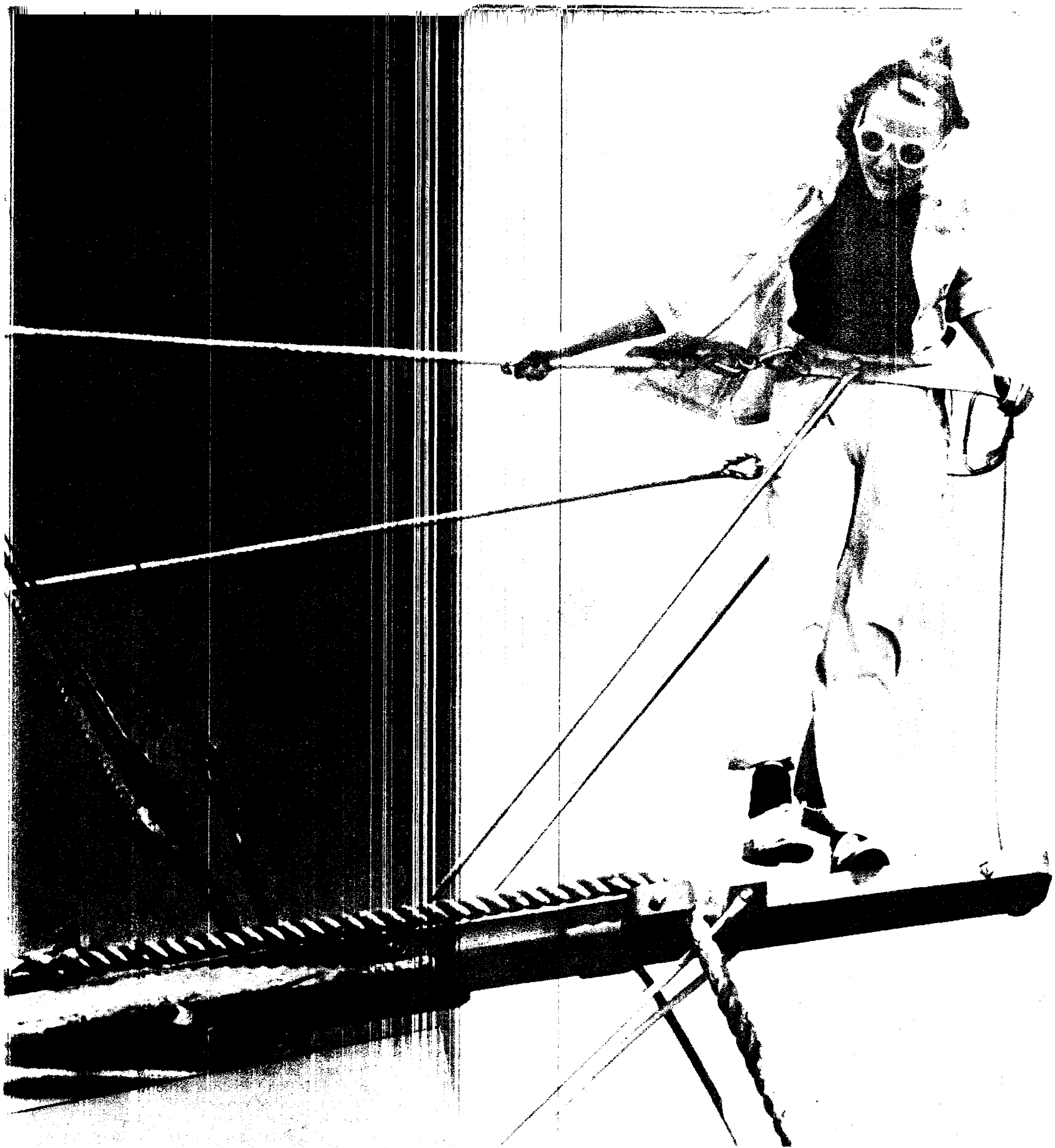
They walked out the players' gate together. But something was wrong. This wasn't quite the way she thought it would be. Lefty was all hers. But was he? Somehow it was as though he weren't there at all. Words bubbled up to her lips. "Don't mind, darling. Everybody has an off day once in a while. Next time you'll wow them as always." But she didn't say it. That wouldn't help today.

THEY boarded an almost empty bus and sat in melancholy silence. Twice the Stark reached for his breast pocket and twice he lowered his hand shamefacedly. Everything about him was quiet now—even his jaw.

Two small boys sitting on the opposite seat had been staring at Lefty. Finally one came over. His face was awe-struck and beaming. "Gee! Lefty Stark on the same bus! Look, Mr. Stark." He pulled a baseball from his pocket. "Would you—"

Peggy saw a grin spread over Lefty's face. "Sure," he said; "be glad to." He autographed the ball and then Peggy saw his hand fumbling with a paper wrapper. He brought out a fresh stick of gum.

"Nice kids," he said, in an offhand way. His jaw was working smoothly now. Then he said, "Hey, Peggy, let's get out of this mob and grab a cab. I got something I want to say to you."



She's all set for fishing and sailing, in wind-resistant, water-repellent cotton poplin slacks and jacket of many pockets. This suit is the right answer for rainy-day golfing

The Sporting Thing

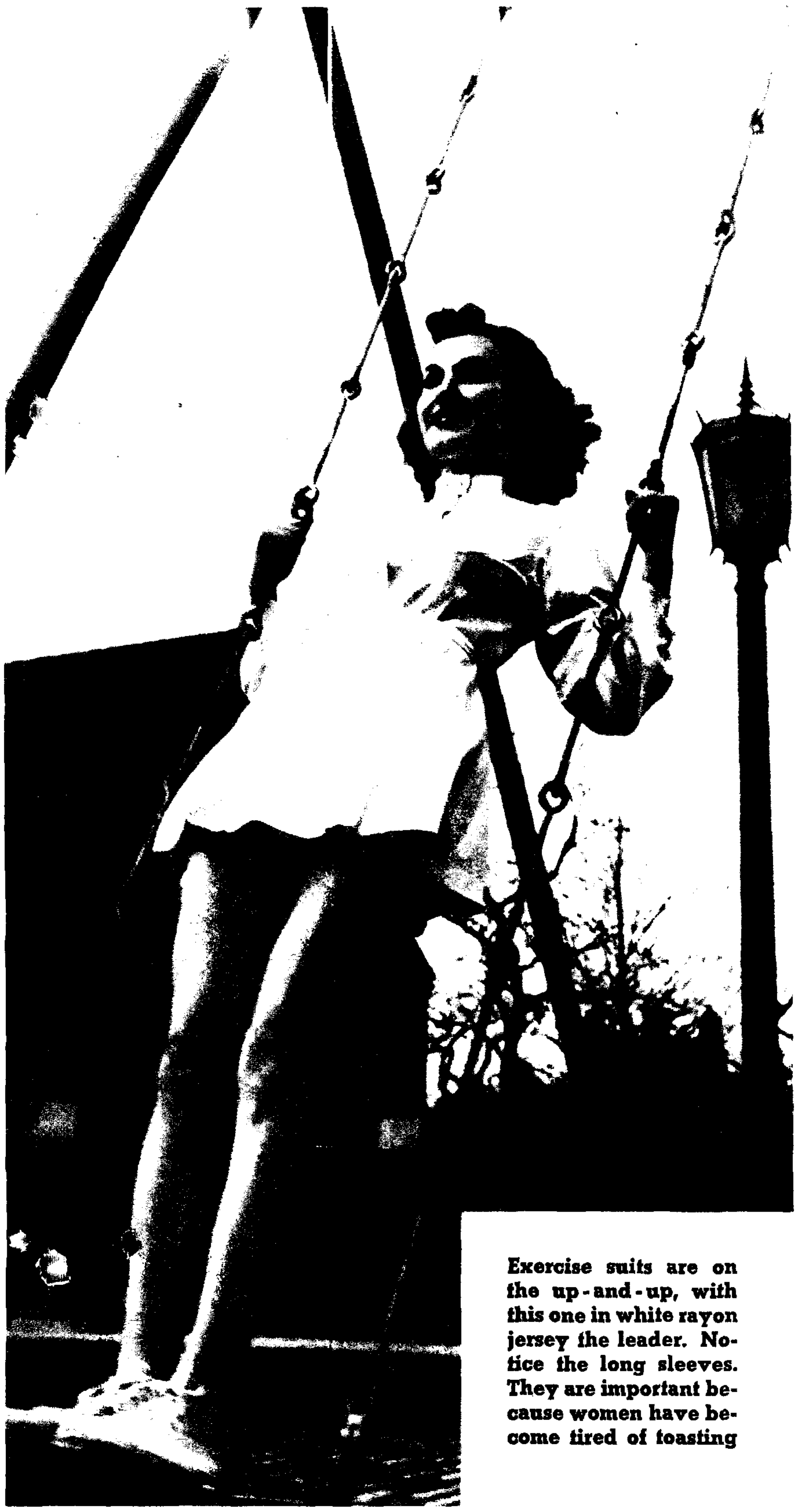
By Marian Stephenson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

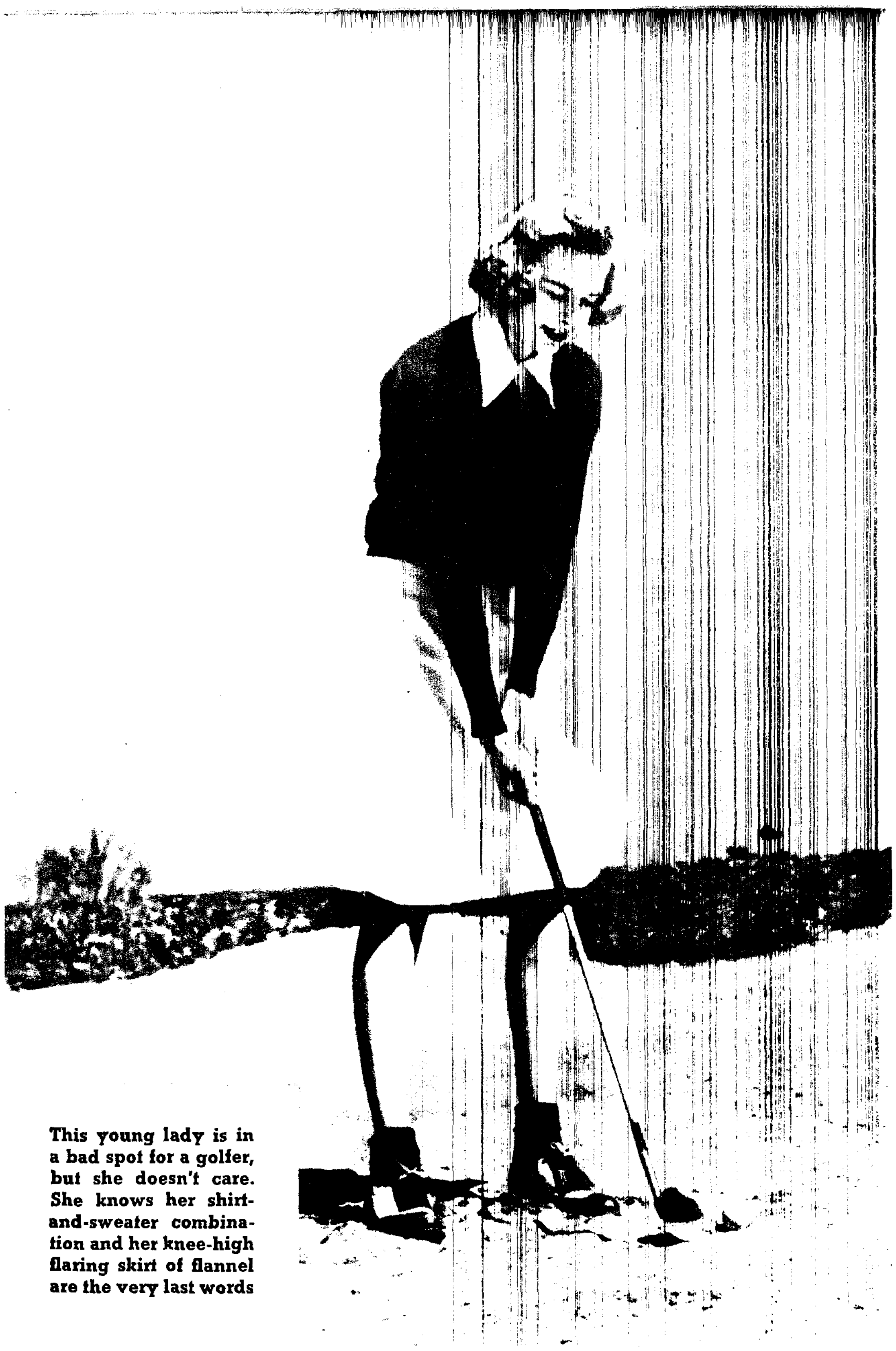
Our swimmer wears the most popular and flattering swim suit of the season—a princess tunic, knit with lastex. For all-day wear, slacks and a long-sleeved shirt are the ticket

With all the to-do about frilly fashions, even in play clothes, we took a look around to see what the girls were making of it for sports. And what did we see? We saw workmanlike clothes, built for action. We saw trousers, shorts, slacks, voluminous dinner pajamas, trousers taking over every fashion picture. No frills here and harkings-back to the past, like so many present-day clothes, but twentieth-century, modern clothes for modern women. You'll be seeing more of them.

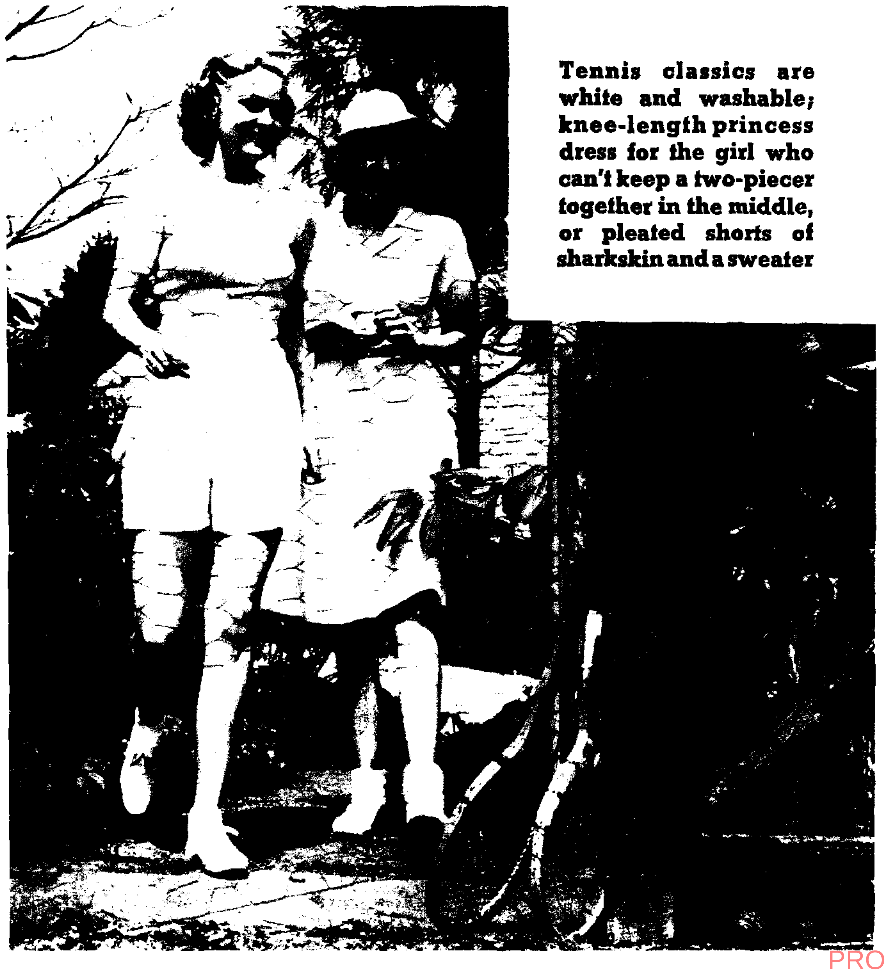
We saw shirts and sweaters and very short skirts. Classical clothes with a 1939 flare. The kind of clothes you'll be happiest in for summer sports and vacation life anywhere. Here's summer out-of-doors.



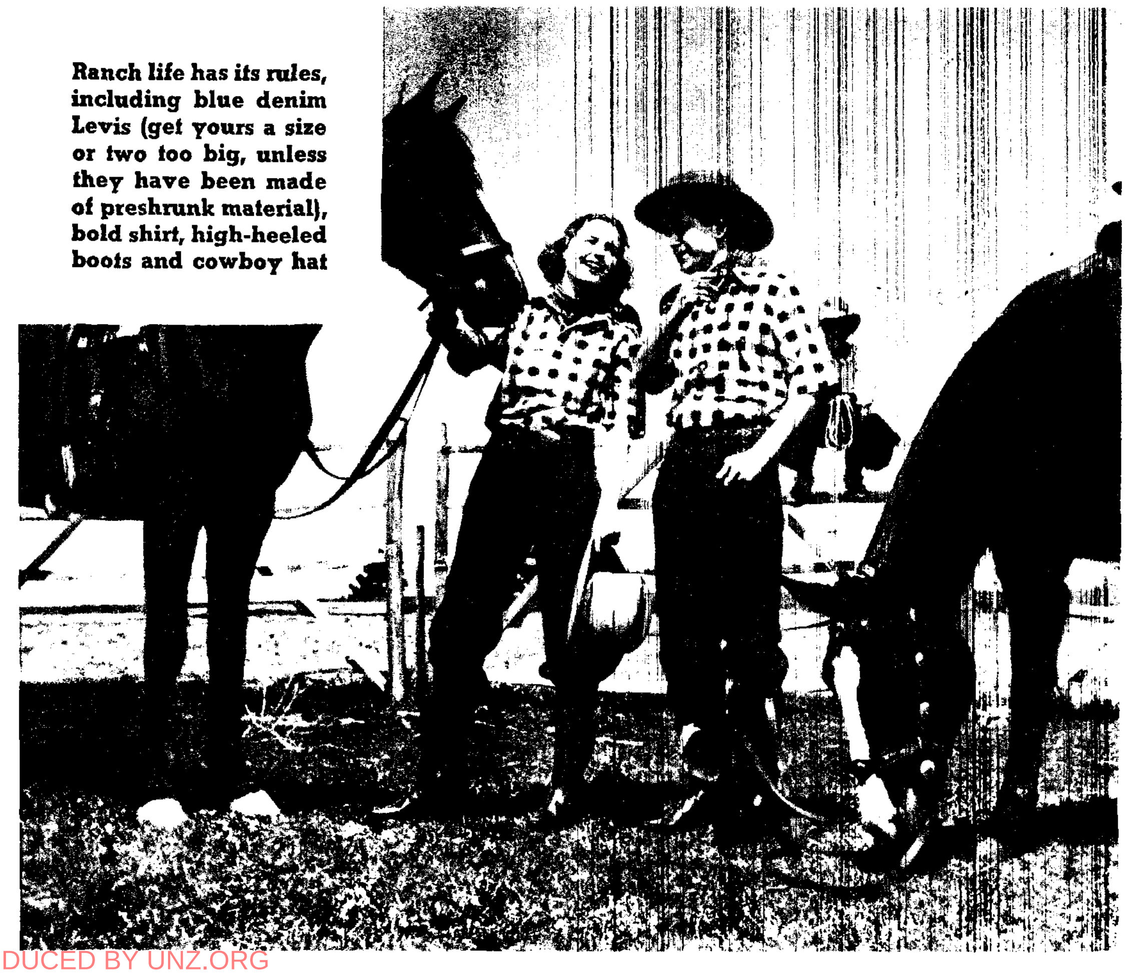
Exercise suits are on the up-and-up, with this one in white rayon jersey the leader. Notice the long sleeves. They are important because women have become tired of toasting



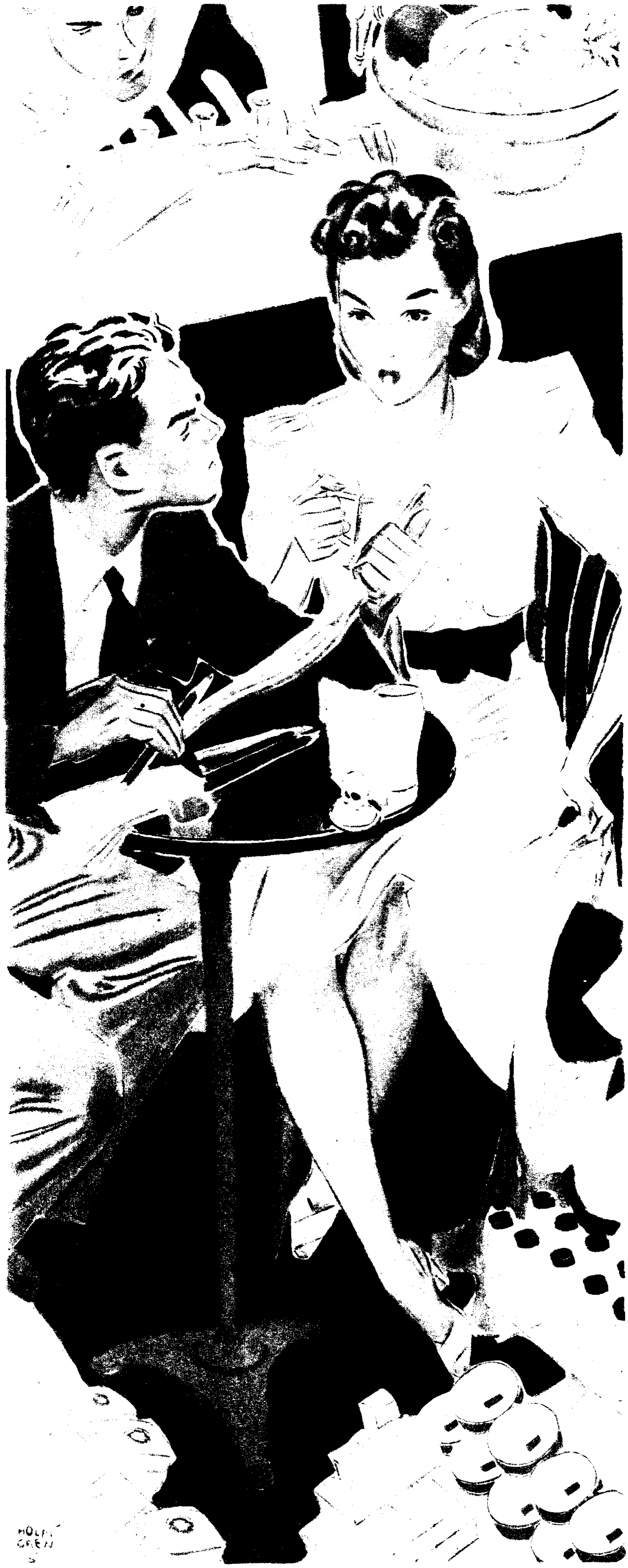
This young lady is in a bad spot for a golfer, but she doesn't care. She knows her shirt-and-sweater combination and her knee-high flaring skirt of flannel are the very last words



Tennis classics are white and washable; knee-length princess dress for the girl who can't keep a two-piecer together in the middle, or pleated shorts of sharkskin and a sweater



Ranch life has its rules, including blue denim Levis (get yours a size or two too big, unless they have been made of preshrunk material), bold shirt, high-heeled boots and cowboy hat



The picture did not satisfy him, and while she watched him, he groaned

Picture This

By Moran Tudury

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The meteoric career of an ambitious artist who couldn't draw a pretty girl for sour apples. He didn't need to

JOE BURTON was a young man with a creative impulse that itched like poison ivy, and when he saw the redheaded girl sitting across from him in the Grand Avenue streetcar, he tingled all over. He did not have much in the way of working tools—only the back of another picture rolled up in his pocket, and the stub end of a crayon pencil—but Michelangelo would have needed no more for this girl.

So he began to draw her, staring at her in the squint-eyed, impersonal way of Sioux Indians and artists. His knee didn't make much of a drawing board, but this did not discourage Joe. He drew with the wide, free-arm movement that traveled from his shoulder socket to his fingers and swiftly blocked in his picture.

The man next to him leaned over and said, "Say, that ain't bad!" but Joe paid no attention to him at all; and then the girl, herself, suddenly sat up straight, glared and turned red, and Joe ignored that too. He would have drawn this girl if she had been aiming a coast-artillery gun at him, if she had thrown ungraded eggs at him, or if he had been guillotined for it afterward.

Other people on the car were craning and peering, and vaguely he realized the girl wasn't angry now but smiling. She was a slim redheaded girl with Alice-blue eyes and when she smiled her teeth shone like new dice turning up three naturals in a row. Joe grinned back, but stopped grinning abruptly when the car jolted to a standstill and the girl got up and walked to the door.

He took one look at his paper upon which was an oval, one ear and a pert sample of a nose—and followed the girl off the car. She did not know he was behind her, until the door slammed after them, and he asked her:

"How about letting me finish this? It won't take long. Honest, this is important to me."

The girl looked at him, and saw that he was tall, lean, with black hair falling into his eyes—and that a person with a face like this, freckled and shiny, could not be so dangerous. However, she had never run into such a situation before. So she said, "I would, but I have to meet someone."

Joe said, "If you could only give me ten minutes. I got an idea this picture will be good. I've been trying to draw girls for a long time, but they always turn out corny. This time I think I've got something. Look for yourself."

The girl looked at the picture, and then back at Joe's black hair, and she wavered.

"Where you going to meet this fella?" he asked.

"It isn't any fellow," she said. "It's a girl. We're going to the movies." Then she said, "Well, if you want to, all right then. It's in this drugstore." She smiled at him, because she felt certain now that he wasn't dangerous at all. "We can get a soda."

"Sure, you can get yourself a soda." He saw this puzzled her, so explained, "I haven't any dough left. But I will have plenty soon. I'm going to be a cartoonist on a paper."

THEY sat at a little table that looked as if it had been made of frozen black gelatin, and while the girl softly sucked in her soda, Joe got his picture finished. But it did not satisfy him, and while she watched him, he groaned, sighed, and grumbled profanely. He had known this frustrated feeling before. It had happened the first time he tried to draw his Uncle Herb back at Smith's Mills, Pa., when Joe was eight; it had happened when he took the Master Art Correspondence Course and Lesson Five called for drawing Androcles and the Lion from a cast; and it happened every time he tried to draw a pretty girl.

Finally, he crumpled up the whole thing and threw it behind the soda fountain, where the jerker hollered, "Hey, what's the idea?"

Joe only said to the girl: "No use. I'm a cartoonist—not an artist."

She said, "That's too bad. Maybe, if you tried another one—"

"No," Joe answered, "it wouldn't be any good. I can't draw girls for hell." He looked at her, and now it wasn't with any idea of drawing her. Now she did not affect him so that his arm socket began to twitch. She affected him so that he could feel his face getting red and stiff. He had felt that way the time he won a prize box of colored pencils for doing the best Thanksgiving turkey in the whole of 5-B.

"Look," Joe asked her. "Mind telling me the name?"

Without hesitating, she said, "Lorene Murphy. What's yours?"

"Joe," and then he added quickly, "it's really Alfred Burton. You can forget the Alfred. Nobody called me anything back home except Joe."

She was looking down into her soda as if it were the bottom of the Wishing Well, and Joe could talk better that way than if she looked at him.

"I'm getting along pretty good for a guy that's been in town only two days," he explained. "Three bucks don't last long, but I picked up something doing caricatures on a corner. You know, down by the station waiting room. I got two bits a pic. Now, like I say, I'm getting this job."

"Where?"

"The Courier," Joe said comfortably. "I'm going to do the cartoons for them. One every morning. I'll handle all the big questions of the day."

THE girl looked up. "Courier?" and he could see her sudden frown. "I don't like that paper. It—it tells lies about people and always drags up things."

"It doesn't matter," Joe said. "I just want a job on any paper. I don't care about politics. I read back at Smith's Mills that Bass, their regular cartoonist, is laying off. He's got rheumatism in his drawing arm. So I've come up for the job."

"You don't actually have it?" the girl asked. "I thought they sent for you."

"No, they didn't send for me. But it will be all right." He indicated his coat pockets, bulky, protruding, promising. "I got a lot of stuff on me. They'll like me—don't worry."

"*Oh*," said Lorene Murphy.

"Look," Joe said, "how about seeing you tonight? I've only been one place since I came here—a chicken dinner at that Mission House on the Square. It was good, but I didn't know anybody. For instance," he said, "like I know you now."

"All right," she said, wide-eyed, "you could see me tonight."

She gave Joe her address, and he wrote it on a paper napkin and stuffed it in his pocket. "I can take another shot at you."

"You mean a picture? All right." She looked up. "Here comes Mabel."

Joe turned his head, and saw a powerful, moon-faced girl entering the drugstore. "I've got to get along, Miss Murphy," he said. "I want to close this deal I've been telling you about."

"All right," the girl replied. "But I wish it wasn't that paper. If you take that job—well, maybe you'll be sorry."

Joe went out the other door, because he did not want to meet any moon-faced girls. And he didn't know why he should be sorry about a job like that.

HE TOOK the streetcar downtown and thought about Lorene Murphy. He did not worry about getting the Courier job because after all it would take nothing more than drawing pictures, and pictures clicked out of Joe like automatic tickets at a cafeteria.

When he walked into the old-fashioned wire-cage elevator at the Courier, he would have drawn the operator, if it hadn't been so crowded.

"Fella," Joe told him, "one of these days I'll do your picture."

The operator stared.

"I'd like to get your face down on paper," Joe said wistfully. "You'd be something."

"Yeah," said the operator, "and you'd look good with your ears batted in."

"You don't get it," Joe explained. "I'm the new Courier cartoonist. I'm on my way to take over."

"Okay," said the operator, "on your way."

As if he had intended to have quick revenge on him, he put Joe out on a crowded floor that was full of working typewriters, men in shirt sleeves, human exasperation and insistent voices calling, "Cop-e-e-e! Where the hell is that copy boy?" Joe stood flat-footed, bewildered by this pinwheel mingling of sight and sound, then shoved off into the very midst of it to where an elderly man in a green eyeshade sat at a desk reading slips of paper. Boys were coming up to his desk to grab the bits of paper and then hurry off.

As Joe walked over, the man handed him a paper slip. "Tell Sherm to put a head on that."

"I don't get it," Joe said.

"You don't need to get it," snorted the man. "Just give it to Sherm." Then he looked up. "Hell, gimme that. Now what do *you* want?"

Joe handed back the slip. "I've come for the cartoonist job," he said as simply as he knew how. "I came up from Smith's Mills to take over."

The man sat back and stared. "You *what?*" Then, "Go away—don't you see I'm nuts now?"

"The job Bass had before he got the rheumatism in his drawing arm," Joe went on. "I read about it in the article. I can draw fine. Look here," and his hand went into his coat pocket and began to pull out wads of paper. He unrolled them, flattened them out, began to flutter them down on the desk.

"BEAT it!" said the man. "Hey, Pete, throw this kid out."

"This one—look," Joe insisted. "It's of the mayor. It makes him look like a horse."

"Get the devil—" Then the man peered down. "Yeah," he admitted, "it does make him look like a horse, kinda. But I haven't got time now—"

"Here's the governor," Joe indicated. "I bet you never saw him done this way. But it's him, all right. You can see it's him—*can't* you?"

"Yeah, it's Bostwick," agreed the other grudgingly. "But I can't look at pictures now, kid." Then he turned surprisedly and saw other men looking down at the pictures. One said, "Hell—there's that tramp Eustace!" Another exclaimed, "If this one ain't Doogan, I'll eat it!"

"Clear out," said the man at the desk. "Go on, all of you. You, too, fella—scramsky!"

Joe picked up the pictures. They were on all kinds and sizes of paper and took a lot of rolling. When he got finished, two men standing there were beginning to look him over.

"But, Charley, he's only a kid," said the fat one.

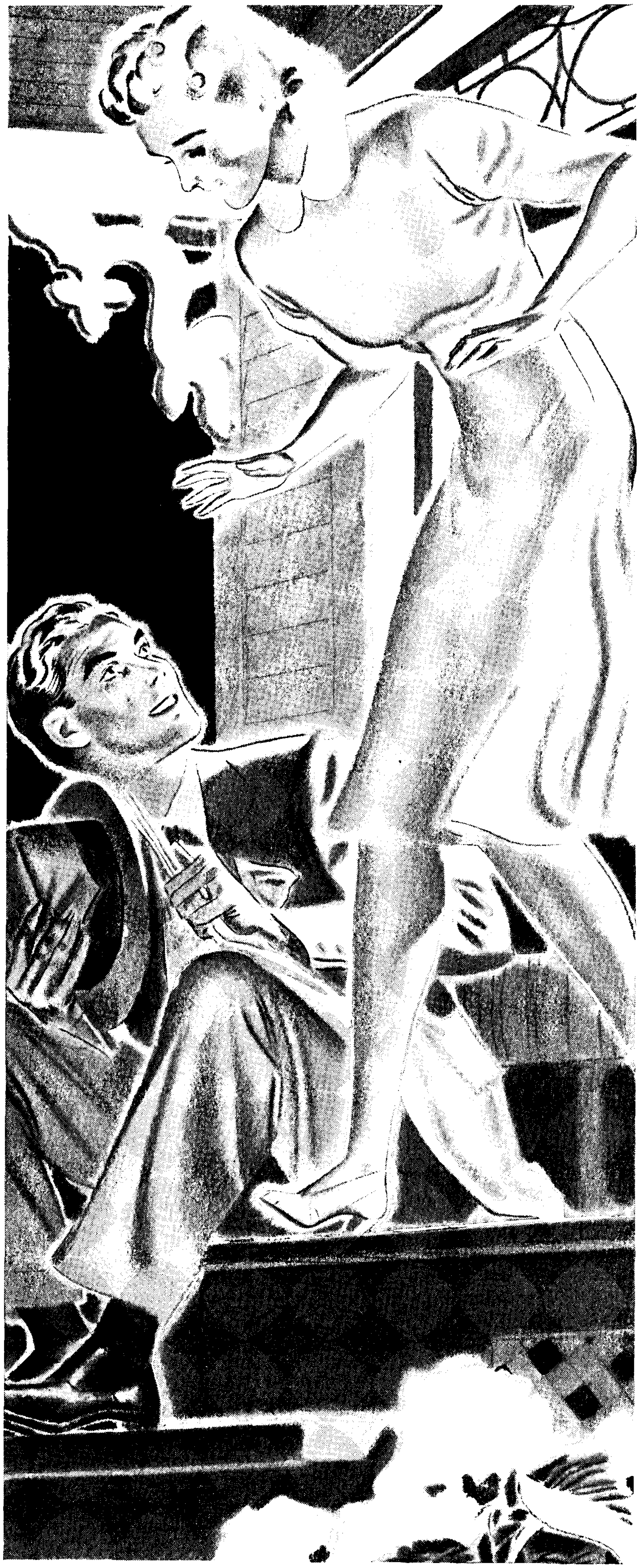
The other, a careless-looking man with heavy spectacles, something like magnifying glasses, said, "Well, he could stooge for me. I could watch him, till I get to working again. The old arm's feeling some better, Ed."

Ed said, "Bring that stuff over here, sonny," and they took Joe to a spot behind a lot of shelves where an old woman was discouragedly filing piles of envelopes.

"Let's see this stuff again," said Ed. "Lemme see Eustace. He was unbelievable!"

Joe looked around at this small hole that had a flat, scarred desk near the window and a varnish-peeled swivel chair. On the desk was a drawing board, ink spattered and unbeautiful. Alongside it were piles of pencils and brushes. Over the desk were tacked a number of newspaper clips of Uncle Sam stepping on

(Continued on page 43)



"For heaven's sake," she said, "what are you doing out here?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN
COLLIER'S STAFF
PHOTOGRAPHER

LIBERTY PART

A day in port with the modern gobs, who aren't what they used to be, and their traditional sailors' sweethearts, who have changed hardly at all

IT IS one of those perfect spring days that New York City draws occasionally. Along the balustrades of Riverside Drive, above the Hudson River landing piers, loll hundreds of sailors of the United States Navy. They have "crumbed up" in carefully pressed dress-blues (with trousers creased inward), drawn their liberty checks and hit the beach.

The "boots," those serious young men who joined the Navy with A Purpose, are streaking for the nearest subway station or bus line, en route to museums and art galleries. Older men are wandering aimlessly about, doing nothing in particular, killing time while waiting for friends or shipmates to join them or just loafing to avoid some duty that might overtake them if they went aboard.

Okey-doke Fitch and Willie Harris are among the sailors from the thirty or more ships anchored in the Hudson who rate shore liberty today. They are neither ancient mariners nor boots.

Okey-doke is a gunner's mate, 2d class; Willie is a water tender. They used to be shipmates on the West Coast until one of them was transferred—now they only run into each other every two or three months; the last time was in Panama when the Fleet came through from the Pacific.

"Where'll we go?" Okey-doke asked. "Wanna go out to the World's Fair?"

"What do you think I am, a boot?" Willie answered scornfully.

"What's wrong with Sands Street?" asked Willie.

Okey-doke agreed that nothing at all was wrong with Sands Street.

The girls would be over there, he added, and, boy, it sure feels good to hit the old town, don't it?

So they took the subway downtown to City Hall Park, and a streetcar across the Brooklyn Bridge to Sands

(*Continued on page 64*)

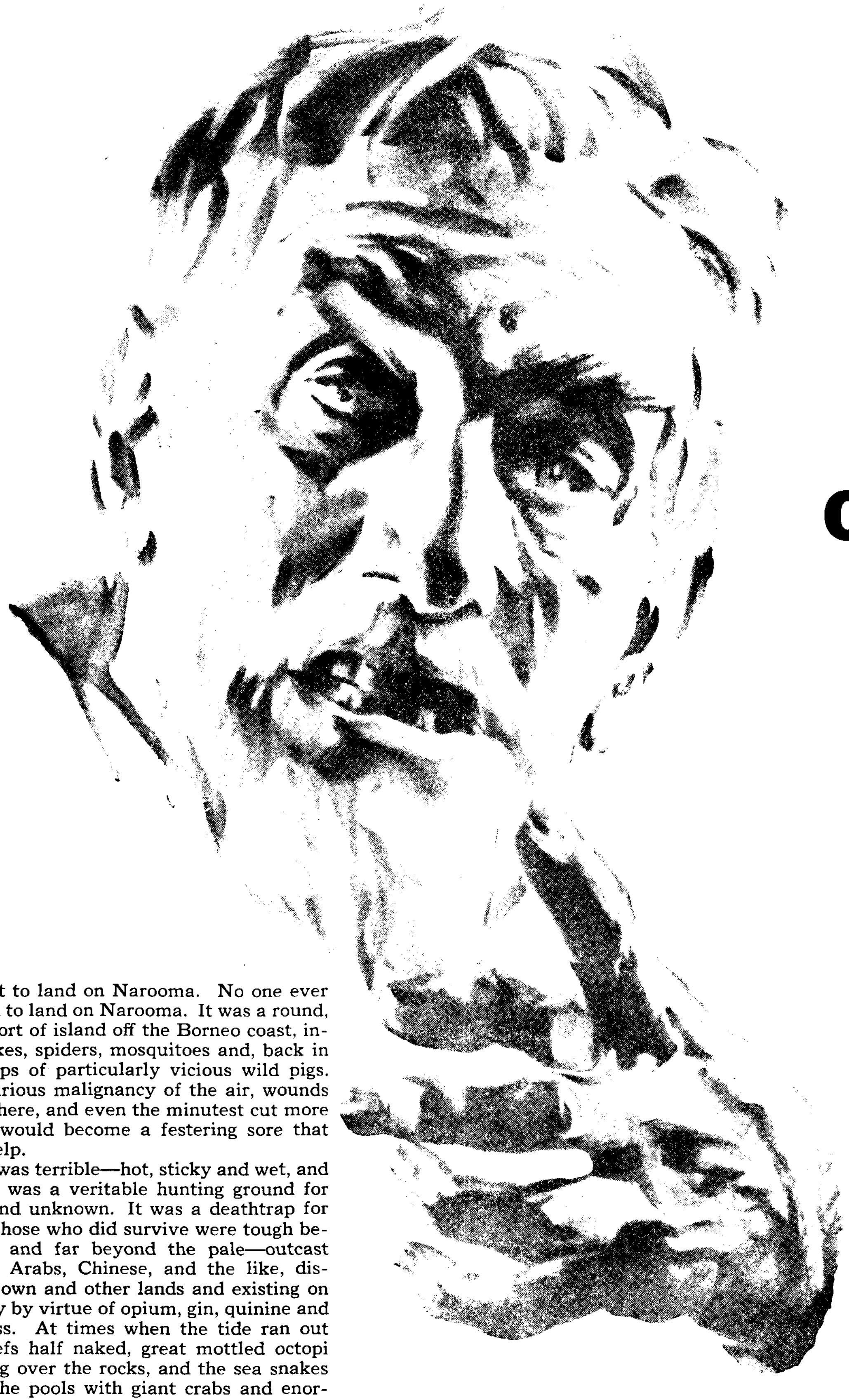
When fighting ships anchor in the Hudson the biggest "liberty" of all is on for sailors. Sands Street, in Brooklyn, with its many bars (above) caters exclusively to them, and the restaurants of the German section of Manhattan are favored by sailors and their girls for the hearty meals and dancing that are an indispensable feature of the "leave"

One-Man Road

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Two white men have survived on Narooma Island—but only one dream



Farrington babbled on, eagerly and heatedly giving in detail the sufferings of his road

I DID not want to land on Narooma. No one ever really wanted to land on Narooma. It was a round, humped-up sort of island off the Borneo coast, infested with snakes, spiders, mosquitoes and, back in the jungle, troops of particularly vicious wild pigs. Due to some curious malignancy of the air, wounds seldom healed there, and even the minutest cut more often than not would become a festering sore that nothing could help.

The climate was terrible—hot, sticky and wet, and the whole place was a veritable hunting ground for fevers, known and unknown. It was a deathtrap for most men, and those who did survive were tough beyond reckoning and far beyond the pale—outcast Dyaks, Malays, Arabs, Chinese, and the like, discarded by their own and other lands and existing on Narooma mainly by virtue of opium, gin, quinine and sheer viciousness. At times when the tide ran out and left the reefs half naked, great mottled octopi would go looping over the rocks, and the sea snakes would fight in the pools with giant crabs and enormous purple centipedes, while overhead the sea birds would dip and scream and fight too, until you thought you were gazing on a foreground of hell.

There was a white trader there, surprisingly enough. He ran the only store and reaped some sort of harvest from the hawksbill turtle, trochus and pearl shell, and from the occasional emeralds or opals the population produced to pay for its vices. He was, at the last report I'd had, a shriveled, cynical little man who lived, ate and slept with twin guns about his waist, and subsisted mainly on quinine and Scotch: so it was popularly supposed that if any germ ever got near him it dropped dead at once from shock. At that, his survival over a matter of years was something to conjure with, but since he was the only trader ever likely to stay on Narooma and operate, it is probable his throat was reasonably safe from the knives of the otherwise ambitious inhabitants, who needed him. Still, you never could tell on Narooma.

So I didn't want to land. I not only knew the place by reputation but also from personal experience. For once, a long time ago, somebody had discovered in the interior a couple of hills of almost pure hard coal, and a syndicate had leased the island from some mainland rajah who had a vague claim to it, and had started to work the stuff. I was second mate of the steamer Alavar at the time, which same cockroach and fleatrap the syndicate had bought. We made four trips a year, bringing in supplies and machinery and men. Especially men.

That was tragic. No old-timer in the islands, in his sane mind, wanted to work on Narooma. Not for triple pay and fat bonuses and modern accommodations; so the syndicate perforce advertised in the London and New York papers for the innocent young engineers just out of college. Fabulous salaries and a year's leave on full pay after two years' work. A lot of them fell for it. And, of course, they never lived long enough to get the leave. We took them to Narooma, and on the next trip we packed out the bodies on ice or in alcohol. The syndicate had something in its contracts that called for delivering corpses to relatives. I never knew why.

But you understand. Narooma was a killer. I suppose that during the two years the syndicate worked it, fifty-odd white men must have gone under. Clean-cut, eager boys, most of them. I used to weep when we landed them. And they died. The ones who lived and stuck it were like the trader I have mentioned—case-hardened soaks who could handle their liquor and quinine, or who were, by some miracle, naturally immune to fevers and sudden death. Anyway, it was that sort of place. And I had to go ashore from the Mafeking to do some business with the trader because the owners were thinking of working a stand of mahogany that was reputed to be somewhere in the interior. As it happened, there wasn't enough mahogany to make a decent cargo, but I had to land to find that out. And the Mafeking left me for two days until she swung in again on her way back from the mainland.

There was no one to meet me. It was close to midday, stickily hot, not a breath of air stirring, and, reasonably enough, all the inhabitants were dozing until the evening cool. Not that they would have met me anyway, for on Narooma even curiosity was stifled and to make any unnecessary move at all required tremendous effort. So I walked along the jetty of coral blocks, still in fair preservation, and started up for the pretentious bungalow buried in a grove of pandanus and backed by the sullen, livid wall of the jungle. The bungalow had at one time been the home of the syndicate's resident manager, and when the syndicate had pulled out it had been left to rot until the trader moved in. The rest of the great store sheds and bungalows had vanished. The permanent inhabitants found it less trouble to live in palm huts from which they could move when they became too filthy or snake-infested.

THE last time I'd been to Narooma things were still humming: They were building a breakwater to make a decent harbor. The coal chutes were going up. A dredge was at work. The jetty was being finished, with a small lighthouse at one end (there was no sign of it now) and the beach had some semblance of life. You see, they had planned to make it an important coaling port, Narooma being strategically located in a main steamer lane. It had all been very ambitious and very grand, and now there was nothing. An earthquake had buried most of the coal deposit in an enormous salt lake, and about the same time the big ships began changing from coal to oil. So the syndicate pulled out in a hurry and let the jungle take things back. It was all very sad.

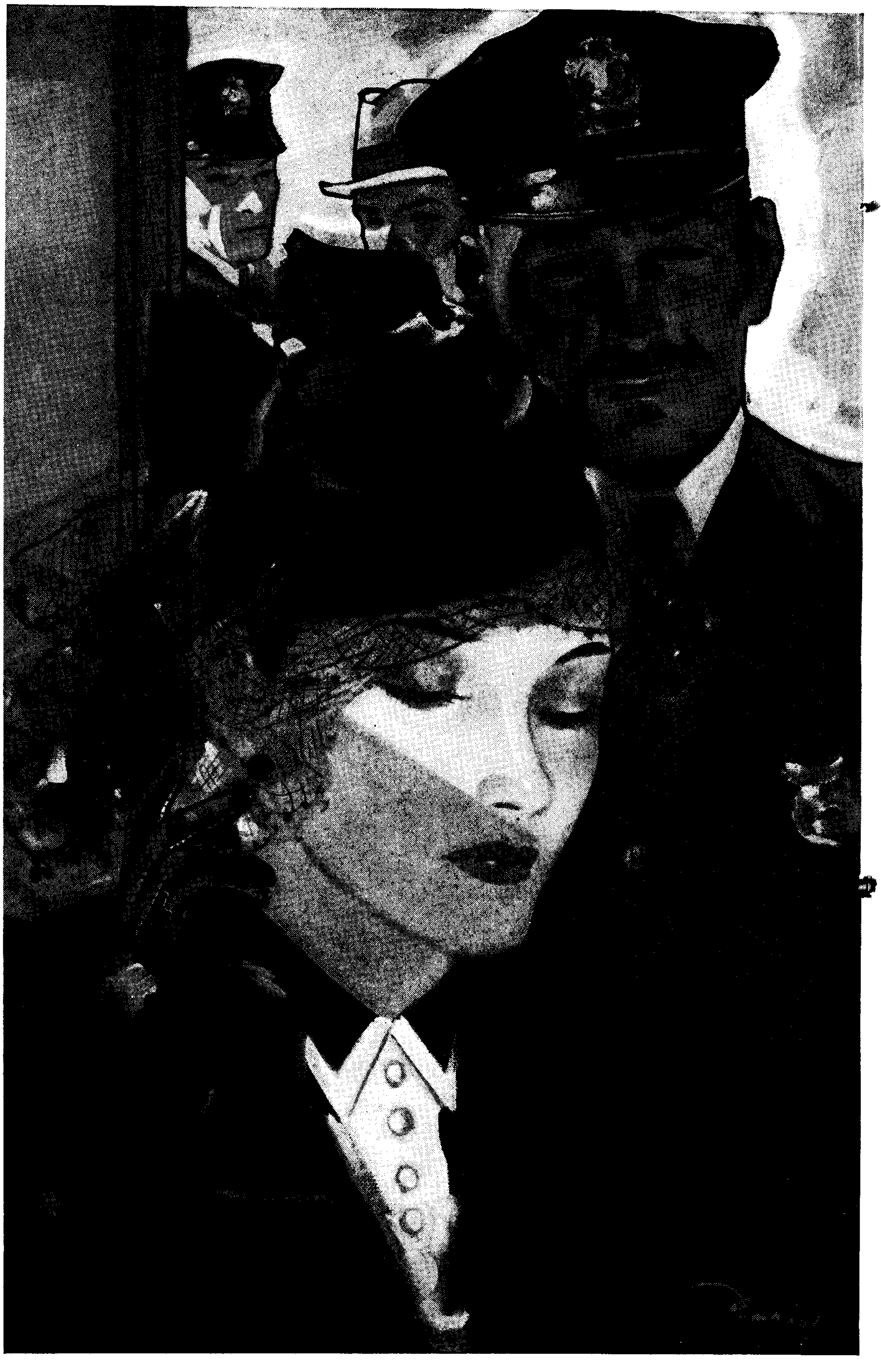
I found the trader sprawled in a big cane chair on his veranda, attired only in a short sarong of printed cloth and a pair of rope-soled canvas shoes. His face was brown and *(Continued on page 48)*

Dead-End Case

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Detective O'Malley sits where the murderer sat. But even though he found a clue, he followed it without much zest



She looked like an old woman when she was veiled, but now she lifted her veil and she wasn't old

A GUY got found in a parked car," O'Malley said, "in a dead-end street at the East River. He had came to a dead end, too; he had been shot. Nobody knew him in that neighborhood, so cops give the car license number to the auto bureau and they said the owner's name was Garron. That was the dead guy. His wife identified him."

"Have they any idea why he was killed?" I asked.

"Not yet."

Mrs. Garron was at the station house. We talked with her. She was a small woman and quite pretty. She appeared shocked and distressed and O'Malley acted sorry for her.

"We don't like to keep asking you questions," he apologized to her, "but we got to do it. You say you got no idea why your husband got killed?"

"I haven't. I can't understand it."

"Ain't there anybody that might want to knock him off?"

"I can't think of anyone. He didn't have any enemies."

"He ever act like he was afraid of somebody?"

"No," she said, puzzling over it.

"Well, tell us about last night."

"He left home rather late in the evening in the car. He said he had some business to transact and might be home late. I didn't think anything of it. He wasn't in business. He had retired, but he had investments, but he never talked with me about them. It wasn't unusual for him to see people at night. At midnight I went to bed. I wasn't alarmed. When I awoke this morning and found he wasn't there, I became anxious. Then the police called me up."

"That all you know about it?"

"I can't think of anything else."

"It ain't very much. . . . Well, I'm supposed to look at it," he said to me.

We looked at the dead man. He had been a big person. He had been shot once on the left side of his head. The police had the car. O'Malley got in and sat in it. There was blood on the left side of the driving seat and on the driving-side door, and nowhere else. The car windows were open. It was plain the man had been shot from outside the car. The police had found no fingerprints. We drove to the murder scene. The street ended abruptly at the river. There were only business buildings around, and, across from us, in Brooklyn were the funnels and masts of ships.

"Well," O'Malley said, "I don't see no sense in it. The guy lived in the Bronx. What was he doing, alone in his parked car, after midnight, looking at the East River? Headquarters is looking this dead guy Garron up. We'll go see what they got on him."

We went to headquarters and I waited while O'Malley made his inquiries. Then he came back.

"So what?" I asked.

"It looks like a funny business. This dead guy was a jeweler before he retired. Cops looked to see if he had any record and it proved he had. When he was in business he got fined a couple of times for having diamonds that had no business to be in the country. They didn't do no more than fine him because he claimed he didn't know the stones was smuggled. Since he quit business, him and his wife made a lot of ocean trips.

"The government guys say they never had no smuggling charge against him. One way they do that smuggling is like this: When a ship comes in the harbor, somebody aboard drops something in the water. What they drop in the water has been fixed up to float. Some guy in a small boat watches to have it dropped, so he picks it up and when he gets a chance he passes it to somebody on shore. A ship that Garron and his wife had traveled on a lot come into harbor yesterday afternoon—from South America."

"Then there's your case," I stated. "It accounts for everything. They have diamonds in Brazil. Garron was waiting in his car for someone in a small boat to make him a delivery. They disagreed over the transaction, and Garron was shot."

"It could be like that. I don't know if it is. I suppose I'd ought to see them people on that ship."

We drove to Brooklyn, where the ship was docked. Men in rough clothing hung about the pier. We found the first officer.

"You know that guy Garron pretty well?" O'Malley inquired of him.

"I knew him, because the Garrons frequently were passengers."

"You see him talking with any particular members of your crew?"

"I wouldn't notice. Most passengers talk with members of the crew."

"Ever think any of your men might be picking up money on the side?"

"I never suspected it."

We questioned a number *(Continued on page 38)*

Is Everybody

By David Brown
and Ernest Lehman

Years ago in Chicago, Benny Goodman, age nine, made his stage debut doing an impersonation of Ted Lewis. That was when Ted was fooling around with a clarinet, a battered top hat and a post-war version of swing. It must have been a good act for he's still doing it fifty-two weeks a year

THE usual group of ex-hoofers, jugglers and squeaky-shoe comedians are standing in front of the Palace Theater on Broadway waiting for vaudeville to come back. One of them points to a name up in lights on a marquee across the street and bemoans:

"What's he got? For twenty-five years he's been handing the public the same sentimental hokum . . . strutting around in front of his band twirling a cane and waving an old high hat! Why, he can't even hold Goodman's clarinet, and as for singing, he can't carry a tune! These days you gotta be clever and have something new! We know. But what we don't know is why that guy isn't out here with us, looking for the bookings that aren't there!"

They were talking about Ted Lewis, "The High-hatted Tragedian of Song," "The Pied Piper of Happiness," "The Medicine Man for Your Blues," and "Ol' Doc Sunshine." They are puzzled by a success that dates from pre-war days at Rector's, carries through the jazz-mad twenties, and continues now in these days of jitterbugs, double features and bank nights.

Typical of the Ted Lewis brand of showmanship are his song-talk singing (above) and his capering, in this case with Dancer Loretta Lane

For Lewis has been playing swing since 1913, when your Goodmans, Dorseys and Krupas were musing straight arrangements of Rockabye Baby and jam was only a preserve. What's more, he has played every variety stage from Wenatchee, Washington, to Portland, Maine, and has appeared before seven Presidents and a king of England. He employs no press agent, is radio's most famous holdout, has never had a Hollywood build-up, and today, with vaudeville supposedly dead, is busy fifty-two weeks a year, his act drawing as much as $6,500 a week.

In exchange for all that, Lewis has taken from show business: an Ohio farm, a New Jersey shore home, a New York apartment, and a wife named Ada, once a toe dancer and now his business manager and guardian of the Lewis bank roll.

And if you ask Ted the basis of his evergreen career, he'll tell you in a word . . . showmanship. "If I hadn't been a showman, I'd have been 'dead' years ago," he says. "Being a musician's musician doesn't mean a thing to me. It's the customers that I'm concerned with, and I think I've got something they'll always like."

Watch him perform his perennial routine and you begin to understand what he means by showmanship. The moth-eaten topper, the yes-suh yes-suh mannerisms, the constantly moving hands and feet and clarinet against a background of three smart girls and a brassy band . . . they are all as carefully calculated to weave a spell over the customers as are his unabashedly sentimental song-talk renditions of such Lewisiana as When My Baby Smiles at Me, Good Night, and Me and My Shadow. And as for his acrobatic clarinet . . . well . . . his early days were a succession of sackings by men who had a decided opinion about the way he played it. *(Continued on page 62)*

One Sure Thing

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

If he won he got the girl. If he lost—well, who can predict what a girl in love may do?

JOAN MASON was between her father and Mr. Jacob Downer as they stood at the rail watching the second heat of the fourth race. She was a trim little person, clean-limbed as any of the fillies on the track. But on this afternoon her young heart was a heavy lump in her breast. Jake was all right, of course, only old, twice her own twenty years. She wished he wouldn't stand so close. She wished her father, two hundred pounds of brawn, would lose that haunted look and quit reminding her Jake owned the biggest string on the circuit.

Mr. Downer bought horses and raced them; J. Q. Mason bred horses and raced them. There's a difference, a chasm in between. This fourth race was crucial. If Alf Roler, the Mason trainer and top-flight driver, could win with Anabat Royal, the colt was as good as sold to Mr. Downer at a pretty price. If Alf failed, the Bend River Childreth Farms, J. Q. Mason, owner, would go just that much farther into the red.

Each sinning driver blaming somebody else, the horses scored and scored again. That was bad, for Roler had a temper, and temper and a light hand are strangers. When the exasperated starter finally gave the word Anabat was almost broadside of the track. He never caught up with the bunch, he got the red flag.

"All races are alike," said J. Q. heavily, "either your horse wins or he doesn't. That makes all horses alike and me a sap."

"You're wrong two out of three," said a pleasant voice. "No two races are ever alike and I can name a dozen horses so different they made history."

Joan peered around her father's front. The speaker was a young man wearing clothes that had undoubtedly been made for him, only it must have been a long time ago. His gray eyes were placed far apart on two sides of a freckled nose and she liked the way he carried his jaw.

"History!" scoffed Mr. Downer fussily.

"History," repeated the youth, not at all abashed. "Take Dannyden, who won all his races from Portland to New Orleans with his Yankee owner telling every man, woman and child he met to bet their last smacker on him and throw in the family mule. They did, and if Dannyden had had one more season he would have wiped out the memory of the Civil War. But it's the blood lines that make a horse different and great."

"Wait a minute, just a minute," puffed J. Q. "Dannyden was a freak. He never trotted a race until he was twelve and he was out of a huckster's nag."

"THAT'S the half you know about," said the young man with absolute assurance. "Dannyden's dam at the age of twenty-four was bred to Peter the Monarch for a joke and her own name was Greatheart Molly, sold down the river by a skunk of an owner the day she went blind. Chew on that and turn red."

"They're coming out," said Mr. Downer, but nobody heard him.

"Looks!" muttered the young man. "Looks in horses don't matter a hoot any more than they do with women. Miss Mason here. She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life but if her lines aren't right I wouldn't bet a nickel on her to stay the distance. Not a nickel."

Joan had often blushed, but never before had all the blood gone from her heart to her cheeks in a single jump. It made her so angry tears of rage blinded her and she had to hold the rail to keep herself from doing something silly.

"You'd better run along, Piggy," said her father with amazing calm. "First thing you know you'll be saying something that'll get somebody's goat."

"All right," agreed the young man. "But I know horses. Write it in a book so you won't forget it and in the next race put your money on Daffodil Lady to win."

Piggy—what a name! It startled Joan even more than her father's unruffled manner. The young man touched his cap and walked off. His old clothes looked as if they might be ashamed of themselves but never of him. He didn't look back. She hated him. Mr. Downer went off to place a bet. She looked up at her father.

"Piggy!" she scoffed. "Is that what people call him?"

"If anybody but me called him that," said J. Q., "he'd eat their ears off. It's my private name for him and it's his for me."

"He calls you Piggy!" gasped Joan.

"Yes," said J. Q., staring at the track, "but he didn't today."

"Why do you call each other that?" asked Joan, locking her hands on her father's arm and peering into his face. "Why?"

"It comes from pig-a-back. He used to crawl to me on his hands and knees, look up and that's the way he'd say it—piggy? So I got to saying piggy to him too. I drove in a matinee once with his legs locked around my neck."

"Oh, Daddy, what's his name—his real name?"

J. Q. woke out of the past and looked down at her. "Here, here now; never you mind what it is. Can't you see the boy is holding on by his eyelids? If he didn't win a bet now and then he'd have to live on straw as well as sleep in it. And—"

"They're off!" yelled a dozen voices. Then the chorus: "Look at that! Oh, you baby! Oh, you Daffodil Lady!"

Mr. Downer came back waving a heavy roll. "A hundred on the nose at ten to one," he gloated. "Feel the money, Jo; it's real."

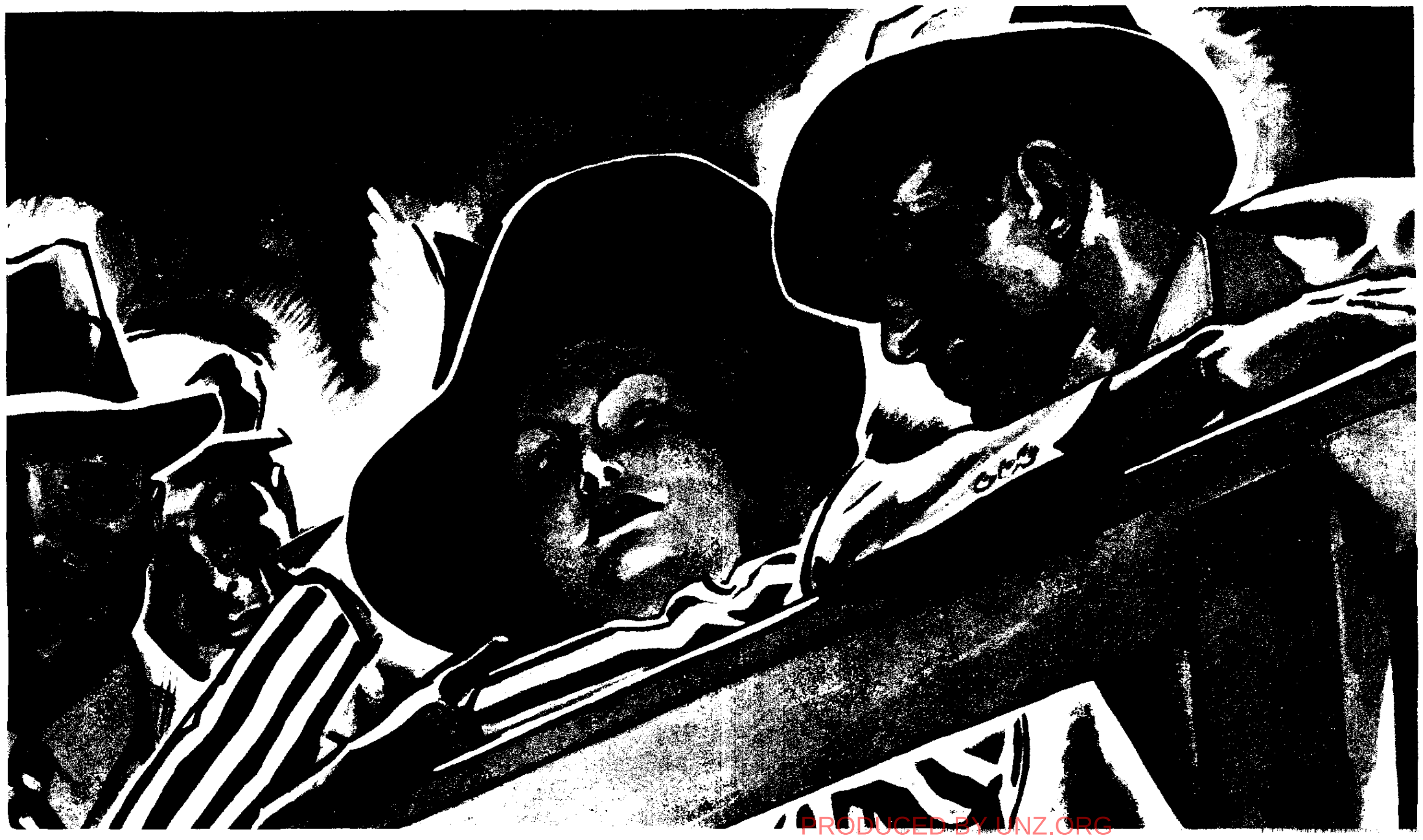
She faced about and might have said something a little nasty if the young man hadn't been just behind Mr. Downer. He looked at J. Q. and nobody else.

"Did you bet on the Lady the way I told you?"

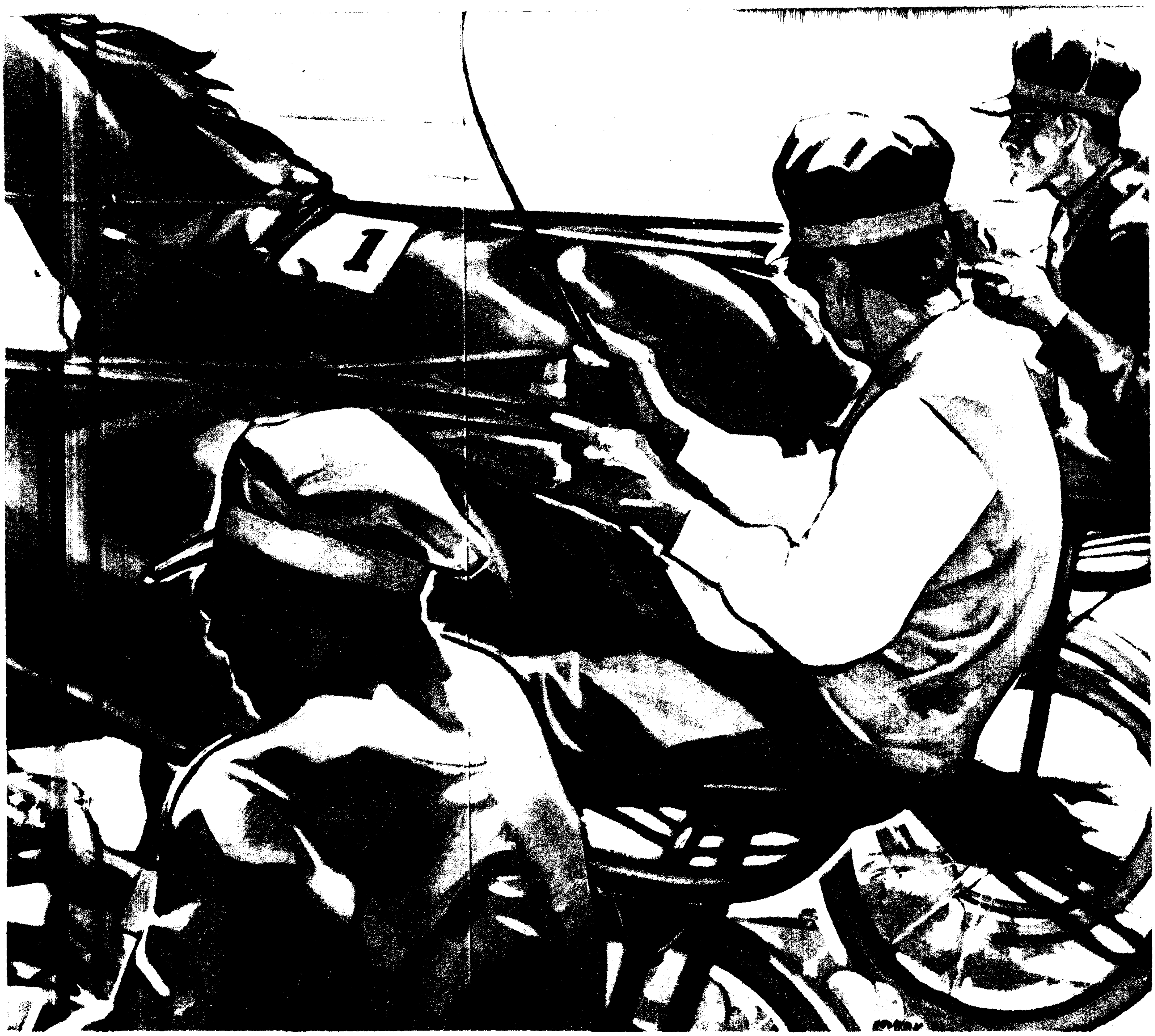
"No."

"I did," said the young man, holding out a roll that looked pitiful beside Mr. Downer's, "and here's fifty on account."

Joan was bewildered by the words but twice as bewildered when she glanced inquiringly at her father. The hands he kept in his pockets were trembling and



Jake was all right, only twice her twenty years. She wished he wouldn't stand so close



there was a stricken look in his face she had seen only once before in her life.

"Piggy!" he whispered. "Piggy!"

The young man turned sharply and walked off toward the stables. Joan followed him. She caught up and touched his arm but he kept on going. Surprised and angry, she looked up into his face. His eyes were wide open and wet. She stopped being angry and almost choked.

"What's your name?" she asked. "You know mine; please tell me yours."

"Ask any swipe in the county," he said without looking at her. "The swipes are my remaining friends."

"All right," cried Joan, irritated. "Piggy—if that's the way you want it!"

He flushed and a moment passed before he answered. "You win," he said quietly. "My name is Samuel Childreth like my father's but my mother used to call me Pug. Now it's my turn. Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes."

"Get out. Go tell your father I'm sorry I did what I did."

"B-but Pug—"

"You promised. Get out."

On the way back Joan kept saying Childreth to herself—Bend River Childreth Farms! In her mind she stared at the farmhouse she had learned to love, long and wide-eaved, nested amid maples and elms and backed by a single towering pine. She saw the gentle sweep of the lawn toward the river and the meadow where the brood mares dreamed. When she and her father got back there that night it was chilly enough for a fire. She sat on the floor at one end of the huge fireplace and her father in his big chair at the other.

"TELL me about Sam Childreth and his boy Pug," she said.

J. Q. was too tired to fight. "Sam Childreth was the best friend I ever had. We used to play with big money in those days and he lost a hundred-thousand-dollar bet. I lent him the cash and when I had to foreclose on this place or go to the wall myself it killed him. His wife walked out of here holding Pug by the hand and never looked back. That finished your mother. Sam owed me a lot more than the farm was worth; that's what Pug meant when he offered fifty on account."

Joan didn't speak for a long time. Finally she said, "I like that boy. He's the only boy I ever liked in my whole life."

Her father's head came around with a jerk, his eyes wide open but hard. "Don't be a fool, Jo. If you don't watch your step Jake Downer is going to move in here the way I did and we'll walk out with nothing but the clothes on our backs."

Joan gave him a straight look as hard as his own. "Dad, have you borrowed money from Mr. Downer?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"Then don't, or I'll give you the surprise of your life."

That November her father didn't want to take her to the Old Glory Sale but she insisted on going. The Bend River Childreth Farms string came up on the first day and sold fairly well, giving J. Q. a momentary thrill. But Joan scarcely listened to the bidding, she was too busy looking for Pug and at last she recognized him because he was wearing the same old suit. She went down on the tanbark and stood by her father, on the side away from Mr. Downer. Presently Pug's voice spoke over her shoulder:

The hunch had worked! For that one act he would be known all his life as a top-flight driver

"Well, J. Q., I know horses and your string would have sold for twice as much if the youngsters hadn't been handled by a bruiser with murder in his wrists. Find the man who pinned Alf Roler on you for a trainer and you'll know who's planning to eat your gizzard."

Mr. Downer jumped as if his name had been paged. "Hey, you," he sputtered, "if I hand you a twenty will you go buy yourself a new suit?"

"I'll buy myself a new suit," said Childreth thoughtfully, "any time you'll promise to take a bath. Now, J. Q., take a squint at what's in the ring. Ugly, eh? Bid her in, J. Q. Bid!"

(Continued on page 67)

As she raised her eyes to the majestic evil of his face, I thought of a hare and a cobra

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER

The Story Thus Far:

TWO men are murdered in London. Investigating their deaths, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, brilliant undercover man, learns that they have been done away with by Dr. Fu Manchu, most dangerous of all criminals and head of the sinister secret society, Si-Fan. He learns furthermore that Fu Manchu is plotting to bring about world peace *by destroying all of the world's leading militarists and warlike dictators!*

Leaving England, Fu Manchu goes to Venice. Accompanied by Bart Kerrigan, a young journalist, Smith follows him. He knows that Rudolf Adlon, a powerful dictator, is in Venice—and that he is marked for death. He is in hopes that he will be able to save Adlon's life.

Among Fu Manchu's aides are two women: his daughter, Fah lo Suee, who, a victim of her father's sorcery, can remember nothing of the past and who believes her name to be "Korêani;" and the beautiful Ardatha. Having encountered Ardatha a number of times in London, Kerrigan has fallen in love with her. . . .

With diabolical cunning, Fu Manchu sees to it that Korêani (known to the world as Mrs. Milton) and Rudolf Adlon meet. Unable to resist the girl's fascinations, the dictator follows her to a palace that is supposed to be occupied by James Brownlow Wilton, a wealthy American. But Wilton has been kidnaped by the Oriental's hirelings, and a double substituted for him. Also, Wilton's yacht, Silver Heels, has been manned by conspirators. Thus Adlon, arrived at the palace, finds himself a captive; and when he refuses to drop out of public life he is murdered.

All of this, Smith and Kerrigan learn in the course of a series of exciting adventures that befall them while they are endeavoring to save Adlon. Twice they are captured—and make their escape. Both avoid death by a hairbreadth when Silver Heels—which they board while searching for Adlon—is blown up by the doctor and his friends. . . .

The public is notified of Adlon's death. According to the authorities, he had died while sleeping in his own bed. . . . Smith and Kerrigan return to London. While they are conferring in Kerrigan's flat, Smith receives a telephone call. He answers it, listens, hangs up. Then—to Kerrigan: "General Diesler, delivering a funeral oration over the casket supposed to contain Adlon's body, has been killed—shot by Baron Trenck, standing 3,500 yards away! The baron was practically torn to pieces by fanatical Adlonites!"

IX

I AM now going to find a hiding place somewhere in your rooms for this portfolio, Kerrigan."

"A hiding place?"

"Let me explain. It was to recover this portfolio, which I was taking to Scotland Yard, that that mad attack was made upon me in Sloane Street. A flying-squad car will be here in a few minutes—I authorized the constable to phone for one—in which I propose to leave."

"And I to come with you."

"Not at all!"

"What!"

"Another attempt, although probably not of the same character, is to be expected. I shall be well guarded. Your presence could not save me. But this time, the attempt might succeed. Therefore, I am going to hide this valuable thing in your rooms."

"Why hide it?"

"Because if you knew where to find it, Fu Manchu might discover a means of forcing you to tell him!"

"But why leave it here at all?"

"For a very good reason. Let me look about a bit."

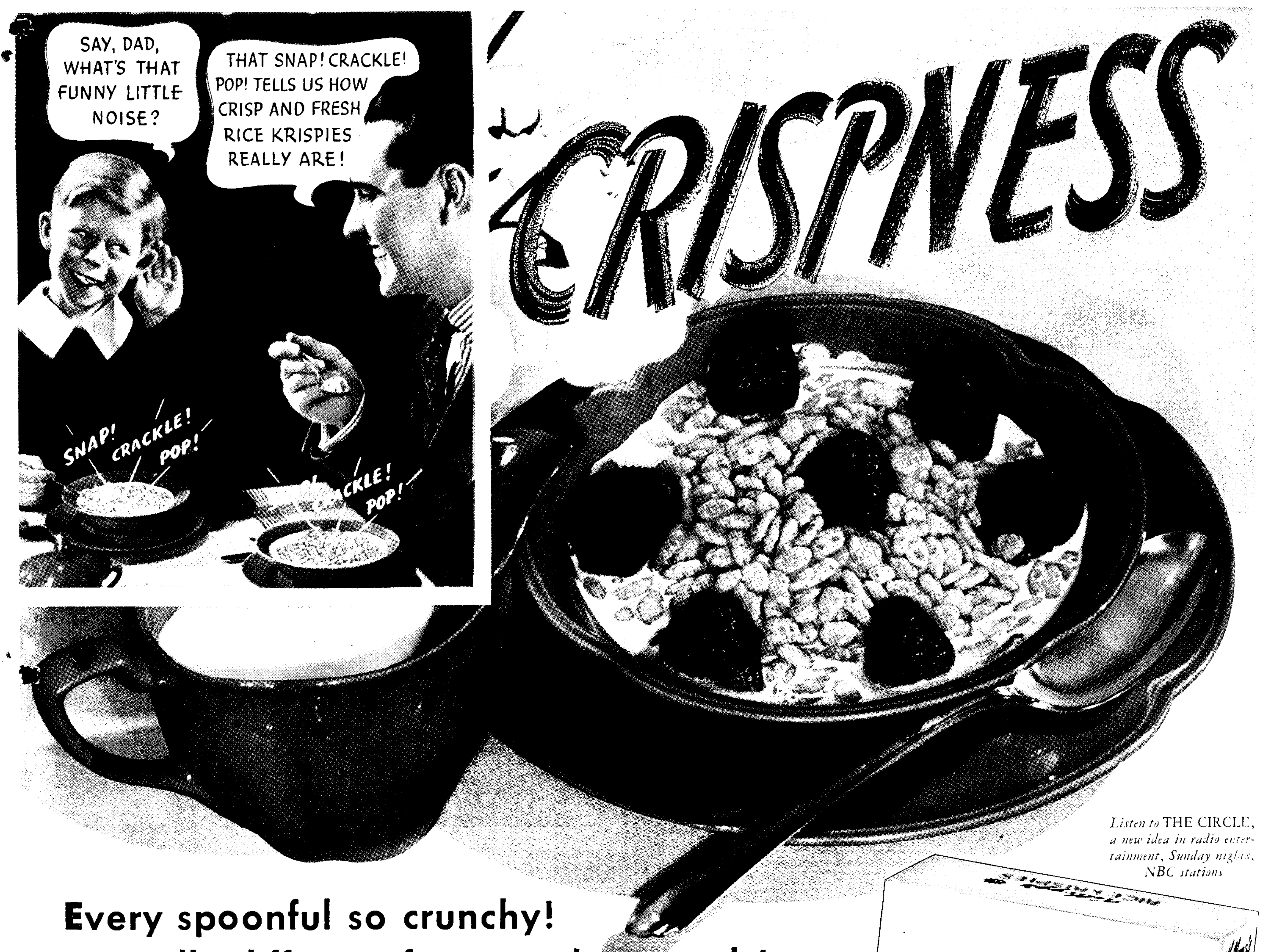
I stared out of the window, thinking into what a mad maze my footsteps had blundered since that first evening when Nayland Smith had rung my bell. I could hear him walking about in an adjoining room, and then he returned. I saw a police car pull up at the door. The bell rang.

"I shall be in good hands until I see you again," said Smith. "Later, I will communicate, when I have made arrangements for the safe transfer of the portfolio to a spot where I propose to place its contents before a committee that I must assemble for the purpose."

"But what is it, Smith?"

(Continued on page 53)

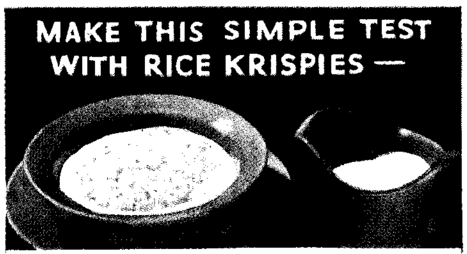
Dads, too, cheer their **lasting** CRISPNESS


SAY, DAD, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY LITTLE NOISE?
THAT SNAP! CRACKLE! POP! TELLS US HOW CRISP AND FRESH RICE KRISPIES REALLY ARE!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
CRACKLE! POP!
CRISPNESS

Listen to THE CIRCLE, *a new idea in radio entertainment, Sunday nights, NBC stations*

Every spoonful so crunchy!
Totally different from mushy cereals!

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST WITH RICE KRISPIES —



2 hours in milk—Still Floating!

WON'T MUSH DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF YOUR DISH

● Give a man a cereal he can get his teeth into! Something crisp from the first spoonful to the last . . . rich and satisfying in flavor. The name is Kellogg's Rice Krispies!

Rice Krispies are completely different. They're *not* flaked . . . *not* shredded. They are "oven-popped" by Kellogg's *patented* process, then toasted to a tempting, golden brown.

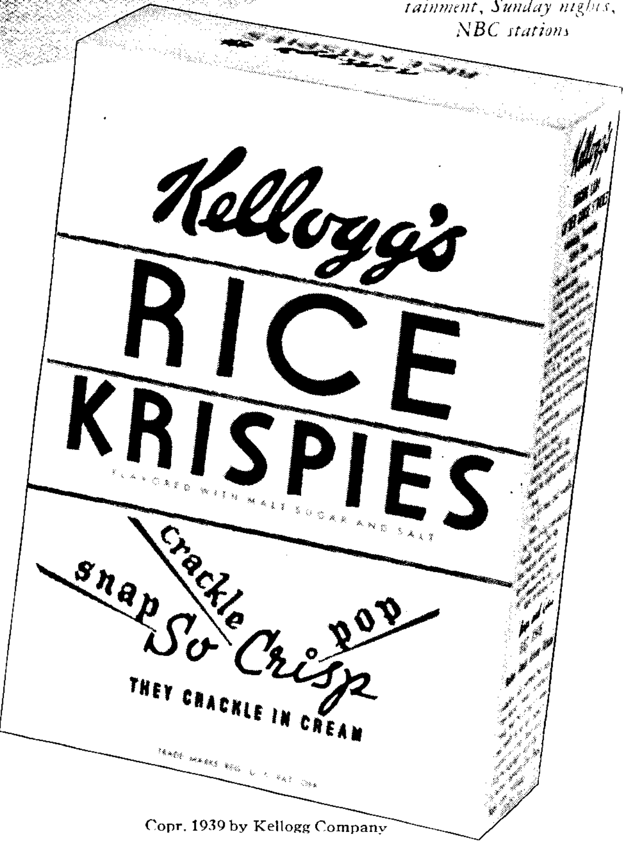
And wait until you see how Rice Krispies float in milk or cream! They won't mush down. Everyone in your family will love them. Children just can't seem to get enough.

Only premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice is used in making Rice Krispies. Their lasting crispness is protected by Kellogg's new KEL-LINER Inner-Wrap, the only cereal carton completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. Order from your grocer today!

NOT FLAKED NOT SHREDDED

They're "oven-popped" by Kellogg's Patented Process

Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form . . . utterly distinct from every other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813.


Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
FLAVORED WITH MALT SUGAR AND SALT
Snap Crackle Pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company

How many "SCREWDRIVERS"

Common sense driving can cut down STOP-and-GO 25%-RIGHT NOW

"I believe most drivers want to share the road. When they park, they find a place at the curb. When they wish to drive slowly, they drive on the extreme right. When they come to a stop light, they keep in line. If all drivers observed the simple, common-sense rules of this kind, our 'stop-and-go' could be cut 25%."

E Raymond Cato

Chief, California Highway Patrol

DOES Stop-and-Go driving give you the jitters? Would you like to DO something about it?

Here's a plan!

Shell engineering and traffic research—which produced Super-Shell to cut the *cost* of Stop-and-Go—now shows the way to cut the *amount*—by 25%.

Get rid of "Screwdrivers"! Traffic authorities agree that bad driving practices are responsible for *one-fourth* of all our time-wasting, fuel-wasting, nerve-racking Stop-and-Go.

But public opinion can curb the "Screwdrivers"—just as it has turned the accident rate downward! You will be able to drive farther—with much greater convenience and safety.

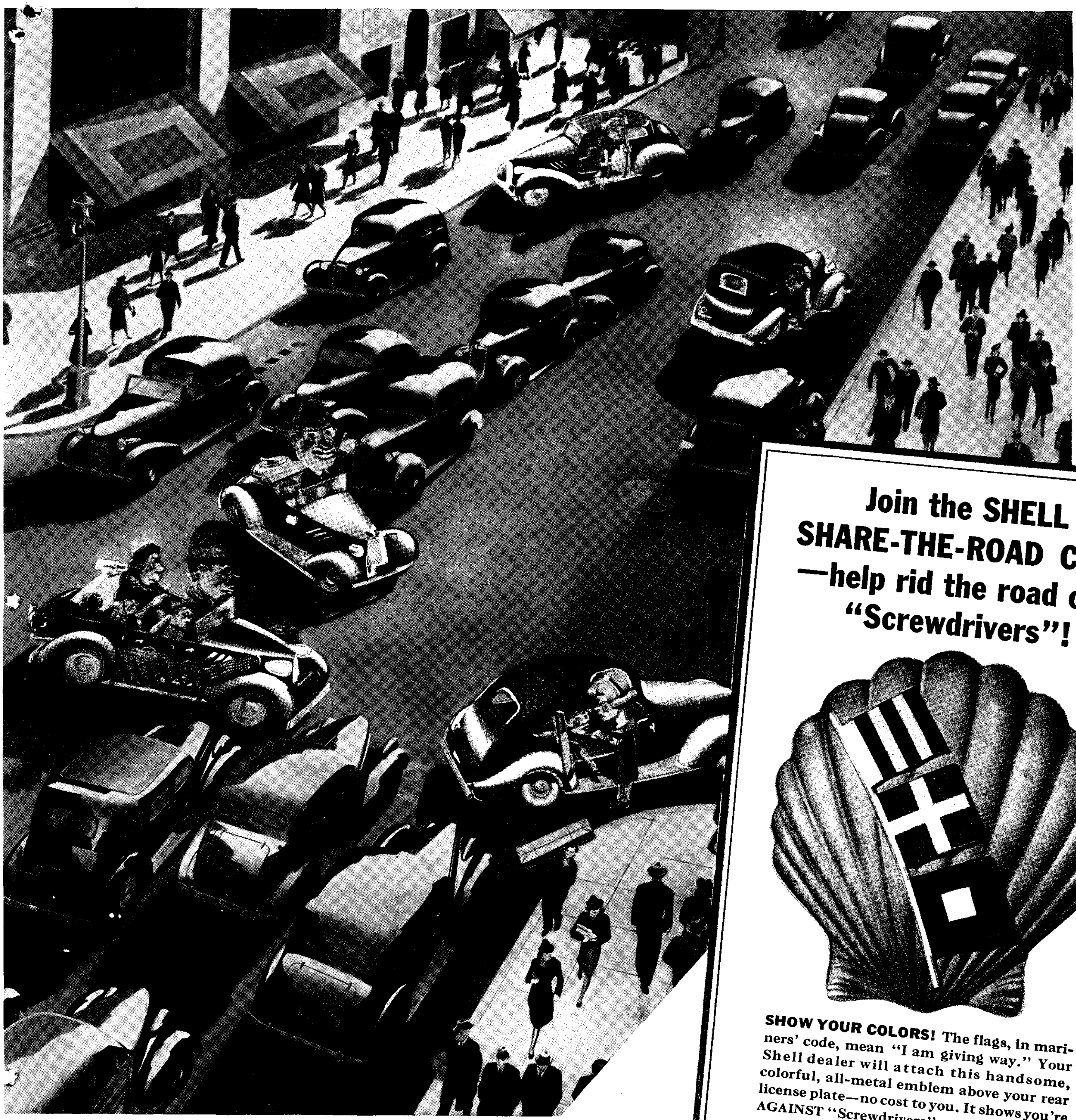
Your help is needed! Join the Shell Share-the-Road Club today! It's a nation-wide crusade AGAINST "Screwdrivers" . . . FOR common sense behind the wheel!

See your Shell dealer NOW. He's your local headquarters for the Share-the-Road movement. Tell him you are against "Screwdrivers" and he'll attach the distinguished Share-the-Road emblem to your car FREE—give you a booklet showing how "Screwdrivers" pile up Stop-and-Go.

Millions of motorists have benefited through the use of Super-Shell. Now these and millions more will benefit through "Share the Road." Enlist in this crusade. **Show your colors—join at your neighborhood Shell dealer's today!**

SHELL
SHELL
"SHARE THE ROAD" AND SUPER-SHELL BOTH SAVE ON STOP-AND-GO
CASH VALUE $ THIS SALE
GALLONS
COMPUTED AT
ERIE

can you find in this picture?



OOKS LIKE THE "SCREWDRIVERS" ARE HOLDING A CONVENTION!

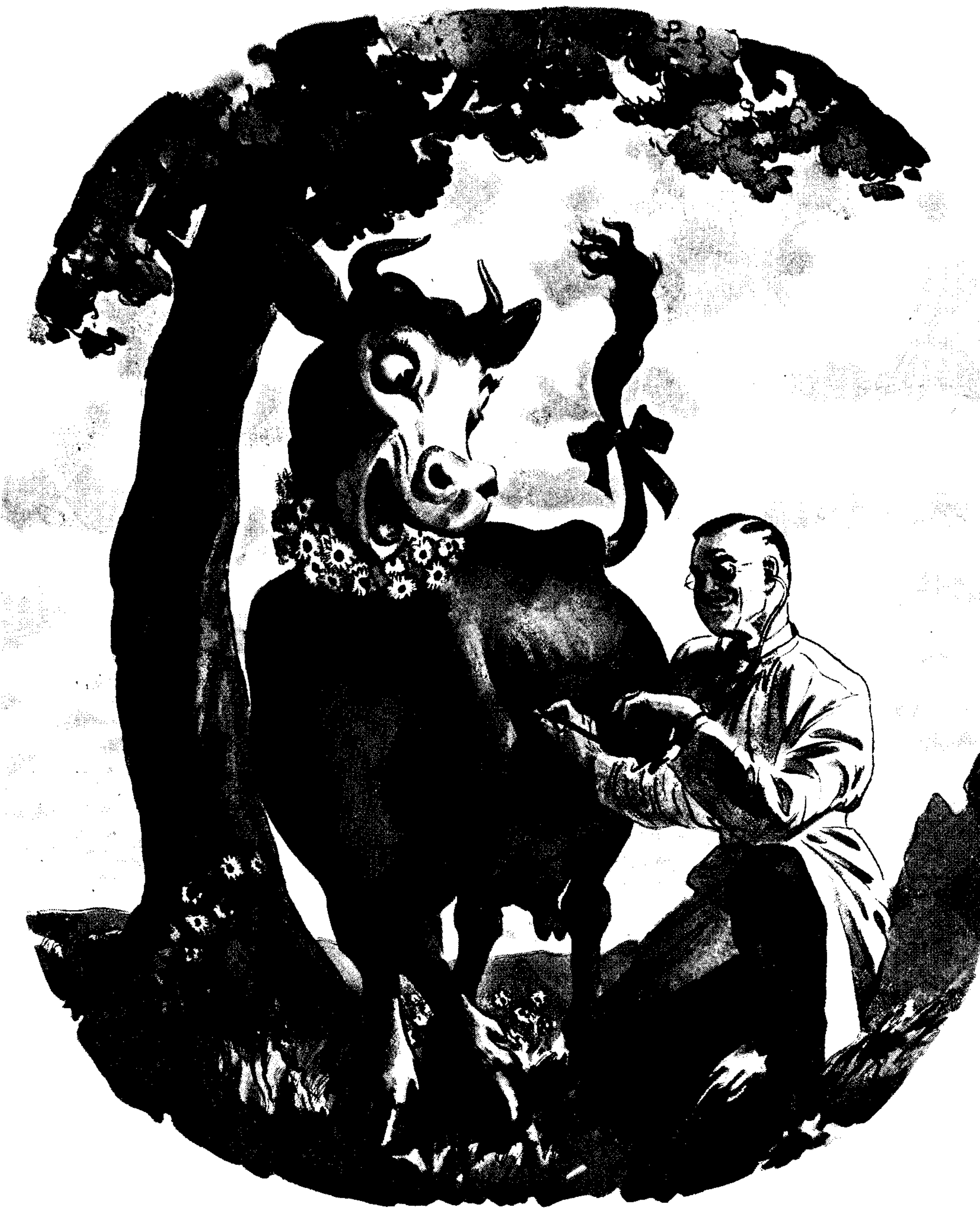
No, this isn't a sanitarium—it's just Main Street on a busy afternoon. Look over the "Screwdrivers" and see if you can figure out what they are trying to do, and what they are actually doing! How about those two at the lower left? Oh yes, they're "visiting Screwdrivers"—they enjoy each other's conversation . . . The lady in the upper right? She's only unloading in the middle of the street, risking her neck and giving other drivers a chance to test their brakes! Remember, your engine uses 3 times as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, he's taking it out of *your* pocket!

Join the SHELL SHARE-THE-ROAD CLUB —help rid the road of "Screwdrivers"!

SHOW YOUR COLORS! The flags, in mariners' code, mean "I am giving way." Your Shell dealer will attach this handsome, colorful, all-metal emblem above your rear license plate—no cost to you. It shows you're AGAINST "Screwdrivers"—FOR sharing the road. It will help cut Stop-and-Go 25%.

THE SHELL DEALER IS HEADQUARTERS FOR SAVING ON STOP-AND-GO

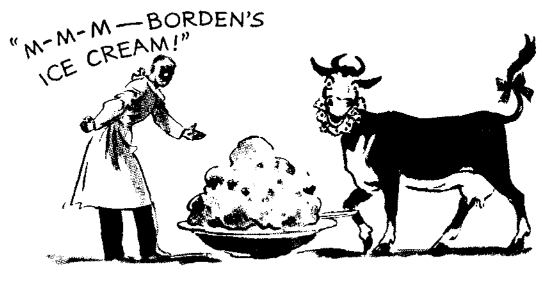
He's a good neighbor – friendly and willing – ready to give your car complete care!



"Oh, Doctor, I bet you tell that to all the Girls!"

"NOTHING OF THE KIND, Elsie," the veterinarian answered briskly. "A *lot* of cows think I'm a fussy old crank. But I promise you I'm going to *stay* that way—just as long as I'm on this job of keeping you healthy. That's one way we make *sure* that *Borden's Ice Cream* is always pure and delicious."

"Ice cream? What have you and I got to do with *that?*" asked the puzzled Elsie, pointing a neatly turned horn at the tempting plateful.


"M-M-M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!"

"Nearly everything, my dear," he explained patiently. "If *any* food—like ice cream—is made from milk or cream, naturally *better* milk or cream will help make it a *better food*. My brother experts and I are solely interested in making sure that every drop of Borden's Milk always *is* better milk.

"We call this work of ours *Quality Control*. And another thing it does is to help folks do *magic* with your milk."

"Magic?" said Elsie, uneasily.

"Oh, it's only *after* you've given your milk to Borden's," he reassured her: "—and after it has been made into *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*.

"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!"
Borden
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC MILK

That helps people make lovely cookies, candies, and cakes in almost no time. Then there's always soup . . ."

"I'd rather not talk about soup," said Elsie, sadly. "My poor brother—"

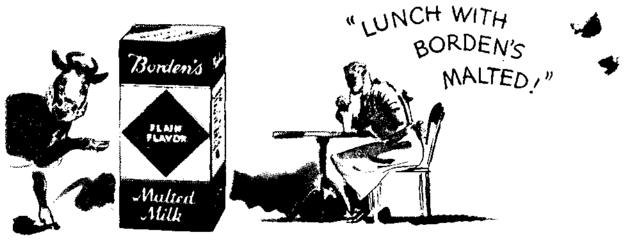
"FRESH, NATURAL TASTING BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!"
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"I mean *cream* soups," he hastened, "and mashed potatoes and tea and coffee. *My*, but they all get a fine fresh, natural flavor when *Borden's Evaporated Milk* has been added! And of course *Borden's Evaporated* is good because *your* milk is so good in the first place."

"Borden's Evaporated? Did I do *that*, too?" wondered Elsie.

"Yes," he said, "and our Quality Control was right in there helping."

"Thank you," said Elsie, gratefully.


"LUNCH WITH BORDEN'S MALTED!"
Borden's
PLAIN FLAVOR
Malted Milk

"Thank *you*," he replied. "And thank you for doing your part toward making *Borden's Malted Milk*—which is so good, refreshing, and satisfying that Hollywood stars pick it as the mainstay of light luncheons that do right by trim figures. And that's not all . . ."

"Goodness," exclaimed Elsie, "what *else* have I done?"

"BORDEN'S CHEESES ARE DELICIOUS!"
Borden's Chateau

"You furnished the milk that went into making *Borden's Chateau* and all the other delightful members of *Borden's Family of Fine Cheeses*. And, between us, they're the *finest* things that ever landed on a cracker!"

"That's nice—very nice," hesitated Elsie. "B-but—isn't anybody *drinking* my milk any more?"

"FOLKS LOVE BORDEN'S MILK!"
Borden's

"More folks than ever," chuckled the veterinarian. "I'm just explaining how our Quality Control extends its benefits way past *Borden's Milk*, to assure the wholesomeness and fine flavor of all the grand things Borden *makes* from milk. It's the reason that folks *know*, when they're buying any dairy product—*if it's Borden's it's got to be good!*"

* * *

More than 27,500 Borden employees work in behalf of 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Bad-Blood Wagon

Continued from page 10

Next week, the owners of the blood will be told whether they have bad blood or good. No Negro speaks of syphilis; it's always bad blood.

Booker, the expert, also gives intravenous injections of bismuth and arsenic to those who have come to take the cure. It's a long and dismal process—this cure. You must take a shot a week for seventy weeks, and no rest periods. Never mind what that smelly advertisement tells you. Don't listen to that second-story quack. After seventy treatments the decent doctor will examine your spinal fluid. That will tell him where you are. And he'll tell you.

The Negro nurse is Theresa Stafford. She keeps the records. She calls the sufferers in, one by one. She holds the babies—the satiny little creatures who obey her and trust her. She chides the delinquent, assures the doubtful in words they understand. She hopes one day to become the great nurse that the famous Beatrice Johnson of Tuskegee was when she helped Doctor Winchester conquer Harris Neck, the notorious malaria pesthole in McIntosh County.

King of the Jungle

In a few moments Nurse Stafford will call the first name. From the store porch a woman's voice, high and penetrating, hums a simple, dark tune. Others join, and presently they're all singing. We didn't catch many words because no two of them seemed to agree on anything but the melody. The best we could do was to set down that it was "I Hear a Mighty Moanin'" and "Blood Done Sign My Name" and "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray." Anyway, they sang until Nurse Stafford stood in the door of the blood wagon and called them.

We wouldn't know whether it is the native pride, which no amount of neglect can kill, or the humility that is next of kin to pride. Maybe it's the fortitude built in by centuries of privation. Let the psychologists worry over that.

But without bravado, without a twitch of fear, with great, unassuming dignity they went through the blood wagon and were tested and treated. Only one emotion was clear—their abiding faith in the little country doctor who walked among them. Yah is, Docta. How you, son? I'se good, thankya, Docta.

Some of the blind were led in by children. The crippled were lugged along by their families. Some were mentally gone—hopeless—but it wouldn't do to refuse them treatment. It wouldn't do to tell any of those simple people that anybody was beyond help. Anyhow, fewer than one per cent of them are hopeless.

The Negro has built up a resistance to syphilis—stands it better than the white man who gave it to him. And, perhaps best of all, the news that he has bad blood doesn't frighten the Negro. Anyway, not the Negroes of southeastern Georgia. There was the day, for example, when they gave Gully Gut the news.

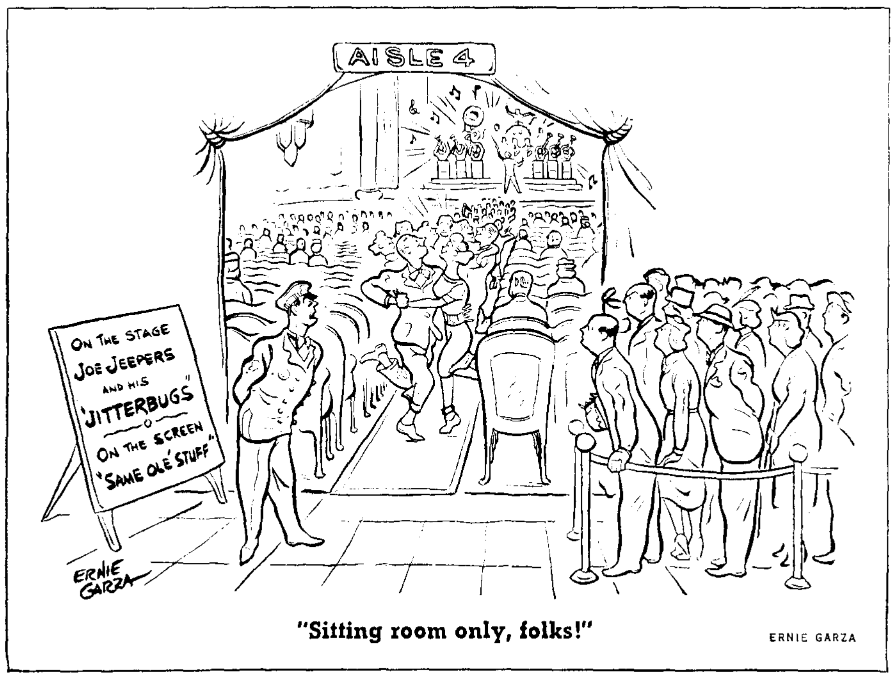
When the blood wagon first came to Buck Swamp they'd have given you long odds that there was nothing wrong with Gully Gut. Or if there was, nobody was going to prove it. He could and probably still can lick any black man in the district. His fame with the women was wide, deep, almost legendary. Rival bucks had clubbed him, shot him from ambush, reached over his shoulder and razored his neck and face. But Gully Gut is immortal. Gully Gut tak yo' gal, lick you and fo' mo' like you, throw de gal in yo' face and walk out laughin'. Nobody do nuthin' to Gully Gut.

Gully Gut took the blood test because somebody spread the rumor that he was afraid. And a week later, with all the district crowding around the blood wagon with bated breath, he came back to hear what the little doctor had to say. Gully Gut was in the blood wagon less than a minute. Then he came to the door, threw out his great belly, folded his arms on his chest, lifted his bowling-ball head and cried:

"Stan' back, niggahs. Mek way fo' a fo'-plus man."

And while the syphilologists tell you that two plus or four plus means little or nothing to them (if you've got it, you've got it, and let's get to work), that meant that Gully Gut had lots and lots of syphilis. Gully Gut never did do anything by halves. It might have dented his morale quite a bit to have found that he was a beginner—with first-stage bad blood. But Gully Gut was still king in the jungle. Big Geechee from the islands.

Of course if Gully Gut had refused to be blood-tested, he could have been thrown into jail. Georgia has gone into the syphilis fight meaning it. If you balk, all that Winchester has to do is call the nearest police. And you stay in the jailhouse until you repent. No



"Sitting room only, folks!" ERNIE GARZA

LOOK WHAT I MARRIED!

1. DARLING, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL STAY-AT-HOME! WHERE'S YOUR OLD-TIME SNAP AND SPARKLE? AND THAT REMINDS ME —

2. THEY TELL ME WE'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP—AND I'VE FOUND A SIMPLY GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS—B AND D. IT'S CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP. WE'RE HAVING IT TOMORROW

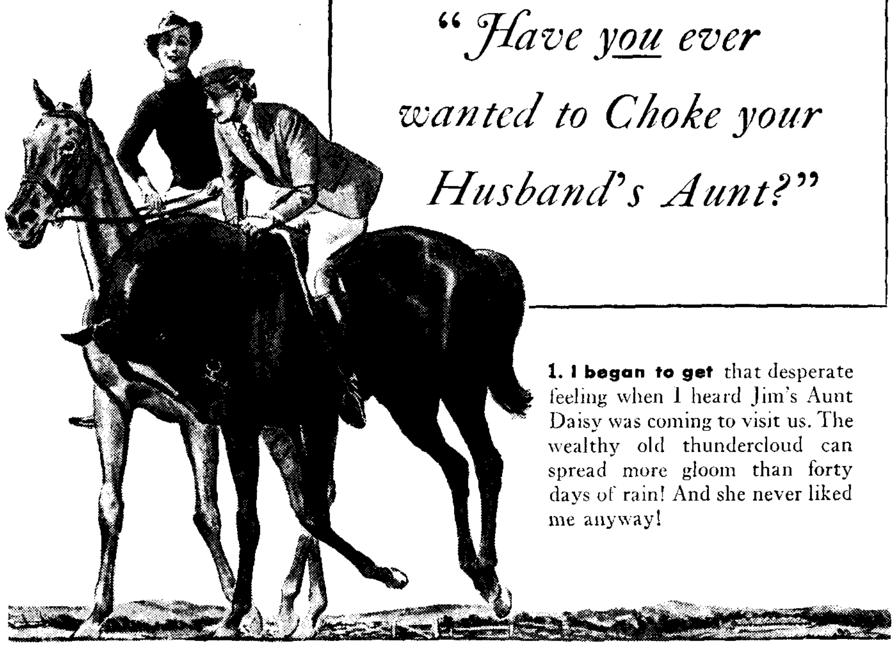
3. BREAKFAST NEXT DAY— SAY! PEP WOULD BE SWELL EVEN IF IT NEVER HAD A VITAMIN! THE CRISPIEST FINEST-FLAVORED CEREAL WE EVER HAD. JUST WATCH ME GO FOR IT FROM HERE ON!

Kellogg's PEP

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS — DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST — CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. GET IT AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

*Pep contains vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.



"*Have you ever wanted to Choke your Husband's Aunt?*"

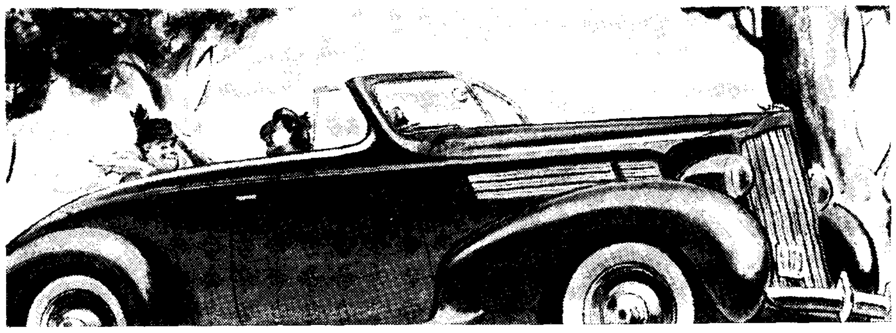
1. I began to get that desperate feeling when I heard Jim's Aunt Daisy was coming to visit us. The wealthy old thundercloud can spread more gloom than forty days of rain! And she never liked me anyway!

2. The barometer fell all through dinner, but the storm didn't break until the coffee came on. Aunt Daisy blew up. "Coffee!" she bellowed. "I can't *drink* coffee! I love it, but it keeps me awake."

3. "This coffee won't!"... I said, trying not to choke her. "It's Sanka Coffee. It *can't* keep you awake because it's 97% caffein-free!" "Humph!" she snorted. "Sounds like nonsense to me—but I'll have one taste!"

4. She took a sip. "Well," she said—sounding almost human—"I'll admit this Sanka is fine coffee!" "Sure," said I, "because *only* the caffein is taken out. The flavor *stays in!*" Well, the old girl drank two cups!

5. "Never slept better!" Aunt Daisy announced next morning. "Looks like my nephew's got a smart wife," she said. "And bless me, I forgot your wedding anniversary! How would you children like a new car?"



6. And Aunt Daisy's been sweet as pie ever since—especially after I told her that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

bail or habeus-pocus nonsense. If you run an eating place, large or small, he can suspend your license, close you up.

But Georgia is co-operating—at least in the counties of Glynn, McIntosh and Camden. All the industries, from the railroads and the pulp mills to the turpentine and logging camps and shrimp canneries have volunteered to send their employees to the clinics—six stationary and one the blood wagon. Moreover, they pay them their regular wages while they're being examined and treated.

They'll tell you that it's good business to co-operate with Winchester, that he is giving them better workers, that he is mending the leak of labor shortage and turnover. Winchester will tell you that that's a health officer's job. Too many health officials are content to be no more than quarantine officers, he says.

"If that's all that the health officer tries to be," he says, "why put a doctor in the job? Might as well turn the job over to a cop."

A Scalding from the Reverend

He hasn't invoked the law against a Negro yet. Up to the time we rode the blood wagon with him he had jailed but one white person—a waitress in a roadhouse. She was in jail three days before it occurred to her that she was foolish. And having done that, he will probably never have to call the police for a Negro.

Ever since he won the malaria battle he's been their demigod. More. Along the 800 miles of swamp road and forest trail that the bad-blood wagon covers every week, a stranger would find the natives about as co-operative as turtles —sullen, suspicious, mute. They're as simple as children when Winchester appears.

Probably no greater disappointment could be theirs than that the trailer should fail to get stuck once or twice in the treacherous back roads. The stranger riding the trailer can scan the jungle until his city eyes ache and fail to see one of them for miles. But let the wagon bog down, sink in the sand until the axles scrape the ground, and they'll come charging out of the swamps rejoicing in their moment of triumph.

Bad-blood wagon cain't he'p itself. Wagon he'p us, us he'p de wagon.

And they dig it free, roll it to high ground, wipe away the mud. Half of them dodge back into the woods and vanish, although they won't be more than fifty feet away. The rest will fall in behind. Li'l ole wagon come to tek de misery.

Well, Buck Swamp's had its shots for the week and we're off to Everett City, Townsend and Jones, where what we've seen in Buck Swamp will happen again. But before we leave, Nurse Stafford tells Doctor Winchester the names of those who didn't appear for treatment. The doctor tells the storekeeper and the storekeeper will give them hell when, inevitably, they turn up for meal, fatback and molasses.

If the preacher is present, and he usually is, Winchester tells him too and the preacher, swelling with importance, announces that he'll have no mercy on the delinquents when next Sunday they come to church. Moreover, the preacher, particularly if he has a stranger or two to whom to exhibit his wares, will tune up then and there—give a brief sample of next Sunday's scalding. So harken to the Reverend MacPherson, whose name has come down to him from the Scots who came to Georgia with Oglethorpe:

"What de Lawd say on de great day?" he cries, fixing the crowd with a look of doom. "What de Lawd say? He say, Black brotha, black sista—whaaaaafo. Is you clean fo' heaven? Is yo' misery sinful? Ev'y mansion in my Fatha's house is a clean mansion and we don't allow no dirt dragged in.

"Is you betta than Job? Job had de bad blood and de Lawd cure him. Daniel had de sickness so he fainted on de ground. And de Lawd cure him. De Lawd smite de Philistines and let 'em lay—smack—and he give 'em the waterin' misery fo' good measure. Elijah ask de Lawd to cure de son of de lady of de house. De Lawd ask whaaaaafo' but he cure him 'cause Elijah ask him. What de Lawd say? He say I will take de sickness away f'om de midst. Yassuh. But de Lawd ain't chasin' nobody through de woods. If you ain't in de midst, you's outa luck.

"De Lawd make de bad-blood wagon and put his servant, de great white docta, on de seat and say drive into de midst. Amen. Is you in de midst? If you ain't 'twon't be no use on de greaaaaat day liftin' yo' hands and cryin' Lawd, Lawd, it's me Lawd. De Lawd don't stand no triflin'. De Lawd won't have no bad blood in His Heaven. De Lawd say to Paul—"

The reverend was still at it when we left Buck Swamp. One of the first things that Winchester did when he launched into the jungle with his trailer in September, 1937, was to enlist all the colored reverends, all the colored schoolteachers, all the bully boys—the Gully Guts—and work on them first. The percentage of syphilis among these powerful allies was just about the same as it was among the rest of the Negroes—between thirty and thirty-five per cent.

With pig suppers, hot-dog and hamburger roasts, hog raffles, free lemonade and candy, prizes for boss jitterbugs (Listen, Mr. Goodman, you haven't seen anything!), movies, portable radios, and so on, he got their attention. And then in the simplest of words and terms he told them what syphilis was and what he wanted, with their help, to do about it.

Tougher Than the Malaria Fight

He gives them the story without emotion. The preachers, the Sister Naomis, the Gully Guts and the other local Negro leaders will take care of the dramatics. His facts come straight from the reports of the United States Public Health Service. He is careful about this lest he play into the hands of the only opponents his crusade has—a half-dozen country doctors who are protesting (but without effect) that he is robbing them of their livelihood. This in spite of the fact that the State Board of Health and the Georgia Medical Association have found that only two of them have the equipment or knowledge necessary for the most fundamental treatment of syphilis. And some were treating even the most obvious cases for nothing more than "dumb chills and innard fever." In the meantime syphilis was having its own way, among the swamp and pineywoods people.

And, left to flourish, it made itself one of the Southeast's foremost economic as well as health problems. Only blood tests reveal the presence of its germ—the spirochete. There may be no early external manifestations in what science knows as the hidden stage. Particularly in women victims.

Because syphilis is "the great imitator," frequently producing symptoms of other, milder diseases, and because it can be neither arrested nor cured by simple medication, Winchester's present job is considerably tougher than was his malaria fight. He conquered malaria, a seasonal scourge in the swamps of southeast Georgia, with pills—a coaltar compound, atabrine. Syphilis requires a much more complicated therapy.

Winchester arrived in Brunswick, Georgia, in 1934. The way had been well

DODGE $825
1½-TON STAKE 160" W.B.

TRUCK "B" $835.93
1½-TON STAKE 157" W.B.

TRUCK "C" $801.80
1½-TON STAKE 158½" W.B.

These are main factory-city delivered prices, compiled from published information, including Federal taxes and standard equipment. Dual wheels, transportation, and State and local taxes (if any), extra. For Dodge local delivered prices and Easy Budget Terms see *your Dodge Dealer.*

THINK OF A BIG RUGGED DODGE IN THE SAME PRICE BRACKET AS

the other 2 leading lowest-price trucks

THE BEST WAY to get a clear picture of today's truck values is to put the other two low-priced trucks *alongside the 1939 Dodge!*

Even a superficial examination will show you that although Dodge Trucks are priced right down where truck prices begin, they belong in a much higher VALUE BRACKET! You'll convince yourself by this side-by-side comparison that you *get more for your dollar in a Dodge!* This truck is built in a modern new truck factory where scientific new methods and machines greatly increase Dodge ruggedness and dependability *without a corresponding increase in cost!*

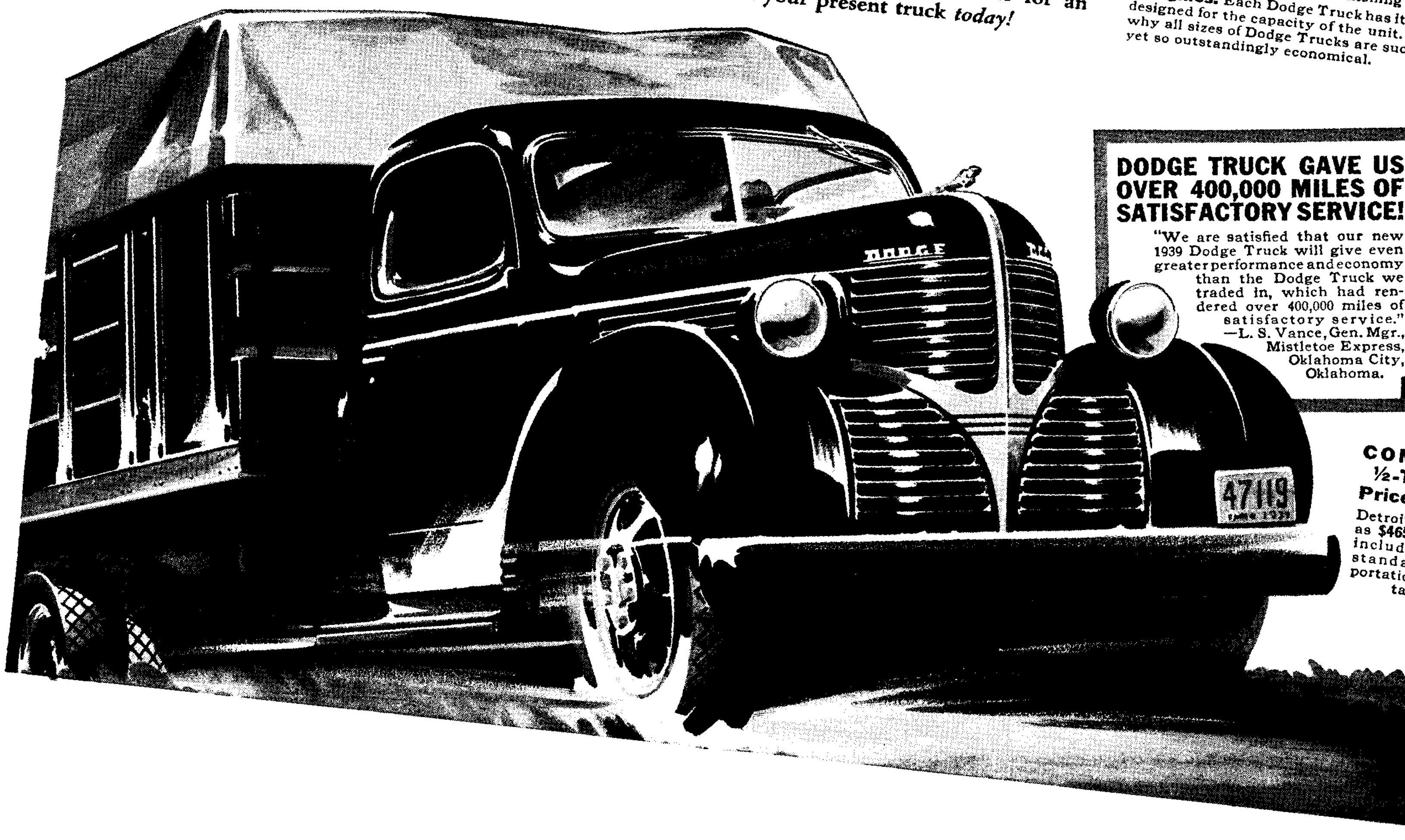
You're buying blind in 1939 if you miss seeing Dodge. Ask your Dodge dealer for an appraisal on your present truck *today!*

NO OTHER TRUCK AT ANY PRICE GIVES YOU ALL THIS EXTRA VALUE

Amola Steel. The new alloy that's the talk of the steel industry. Combines hardness and toughness *far in excess* of ordinary truck steels. Adds amazing toughness and shock-resisting strength in Dodge truck vital units.

Bonderizing. Only Dodge gives you this modern protection on *every inch* of sheet metal on cabs, bodies, fenders, etc. Prevents rust—saves on re-finishing expense.

7 Engines. Each Dodge Truck has its own engine especially designed for the capacity of the unit. One of the big reasons why all sizes of Dodge Trucks are such splendid performers, yet so outstandingly economical.



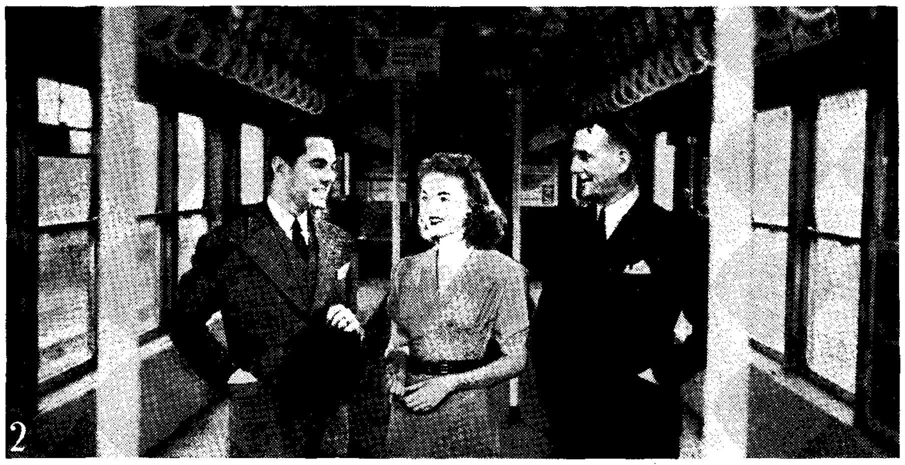
DODGE TRUCK GAVE US OVER 400,000 MILES OF SATISFACTORY SERVICE!

"We are satisfied that our new 1939 Dodge Truck will give even greater performance and economy than the Dodge Truck we traded in, which had rendered over 400,000 miles of satisfactory service."
—L. S. Vance, Gen. Mgr.,
Mistletoe Express,
Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma.

COMPLETE LINE— ½-TON TO 3-TON Priced With The Lowest

Detroit delivered prices as low as **$465** for the ½-ton chassis, including Federal taxes and standard equipment. Transportation, and state and local taxes (if any), extra.

June Storey, featured in the Republic picture, "Blue Montana Skies", is shown inspecting . . .



. . . one of the 50 new, modernized subway cars built by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company to handle New York World's Fair crowds. These . . .

EXPRESS TO WORLDS FAIR
5654
3

. . . new cars and other I.R.T. equipment use Sinclair products for safe, dependable lubrication in traveling an average of 16 million miles every month. Your . . .

SINCLAIR
4
Copyrighted 1939 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

. . . car will be safer if you take it to your nearby Sinclair Dealer for lubrication. He has a special chart which enables him to lubricate your car just as its manufacturer recommends. See him today. You'll like the way he treats you.

paved for him. Already the beloved Doctor T. F. Abercrombie, now State Health Commissioner, had stamped out one of the reasons why Glynn County was more dead than alive—hookworm. And Abercrombie had set up tuberculosis clinics where none had been before. Southeastern Georgia's first honest battle against typhoid, one of its most remorseless killers, was made by Abercrombie. A good man.

Just before Winchester went to Brunswick, the hard-working Abercrombie had sent Daniel Seckinger, State Epidemiologist, into malarious Calhoun County in the southwest end of the state, near the sweating Alabama border. With Seckinger he sent a consignment of little yellow pills called atabrine which the scientists, seeking a malaria weapon, were hailing as being as effective in malaria treatment as insulin is in diabetes and salvarsan in syphilis. Seckinger's success with atabrine was sensational. But southeast Georgia was the pesthole Abercrombie was thinking of. Brunswick might take care of itself. But who could arouse the half-dead swamp folk inland enough to want to be helped?

Five Hundred Miles a Week

Glynn County hired this jovial public health zealot, Winchester, for the job. Inasmuch as we're supposed to be writing about his syphilis demonstration, we shan't stupefy you with malaria details. But it's worth a few words. For Winchester is more than a modern doctor; he's an indefatigable salesman. He's easygoing but keeps going. He works almost casually but is obeyed implicitly and immediately. He's one of those rare fellows who can be stern with a smile. He listens while he talks. And he whistles while he works.

Today in southeastern Georgia, malaria is a fast-fading memory. The swamps are still there. The anopheles mosquito still drones her murderous song above them. But with atabrine in you, let her inject her poison. She can't hurt you. Winchester talks of the day when she, too, will be gone—the swamps drained one by one.

Next he went after syphilis. This, obviously could be no pill-peddling expedition. Six or eight permanent clinics wouldn't do. More than half the victims were swamp and piney-woods dwellers who wouldn't travel miles to fixed clinics if they could.

But both Washington and Atlanta had watched Winchester wade to victory over malaria. The United States Chamber of Commerce had hung bronze plaques in his Brunswick offices announcing that Glynn County led the whole Southeast in "outstanding service for health conservation." And he had done his work so efficiently that it was costing the population only a dollar a head.

Thus when he entered the syphilis fight in 1937 three agencies financed him—the United States Public Health Service, the state of Georgia and the three counties. That he might carry all the necessary apparatus for blood-taking and cure-injecting to those who could not come to him, the United States Public Health Service gave him the blood wagon — the rolling clinic we rode through the piney woods and the miasmic swamps of Glynn, Camden and McIntosh.

The idea of taking surcease to those who couldn't or wouldn't come to get it was originated, we were told, by Dr. Leroy Burney, the young public-health doctor who first sold the idea to the state, and later to Winchester. Once Winchester was converted to the idea, he put all the force of his peculiar talents into making the bad-blood wagon a successful enterprise.

Five hundred miles a week it plows like a mercy tank through trails and over roads that would have been its burial ground had not the black men accepted it as their salvation and blazed its way with shovels and hosannas. It treats 800 people a week and tests newcomers as it rolls. At the stationary clinics 650 syphilitics are treated. More than 20,000 Georgians have entered the bad-blood wagon to learn whether theirs is good or bad.

"Lucy Arrowood," calls Nurse Stafford. "Lucy Arrowood."

"Yah me," replies Lucy Arrowood, pushing forward. Lucy had her blood tested last week. "Yah me."

"Lucy, yo' blood's good. You're fine, Lucy Arrowood. Mercer Higbie. Mercer Higbie."

Lucy Arrowood is shoved aside. Her homely black face is longer, more morose. The news has set Lucy apart from her friends. She doesn't linger. Abashed by purity, she shoves off down the trail, probably feeling lonely for the first time in her hard life. She runs a gantlet of friends who don't congratulate her. Some of them even sniff a bit. Huccome Lucy? Is you feelin' de powah Lucy? Come back nex' week Lucy. Maybe the docta change his mind when he know you betta.

Now Mercer Higbie has the stage. Mercer's blood is swarming with spirochetes.

"Reckon I'se right bad," says Mercer Higbie brightly. "I knowed was somethin'. Couldn't read de paper right."

"Whut paper, Mercer?" they asked him. "Whut paper you read?"

"I'se misery learned," replied Mercer defiantly. "Gimme paper to read. I read it. Man, I'se bad blood."

Winchester comes out of the blood wagon carrying a brown baby whose small hand grasps his ear. The tiny, delicate thing hugs closer to the doctor when a white stranger approaches. Winchester strokes the tightly pigtailed head, reassuring her.

"This baby's clean," says Winchester. "Yet both her mother and father had bad blood. Listen to me, you mothers. If you have bad blood your babies may be born dead, or born with bad blood, or you'll have miscarriages. Black or white, it's all the same. Now listen to what I tell you. When you find you're going to have a baby come to me.

"Tell your friends. I'll be here waiting for you. When you find you're going to have a baby come to me. I'll test your blood. If you have bad blood I'll give you treatments and your baby will be born clean, whole, alive, smart, healthy. Come to me at once."

The Children's Crusader

When we got back that night from the dark roads of McIntosh County, the cherubic little crusader left us alone with his files. It was pretty late but he had some work to do before his tuberculosis clinic for children opened in the morning.

No child may enter Brunswick's schools unless it has been tested for tuberculosis. There are special schools for the infected young ones, and special diets. In a few years there has been an eighty per cent decline in tuberculosis in the doctor's county.

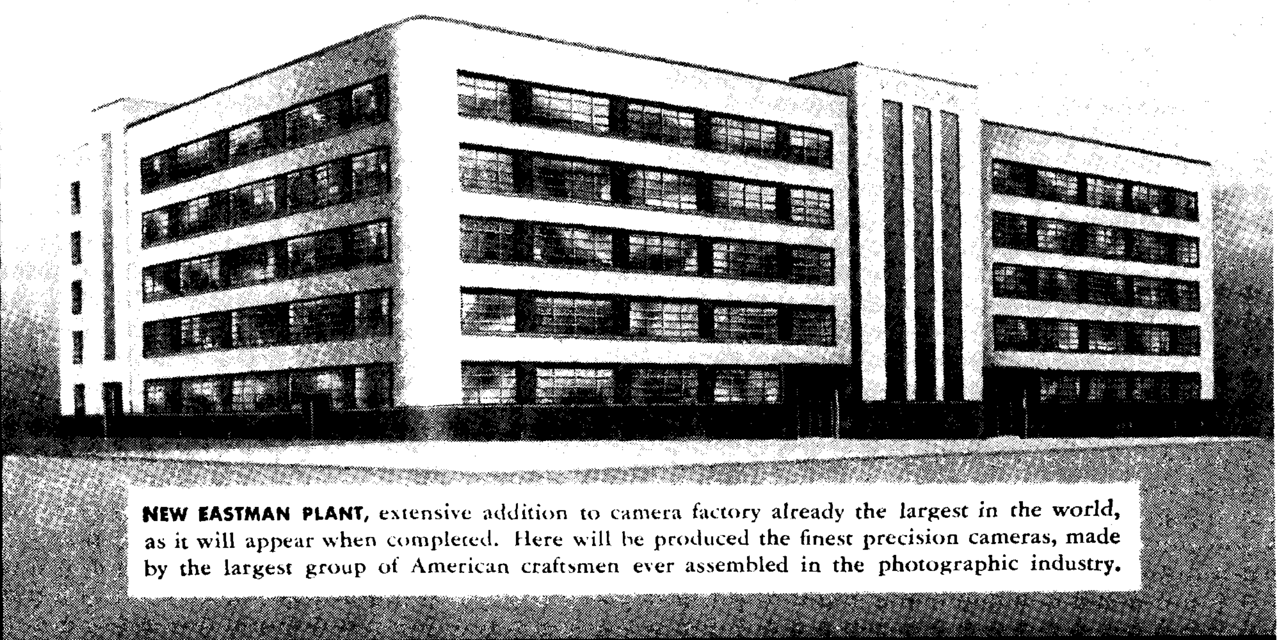
While we were pawing through the files we came upon a letter from Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States:

"Your county is doing the finest piece of health work in syphilis eradication that is being done in this country today. . . ."

And another from Dr. R. A. Vonderlehr, Assistant Surgeon General:

"Glynn County has done the most outstanding piece of health work in the South, perhaps in the nation as a whole."

NEW LOW PRICES ON KODAKS



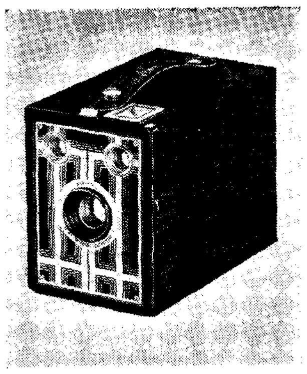
NEW EASTMAN PLANT, extensive addition to camera factory already the largest in the world, as it will appear when completed. Here will be produced the finest precision cameras, made by the largest group of American craftsmen ever assembled in the photographic industry.

Addition to world's largest camera works, now building, means a substantial saving on your new camera—latest models included

SIX-20 BROWNIE JUNIOR

Works by the simplest of all picture-taking formulas—"load, aim, shoot." Anyone can make good snapshots from the very start. No adjustments necessary—and no experience. Tested meniscus lens and rotary shutter. Two extra-large ground-glass view finders. Levant-grain covering and decorative metal front. For 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures.

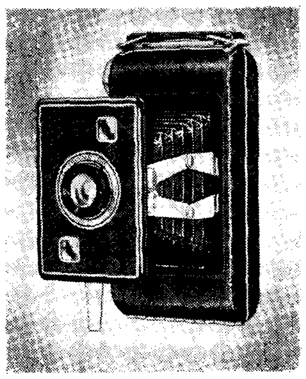
~~$2.25~~ *Now* **$2**



JIFFY KODAK SIX-20, Series II

Combines box-camera simplicity with folding-camera style and convenience. Touch one button—"Pop"—Jiffy Kodak opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. A good picture, and a big one—2¼ x 3¼ inches. Twindar lens, two brilliant finders, easy two-way focusing.

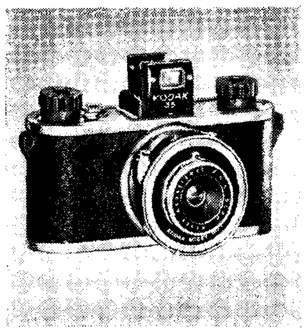
~~$8.50~~ *Now* **$7.50**



KODAK 35 (f.5.6)

Eastman's sensational new "miniature," with fast Kodak Anastigmat *f*.5.6 lens and 1/100-second shutter. Built to Eastman precision standards; equipped for black-and-white and Kodachrome (full-color) photography. Eye-level finder, automatic exposure counter, film-centering mechanism.

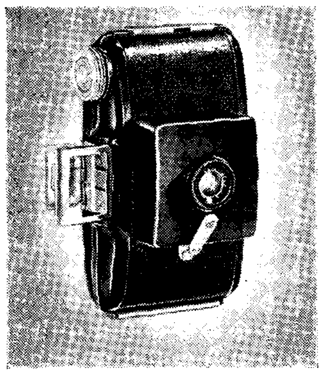
~~$18.50~~ *Now* **$14.50**



KODAK BANTAM (f.8)

One of the most convenient cameras ever designed. Gives you pictures *bigger than itself.* Kodak Bantam (*f*.8) is about the size of a pack of cigarettes, yet pictures are 2¾ x 4 inches—new finishing methods make it possible. Has Kodalinear *f*.8 lens, automatic film-centering device, folding eye-level finder, snapshot action.

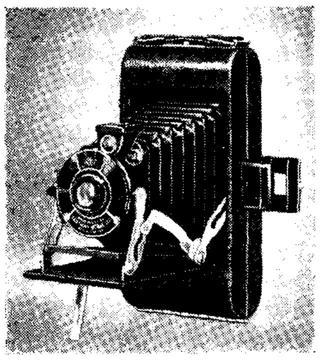
~~$4.75~~ *Now* **$3.95**



KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20, Series II (Single lens)

One of America's favorite folding cameras. Quick in action—opens at the touch of a button, closes at the touch of a one-finger release. Has reflecting and direct-view finders. No focusing required. Pin-grain covering. Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

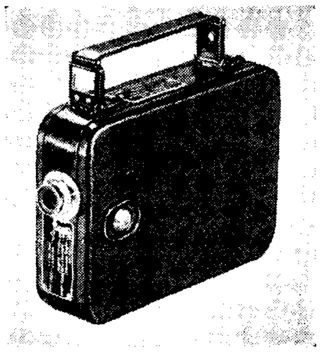
~~$8.75~~ *Now* **$7.75**



CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT, Model 20

Economy movie maker—brings home movies within the reach of almost every one. Gives you 20 to 30 black-and-white movie scenes—each as long as the average newsreel scene—on a roll of film costing $2.25, *finished, ready to show.* Also makes movies in full color on Kodachrome Film.

~~$32.50~~ *Now* **$29.50**



EVERYWHERE YOU GO, more and more people are carrying cameras. Picture making has grown beyond all experience, forcing camera production to the limit. Eastman is looking ahead, building an addition to the world's largest camera works, installing production facilities on a scale never known before.

YOU SAVE, BEGINNING RIGHT NOW. In a sweeping reduction, Kodak prices are brought in line with these lower production costs to come. And that saving applies on the newest, most popular models which constitute the 1939 Kodak line.

Get ready for the new season—this time of World's Fairs—this greatest of picture-taking years.

See your Kodak dealer now. He will show you brilliant, versatile, up-to-the-minute models that will increase your pride and skill in picture making—traditional Eastman quality at a saving that sounds almost too good to be true . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Any camera is a better camera loaded with Kodak Film. Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

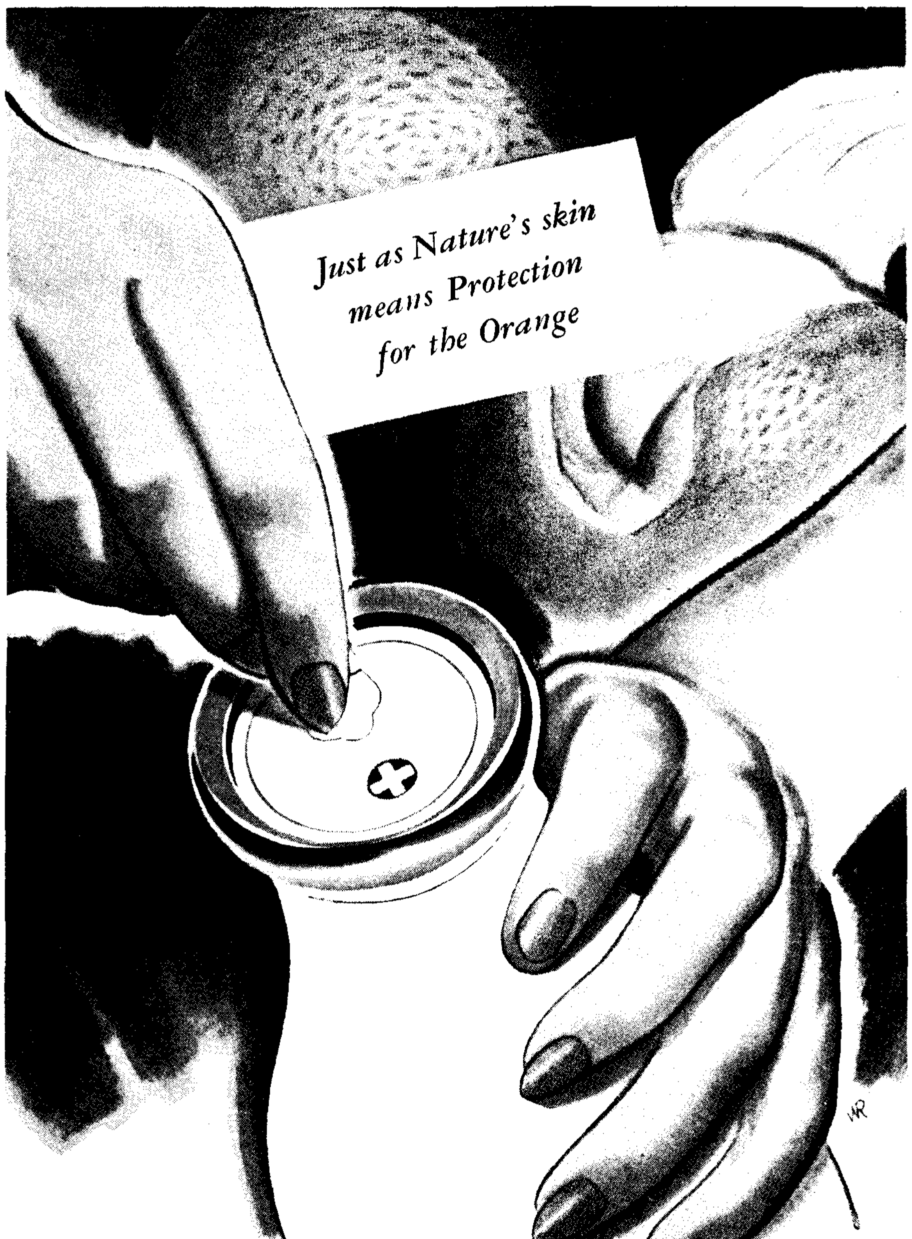
GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR?

Be sure to take your Kodak. Stop at the Kodak Building, where Eastman experts will advise you what to take and how to take it. And there you'll see the unique and gorgeous Cavalcade of Color—the GREATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW ON EARTH. Nothing like it has ever been seen before. Don't miss it.

EXAMPLES OF OTHER PRICE REDUCTIONS

	WAS	NOW
BROWNIES		
Six-20 Brownie	$3.10	**$2.85**
Six-16 Brownie	3.75	**3.25**
Six-20 Brownie Special	4.00	**3.75**
Six-16 Brownie Special	4.50	**4.25**
KODAKS		
Jiffy Kodak Six-16, Series II	$9.50	**$8.25**
Kodak Junior Six-20, Series III, K.A. *f*.8.8 lens	13.50	**12.50**
Kodak Junior Six-20, Series III, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens	16.00	**14.50**
Kodak Junior Six-20, Series III, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	25.00	**22.00**
Kodak Junior Six-16, Series III, K.A. *f*.8.8 lens	15.50	**14.00**
Kodak Junior Six-16, Series III, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens	18.00	**16.00**
Kodak Junior Six-16, Series III, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	29.50	**25.00**
Kodak Senior Six-20, K.A. *f*.7.7 lens	17.00	**15.00**
Kodak Senior Six-20, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens, Diomatic shutter	$21.00	**$19.00**
Kodak Senior Six-20, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	28.00	**25.00**
Kodak Senior Six-16, K.A. *f*.7.7 lens	19.50	**17.50**
Kodak Senior Six-16, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens, Diomatic shutter	24.50	**22.50**
Kodak Senior Six-16, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	32.00	**29.00**
MINIATURES		
Kodak Bantam, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens	$9.50	**$8.50**
Kodak Bantam, K.A. *f*.5.6 lens	16.50	**14.00**
Kodak Bantam, K.A. Special *f*.4.5 lens	27.50	**22.50**
Kodak 35, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	29.50	**24.50**
Kodak 35, K.A. Special *f*.3.5 lens	39.50	**33.50**

Only EASTMAN makes the KODAK



THIS *EMBLEM means BETTER PROTECTED MILK

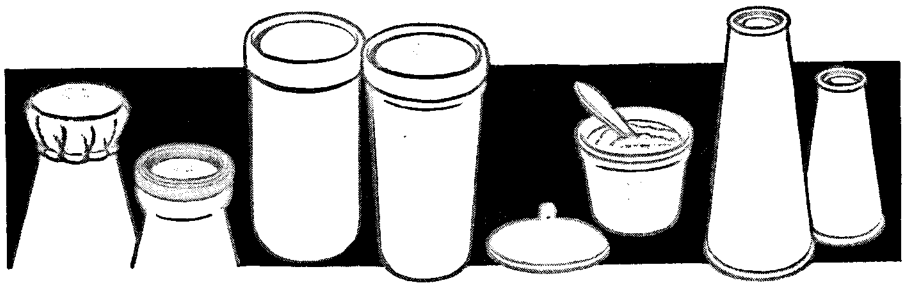
We use SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

* *Represented by a small symbol* ○ *on Sealright Milk Bottle Caps*

THE Sealright Emblem—and the tiny Sealright Symbol ○ on milk bottle caps—are the marks of a modern, sanitary packaging service for milk, ice cream and other dairy and food products. They identify milk bottle caps, paper milk bottles and food containers which are made from clean, pure, hygienic Sealright paper under exacting sanitary control.

Dairies which give you the extra protection of Sealright Sanitary Service deserve your patronage—and are easy to identify. Look for the Sealright Symbol ○ on milk bottle caps or for the Sealright Emblem in dairy advertising. They are your unerring guide to better protected milk.

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, INC., FULTON, N. Y.
Kansas City, Kansas; Los Angeles, California; Peterborough, Ontario, Canada

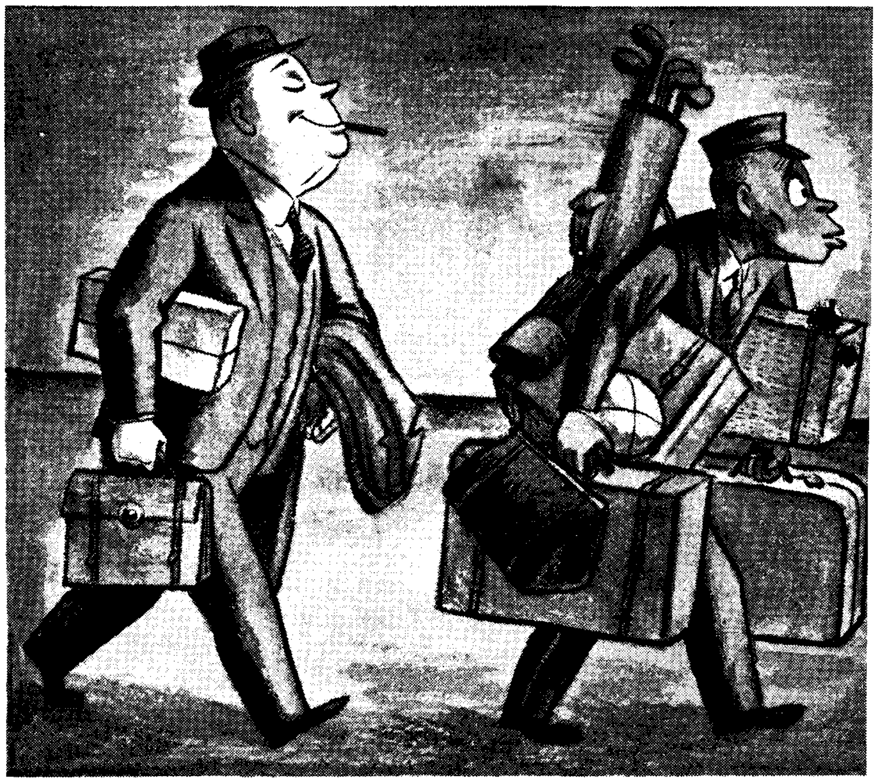


SEALRIGHT MILK BOTTLE CAPS In many styles—all made from clean, pure, hygienic Sealright Sanitary Paper.

SEALRIGHT PAPER CONTAINERS Two types—Round and Nestyle. For ice cream and other moist or juicy foods.

SEALRIGHT ICE CREAM CUPS Clean and sanitary—the best way for children to buy 5¢ worth of ice cream.

SEALRIGHT PAPER MILK BOTTLES Used but once, then thrown away. The modern carry-home package for store milk.



The man who travels light is likely to have the most fun. The average traveler carries about twice as much luggage as he needs

Travelers' Aid

By Barrett C. Kiesling

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

We travel more and get less fun out of it than any other people. We're too conventional and lots of us never learned the little things that make travel fun. Here's some expert advice

ONCE Britishers were the world's most ambitious travelers, with Germans a close second. Now we are, though Americans do not wander beyond their own borders as frequently as do other world citizens. It is a long jump from Keokuk or Okmulgee to Mexico or Canada, and a trek to Paris or Buenos Aires is a heavy drain on most bank accounts.

But travel within the United States? That's different.

It's easy to sell any American the idea that a long stay about the old home town makes Jack a dull boy. He can be convinced readily that the place for him in December is Sun Valley, Idaho, because it is cold; or Tucson, Arizona, because it is hot. He can be induced to visit Mexico City because it has so many flowers, or Duluth, Minnesota, where comparative lack of floral riches prompts the boast, "no pollen, no hay fever."

The American traveler uses the train, the plane, the steamboat, the bicycle, the automobile, the trailer, even the humble jackass. He and his family have made a tangle of crisscross paths over every one of our free and sovereign states.

Even during the great depression, travel within the United States showed a gain. Scores of new streamlined trains were built. Airplane factories worked feverishly, turning out planes capable of carrying more and more people farther and faster. Thousands of new tourist camps, trailer courts, gasoline service stations and hot-dog stands blossomed along our highways during the worst months of "bad business."

Yet, do Americans know how to travel correctly and comfortably?

Have our transportation, feeding and housing systems approached perfection in caring for the physical and social needs of wanderers?

I have traveled, in my job as representative of a motion-picture company, some 250,000 miles to over 200 cities, towns and villages in every one of our United States.

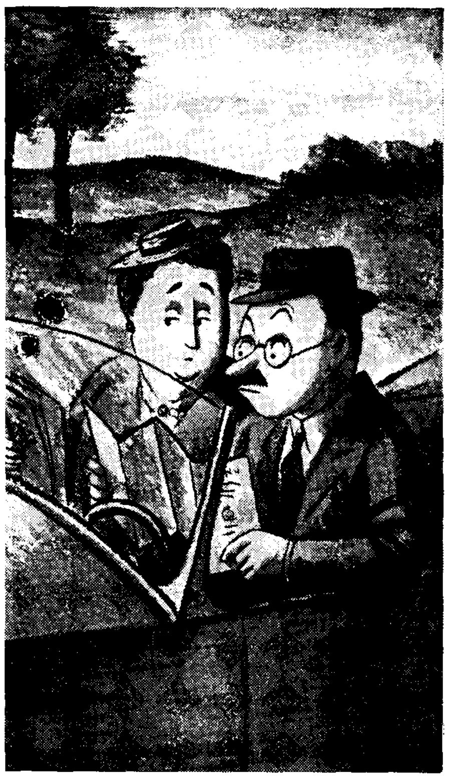
I have been too hot. I have been too cold. I have slept in good beds and on mattresses apparently stuffed with rocks. I've had a lot of laughs over failures in travel accommodations. And I've learned how to be comfortable day and night, even though for six months each year my only home is a suitcase.

Let's put the travel bug under the microscope for a minute examination.

Most Americans return from long excursions rested, inspired, revivified.

But too many drag home—worn out, disgruntled and dispirited. Yet there is no reason why every traveler shouldn't enjoy every second of his wandering. I travel too much, in overconcentrated doses; I've made 25,000 to 30,000 miles in twenty weeks, to every state, doing day-by-day business in each stop. It is hard labor.

I come home from a trip swearing I will never take another. I either struggle to replace weight lost by long hours, strange beds, strange water, or



You can't always be sure the auto camp will be exactly as described

I fight to discard extra fat gained from rich foods eaten hurriedly at the wrong time. I suffer for weeks from overfatigue. But a month later I begin to sniff like a hound dog if someone carelessly drops a timetable in my presence. I catch myself wasting office time, staring at a map of the United States that hangs behind my desk.

In a certain city I always stop at the same hotel because its rules save my time and add to my comfort. If I want my bags taken to a taxi, if I feel like ham and eggs and a stack of wheat cakes, if I desire to send a telegram, in this hotel I need only lift the phone and address one person—the operator. A pleasant voice repeats my instructions. They are relayed to the department concerned. In a few minutes the desired service is at my door.

Too often, however, the best hotel in town is "superorganized."

It's silly, of course, but scores of other professional travelers join with me in feeling annoyance when, asking for "Room Service" at 7 A. M., a voice inquires, "Food or beverage?" A salesman once told me, "When one of these girls says 'beverage' to me on a hangover morning, my head does a series of tailspins!"

Should you ask for a bellboy to send a telegram, the voice over the wire is likely to say, "Is it for baggage?" The necessary explanations take only a few seconds. However, I have seen ordinarily calm men grow purple with rage over that harmless question.

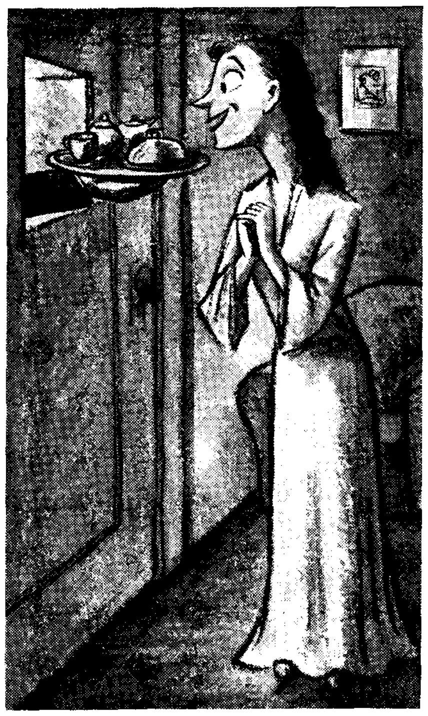
Everyone is aware of the fine goodwill gestures many hotels make so expertly. A hotel catering to women has increased its gross revenue by installing in room doors a smaller door that may be opened to admit early-morning toast and coffee "with the compliments of the management." Many of my traveling friends seem pleased at finding a carnation, wrapped in tinfoil and ready for the lapel, on their morning breakfast table.

These clever dodges serve only to make more important to me two or three little tricks mine hosts of railroads and inns have so far overlooked.

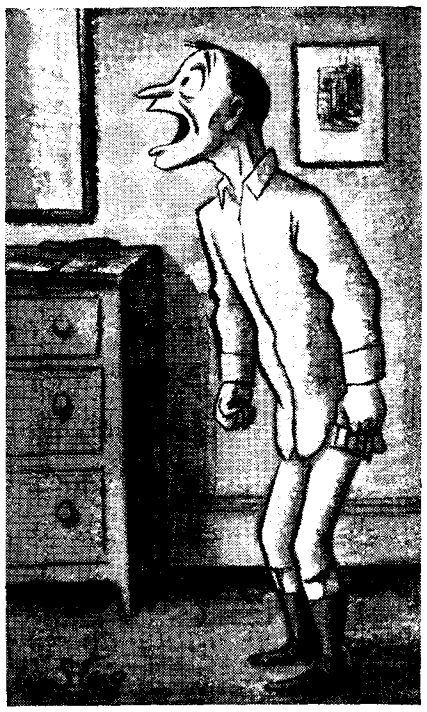
Some modern business executives protect their privacy by an electric door latch, operated from the desk by a button. I wonder why hotels do not adopt this device? There is nothing a traveler dislikes more than the interminable early-morning round from bed to door, door to bed, to admit a bellboy with a telegram, a waiter with breakfast, a maid with towels or stationery. It is a nuisance to be a slave to hotel doors, particularly on Sundays. How nice it would be just to touch a button and let electricity do the rest!

Laundry is a headache for every hotel. Traveling men insist that things turned in at 9 A. M. must be back by 5 P. M. Such speed makes it difficult for either hotel or private laundries to make a profit, but it still remains a service that can mar a hotel's reputation for efficiency. A man doesn't mind underwear with a telltale stain of bluing, but if his exterior linen is returned wrinkled, overstarched or understarched, he will scream like a banshee.

There have been so many jokes on the subject that I hesitate to raise the issue, but I cannot see why one hotel can deliver a perfectly laundered shirt without a single pin, while another establishment returns the article trans-



Toast and coffee without admitting the waiter is a boon to the ladies



Any man will howl like a banshee if shirts aren't laundered perfectly

MY FAMILY HAD ME WORRIED
until I found a way to help them enjoy breakfast
I'M NOT HUNGRY THIS MORNING. I'LL GET A BITE ON THE WAY TO WORK!
HEAVENS! WHY IS IT SUCH A PROBLEM TO GET MY FAMILY TO EAT BREAKFAST!
GEE, MOM, I DON'T WANT TO EAT, EITHER! NOTHING TASTES RIGHT
LATER
THE ONLY MEAL THAT WORRIES ME IS BREAKFAST. TELL ME WHAT TO DO!
HERE'S THE SECRET, MRS. COLTON. GIVE YOUR FAMILY A BREAKFAST THAT TEMPTS FUSSY APPETITES AND PROVIDES REAL NOURISHMENT. TRY SHREDDED RALSTON, THE NEW BITE SIZE CEREAL. EVERYONE LOVES IT. IT'S WHOLE WHEAT AND HELPS US KEEP FIT AND REGULAR
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT SHREDDED RALSTON'S FLAVOR THAT MAKES FOLKS COME BACK FOR MORE. AND LOOK, THIS PACKAGE GIVES YOU 12 FULL OUNCES! COSTS ONLY ABOUT 1½¢ A SERVING... LESS PER OUNCE THAN MANY READY-TO-EAT CEREALS
NEXT MORNING
SAY... SHREDDED RALSTON TASTES GREAT! DOESN'T GET SOGGY IN MILK. WHY I HAVEN'T ENJOYED A BREAKFAST LIKE THIS IN MONTHS!
ME TOO, MOM! ANOTHER BOWLFUL, PLEASE
Shredded Ralston
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
IT'S BITE SIZE

IDA BAILEY ALLEN, nationally known home economist, says:

A breakfast of Shredded Ralston, with milk or cream and your favorite fruit, is a happy way to provide a family with a nourishing morning meal. The tempting flavor and novel "bite size" of Shredded Ralston makes us *want to eat,* when appetites are fussy. Shredded Ralston, being pure whole wheat, also supplies vitamins, minerals and other vital food elements required to keep us feeling fit and regular.

Tune in!

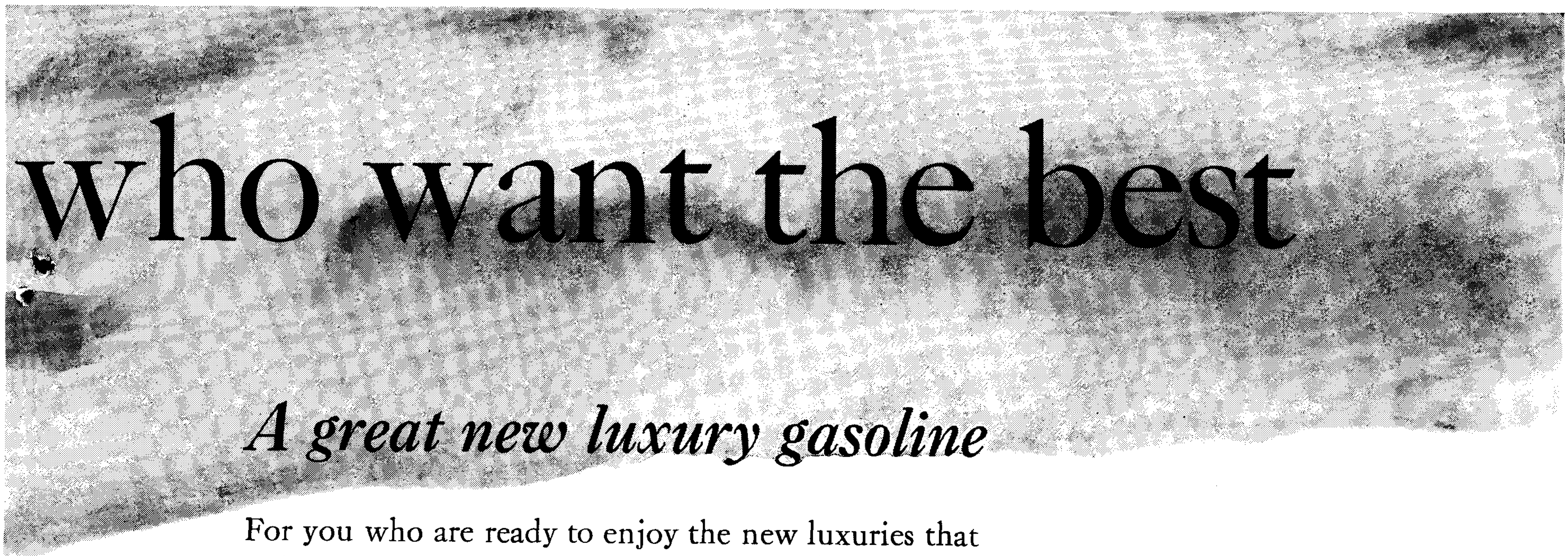
THE INSIDE STORY

Radio's sensational new program. Thrilling inside facts about the news behind the news... famous men and women in person.

NBC Blue Network, Every Tuesday, 8:00 P.M., EDST, 7:00 EST, 9:30 CDST, 8:30 CST, 7:30 MST, 6:30 PST.

Try Shredded Ralston and Strawberries Tomorrow!

Copyright 1939,
The Texas Comp



who want the best

A great new luxury gasoline

For you who are ready to enjoy the new luxuries that today's technical progress is making possible . . . the beauty of a modern motor car . . . the smoothness of wings gliding through air . . .

For you motorists *who want the best*. . . Texaco offers a great new *luxury* gasoline . . . Texaco *SKY CHIEF*.

The instant you try *SKY CHIEF*, you'll know that you command a supremely fine gasoline, a gasoline that gives your car *a greater range of performance*.

Try *SKY CHIEF* on a tough hill. You seem to fly up to the top . . . easily . . . *quietly* . . . without the old stuttering near the crest. Try *SKY CHIEF* in traffic. You slip through . . . with less shifting of gears. Try *SKY CHIEF* on the open road. Its smooth surge of power will thrill you.

SKY CHIEF brings you *luxury* driving . . . a grand new sensation you've never experienced before. Yet *SKY CHIEF* costs no more than other premium gasolines. Get it at your Texaco Dealer's.

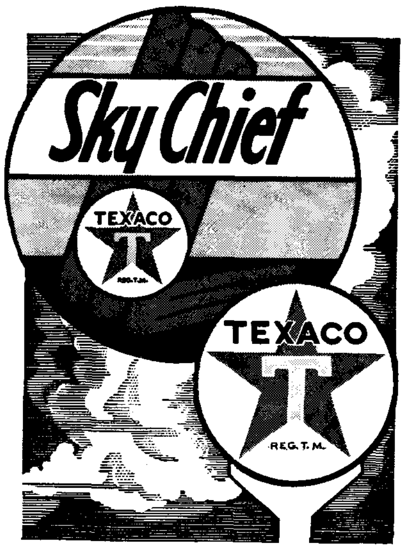
* * *

FACTS (*for the technically minded*) . . . VOLATILITY: *SKY CHIEF combines an instant and sustained volatility which gives record quick-starting and acceleration . . . without tendency to vapor lock.* ANTI-KNOCK: *Its extremely high anti-knock quality permits a higher peak of efficiency and power without knock or ping.* ECONOMY: *Because you get more work from a given amount of gasoline, there's a distinct saving. SKY CHIEF shortens miles, stretches gallons, flattens hills.*

SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

★ ★ ★

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment —Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network— 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.



TEXACO *Sky Chief*

. . . for those who want the best

Hung in the hall of shame
JNO. WHIFF, PERSPIRATION STRONG MAN

Don Herold Says:

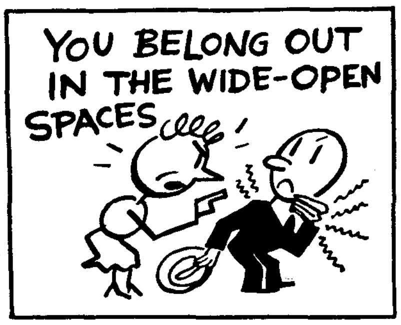
Voted a pest by his ex-friends

Otherwise a swell guy. But there's one thing people won't take long off of anybody, and *that* is carelessness about perspiration fumes.

Into the social dog-house promptly goes the man who forgets this just once or twice.

Cruel and everlasting is the verdict of your associates if you once come among 'em with this curse upon you.

You may think you bathe so carefully, so regularly, that you can't be guilty. Baths are good, but they soon blow off. It takes Mum to insure the good effects of a good bath. Mum—a pleasant, fragrant cream, harmless to skin and clothing—definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration itself.


YOU BELONG OUT IN THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES, Ugh!

Men have taken to Mum by thousands. They use dabs underarm every morning, and dabs again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Some men may hesitate to start—think Mum effeminate or "too refined." But thousands of real male men have broken the ice by sending for a free sample. Get one by writing your name today on the margin of this page and mailing it to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M2-59, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

fixed by eleven! Likewise I cast a jaundiced eye toward those hotel architects who place shower faucets so that you cannot moderate water temperatures without thrusting your arm through the hot stream, thereupon parboiling it.

And will someone please tell me why one chambermaid can make a bed the San Francisco earthquake couldn't dislodge, while a single turn in the creation of a less adept sister leaves you exposed from toes to shoulder blades?

Railroad and airplane companies have made a commendable progress. The new train and plane sleepers show careful thought in every detail. The bed that tips so one can stand upright while dressing in a section and the twin beds in the new drawing rooms are but two of the advances for which every rail traveler owes gratitude.

But one wonders why the companies have made so little effort to render equally comfortable the minutes and hours the American public waits. Is it unreasonable to suggest that a small portion of the immense sums spent for fine new trains, planes and busses might have been set aside to make public waiting rooms the kind of places where tedious moments might be passed in a relaxing manner?

Choose Your Camp with Care

Auto camps have a way of popping up over night. They can do with a bit of standardization and quite a lot of organization. The best of the supercourts are equal to superior hotels. The worst are little more than rough huts, with primitive sanitation and no plumbing.

On nearing a town where he expects to spend the night, the motorist must pore over several folders to find the kind of accommodation that best fits the needs of his party. Even then he cannot be sure that the place will be as described. Auto-camp advertisers are learning the meaning of the word "ethics," but there are still too many who are careless in their printed statements.

One camp furnishes no bedding. Another will rent sheets and mattresses but should you decide to do your own cooking you are expected to provide your own pots and pans. Or if both bedding and cooking utensils are available, it may be several miles to the nearest store.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who always travels with a trailer, tells me that order and sanitation are assured for any trailer assemblage from a remote corner of the Arizona desert to one of those marvelous extra de luxe camps of Florida.

Wise travelers know that the body carries on much better with a little fuel between breakfast and luncheon and between luncheon and dinner. Some travelers ask for milk at such times. Others prefer soft drinks. But I think I represent the majority in a preference for orange, pineapple, apple, lemon or lime juice, *freshly made*. There is ample medical testimony that any of these are helpful refreshers.

However, try to get freshly made fruit juices when motoring! In five motor trips, stopping at forty-three roadside stands, I found only two prepared to squeeze an orange for the traveler. The first political candidate to stump the country on a platform demanding fresh fruit juices for all motorists will be elected by a landslide.

If you are planning your first extended trip in and about America, here are a few practical hints from my "little black book":

Travel light. The average traveler carries twice as much luggage as he needs.

Don't be hoity-toity with the bellboys or taxi drivers. They have taken degrees in the College of Human Nature. For years I've engaged taximen in conversation as I leave the railroad station of a town. What they fail to tell me about their city I can soon learn from a bellboy. Both are gold mines of intimate local information.

Don't be patronizing when you tip. Tipping is an accepted traveling practice. Bellboys, maids, waiters, porters or taxi drivers do not consider a tip charity but an extra wage for good service. They handle it in a businesslike way. So should you.

Above all things, be natural. We have all heard returning trippers mourn because the people they met weren't friendly. They seldom admit that *they* might have been at fault. The folks they encountered might have liked them if given a chance.

Have faith in competent conductors, porters, stewards, bellboys and waiters. They have spent their lives in travel service. Don't bark at them. Courtesy will be repaid in kind. Scores of traveling men will shed a private tear when a certain porter on a Chicago-Cincinnati run retires. For years his well-padded body has blocked the aisle of his car as it pulls into Chicago, while he chants, "Has you-all got your pajamas?" It's pretty easy to overlook your pajamas or any other article of clothing in the rush of an early-morning arrival, and the solicitude of this smiling colored man has saved many a traveler from an irritating oversight.

Remember, the genial soul to whom anyone can talk as he walks about his native town is likely to freeze up if the fellow at the next Pullman washbasin gets gabby too abruptly. Because it is a strain to hear well on a fast express or plane, travelers don't enjoy the high-speed type of conversationalist. A wind-bag doubles his nuisance value in a washroom.

Be considerate. An experienced traveler places his morning toilet articles in the smallest possible space and hangs coat, vest and shirt on a single hook. He knows that even the best sleeping cars are crowded when a score of men are rushing to get shaved and groomed in the half-hour before a train's morning arrival. A considerate traveler wipes the washbowl before he leaves. He drops used razor blades in the slot provided for that purpose. Simple courtesies? Of course. Unfortunately, in every car there are thoughtless ones, and my wife assures me that washroom hogs are not all confined to my end of the car.

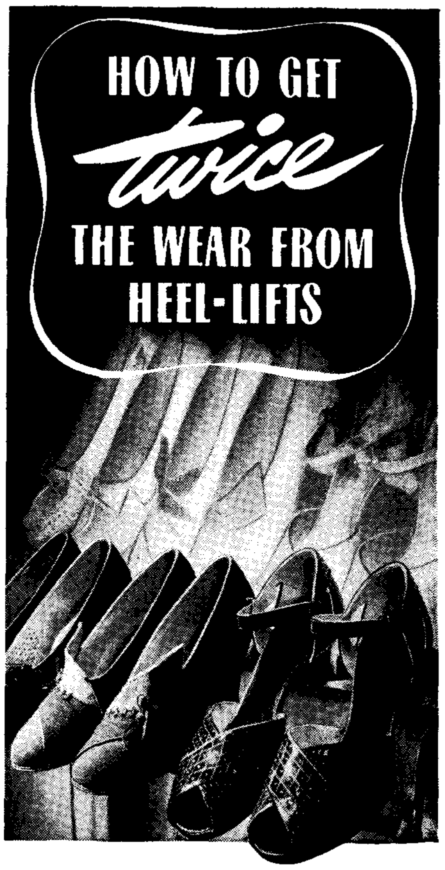
There's one basic reason why the average American doesn't get as much fun out of travel as a Britisher or a Frenchman. He's too darned conventional.

Every Berth a Day Bed

I'm invariably comfortable on train, plane, boat or bus, but I attain comfort only by disregarding a lot of "Well, I never!" looks from both men and women.

Starting a day's run in a Pullman sleeper, I ask the porter to make up my berth without blankets, mattress, or curtains. He pulls the seats together and I lie down as I would on a davenport at home. Passers-by stare at me as if I were mad. But I don't mind. I like to do my resting where something is always happening; where somebody's grandmother from Fort Wayne may offer you home-cooked ginger cookies or where you are requested to "mind Willie" while mother takes a nap.

If you see a man or woman busy with papers spread all over a table, don't be nosey. Workers on a train are invariably busy business or professional people. When traveling, their berth is their private office.



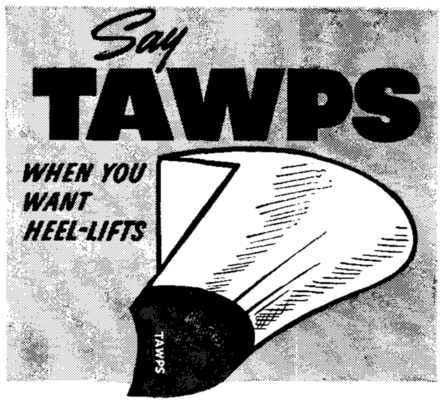
THE next time you go to your shoe repairman to have new heels or lifts put on your shoes — or when you go to your shoe dealer for new shoes —do this one thing:

Tell him you want Goodyear TAWPS* instead of ordinary leather heels or lifts.

Then you'll get the clever new leather-*and*-rubber heel-lifts that last at *least* twice as long, and that *cushion* every step you take. That's because there's a tough insert of resilient rubber anchored right into each TAWP.

And, throughout their long, long life, TAWPS don't fray at the edges or "sqush" out — because they have a special backing that prevents this.

TAWPS cost only a few cents per pair more — and they last so much *longer* that you *save* money in the end.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE WALK ON GOODYEAR RUBBER HEELS THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

• • •

FOR MEN: *Wingfoot* Heels* for men's shoes (and for women's walking shoes and children's shoes) are the longest-wearing, handsomest rubber heels — at their price — your money can buy. They wear *evenly* — help keep feet and shoes straight. Your shoe repairman has them for you.

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR CORD SOLE. Ask for it on new work and sports shoes. Doesn't buckle, warp or stretch. Made like the carcass of an auto tire.

Don't be afraid to sleep late in a Pullman berth. Men and women who are used to late rising at home will leap from a travel bed at dawn and doom themselves to sitting up in sober dignity for all the daylight hours. For the small expense of a single-occupancy section you can keep your berth down permanently. On one trip I climbed into my berth at St. Louis and kept it made up until the train arrived in California. I stayed in my pajamas, caught up on a lot of reading and sleeping. When I finally emerged ready to leave the train, the folks in the car gazed at me as if I had just escaped from an insane asylum.

In most cases don't check hand luggage. Conductors, porters and stewards prefer not to stow four or five bags under seats, but in a month this procedure can save much time. It uses up precious minutes to visit a baggage room after arrival at a station. If you turn your checks over to a hotel porter, there is always the possibility that the baggage truck may blow a tire en route. Only a few things need happen to your bags to upset completely even the most carefully devised travel schedule.

Don't be too intense about your reading. Where there is motion, too prolonged concentration is hard on the eyes and the nerves—and the disposition.

Leave the Gadgets at Home

Women should leave their most expensive perfumes at home. Chambermaids with whom you could safely leave thousands of dollars in cash have been known to succumb to the lure of a new perfume and "borrow" some.

Forget those super-fancy travel cases with rows of silver and cut-glass gadgets. It's a nuisance to get them all back into the right loops. I threw one I had at a cow near Liberal, Kansas. Since then my toothbrush holder, razor, tooth paste, shaving cream, aspirin and bicarbonate of soda are dumped quickly into an oblong leather box with a snap that really holds. It's efficient. It packs easily. I never lose the silver doodad Aunt Sophy sent me last Christmas because I never take it with me.

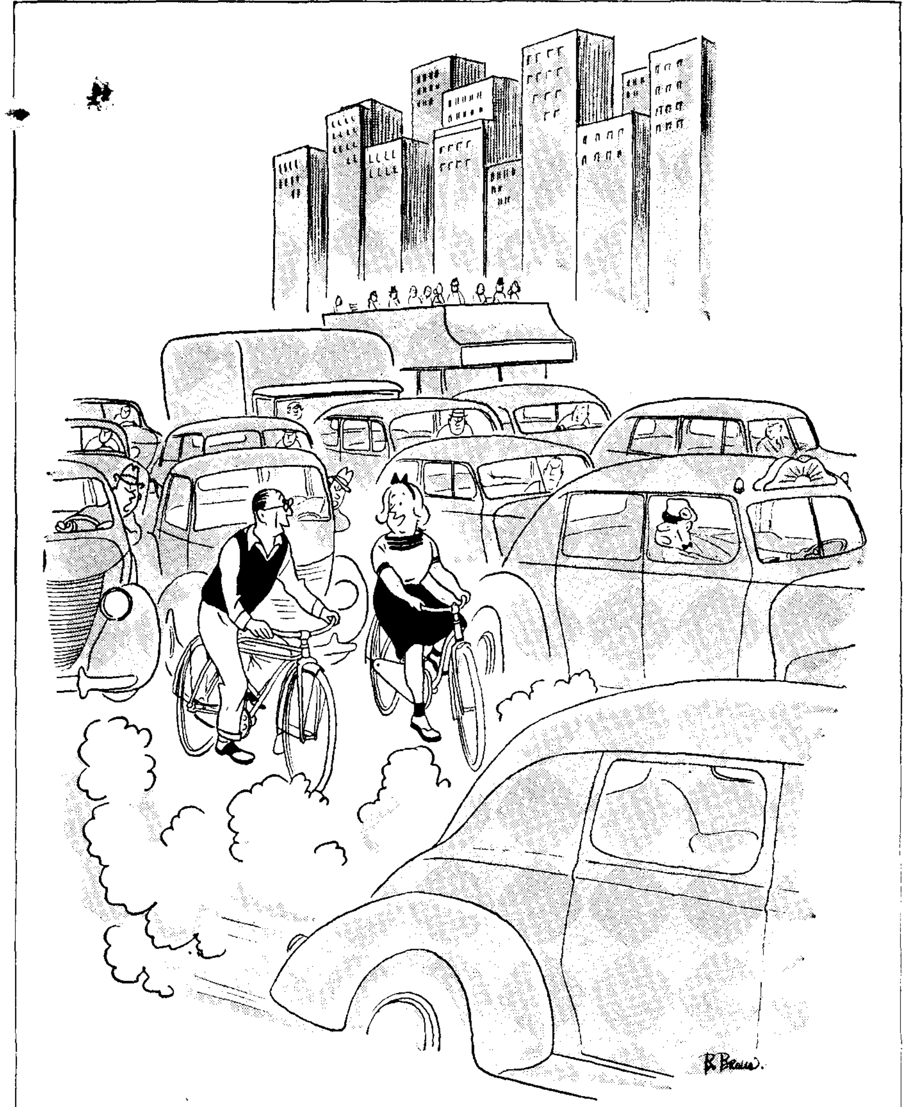
Don't get panicky if you mislay money. There's amazingly little thievery on the transport systems. Of course, a prudent man will take his wallet from a coat hanging just inside the berth curtain and place it in the pocket of his pajamas. Usually when money disappears on trains, planes, or busses, the cause is passenger carelessness. Ninety per cent of all money "lost" on trains is found in seat corners, jammed behind pipes, or in the soiled-towel hamper.

Rejoice with me over the new berth hammocks the Pullman Company now makes out of solid canvas. Those earlier catchalls made of tennis netting added a great deal to the profanity of the world. You couldn't get things into them and you couldn't get them out.

Don't overeat. On ships the salt air is an appetizer, but even on the sea use discretion. For land travel two meals a day is enough, with perhaps a glass of orange juice or milk in midmorning and midafternoon.

Drinking alcoholic beverages is forbidden on planes because altitude increases intoxication, and the motion of a train, ship or bus can confound the man who prides himself on being a seasoned drinker.

In these days of serums and vaccines there is very little need to worry about typhoid, smallpox and other diseases. Your common sense will tell you when precautions are needed. There is only one bug to worry about. When the travel bug bites you, you're a goner. Run, don't walk, to the nearest ticket office.



"If you close your eyes and put your hands over your ears and hold your nose, you think you're in Bermuda!" BO BROWN

Bud Brow
Class
09
Schenley
SCHENLEY'S
RED LABEL
Blended Whiskey
Mark the Merit in Schenley's friendlier tasting whiskey
Schenley Distributors, Inc.
Schenley Product

Remember Reunion Rule #1

"LIGHT" IS RIGHT

If we had a *usual* whiskey to tell you about, we'd certainly stress the dry delicate flavor of Schenley's Red Label . . . its full 90 proof smoothness . . . its taste appeal and richness.

For, on these qualities alone, Schenley's Red Label *justly* merits your favor. Still, we'd rather call your attention to just one fact that makes all these fine qualities even finer.

Schenley's Red Label is a light whiskey to begin with. Then, by an exclusive method, we give to this rich whiskey an *added lightness*—without the least sacrifice of flavor or strength.

Try Schenley's Red Label . . . or if you prefer a light whiskey with an even richer flavor, try Schenley's BLACK LABEL . . . and we believe that you, too, will agree: "Light" is Right.

SCHENLEY'S *Light* RED LABEL

SCHENLEY'S BLACK LABEL 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS BOTH ARE 90 PROOF AND **BLENDED WHISKEY**—COPR 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP N Y C

Off the Record:
For America's 18,310,792 Fathers

Do your kids show you up? Match their energy this easy way!

Chum around with your children! That way you get to know them, and they get to know *you*, better. Lack of pep is *no* excuse any longer... for now you can renew your supply of energy easily, deliciously, with COCOMALT!

COCOMALT Restores Energy!

COCOMALT is an *energizing* food drink. Every glassful, mixed with milk, gives you 1 hour of energy for paddling a canoe, 48 minutes for brisk exercise, like fast walking.

Have your wife get COCOMALT today ... it's sold by grocery and drug stores everywhere. High in energy, low in fat, it has a delicious chocolate taste. Drink it regularly... and get the children drinking it, too. It's *good* for the whole family!

Men! Every glass of COCOMALT with milk gives you 48 minutes of ENERGY* for rapid walking.

1 LB. NET
Cocomalt
MALTED FOOD DRINK
FORTIFIED WITH VITAMINS A.D.
IRON, CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS

A PROTECTIVE FOOD DRINK

COCOMALT supplies *energy*. It's a *protective food drink*. It supplies essentials that may be lacking in the daily diet, including calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D and iron. 3 glasses a day take care of the average person's minimum requirements of all these.

DRINK IT HOT OR COLD!

Energy by the glassful

* *The measurements of energy used in this advertisement have been estimated by applying the energy value of Cocomalt to the energy expenditures of various occupations as covered in "The Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, authoritative textbook in this field.*

Dead-End Case

Continued from page 18

of the crew. They couldn't tell us anything. Some of them seemed to me unprepossessing characters. They said Garron acted like any other passenger. When we came off the ship the radio operator was waiting for us. He walked along the pier with us. He was a tall young man and good-looking. His name was Berchard.

"You've got a hard case," he observed to O'Malley.

"Yeah? What makes you think that?"

"I've just been reading about it in the paper. I was acquainted with Garron. I suppose you have some suspect. If I knew what line the police are working on, I might give you some help."

"Well, we might ask you."

"That radioman is one to be watched," I declared to O'Malley, when we were in the car. "He's too anxious to find out what the police are doing. It's characteristic of a guilty man. He knows something."

WE DROVE to the Bronx. The Garrons had a first-floor apartment. A colored maid let us in. The place was luxurious. Mrs. Garron was home, and said she didn't mind if we examined her husband's things. We searched through his papers and through all his clothes. We didn't find anything. O'Malley questioned the maid:

"Did strangers come here to see Mr. Garron?"

"No, suh. None."

"Did any call up?"

"Why, people call up sometimes and lef' numbehs for him to call back." She couldn't remember any of the numbers.

"Did he have visitors late at night?"

"I ain't heah in the nights."

We went to headquarters.

"What do you think about it, O'Malley?" I asked.

"We ain't got enough so a guy can do any thinking."

I left him writing out his report, but I saw him next day. He was reading a newspaper and said he wasn't working on the case.

"Why not?" I inquired.

"I don't know nothing to do. Other cops are working on it. They can't find nobody Garron had been selling diamonds to or anything else. Of course the guys might not tell. He was acquainted with a lot of jewelers. You guessed right about that radioman. He was in Manhattan the night Garron got knocked off, but he told cops where he was. Listen! This town is so big they got daily newspapers that print neighborhood news and don't circulate anywhere except in their own neighborhoods. You ever see this one?"

I looked at it. It was published near where the Garrons lived and it had a story about the murder. It said the police had discovered witnesses they were keeping secret; there would soon be an arrest.

"Is that true?" I inquired.

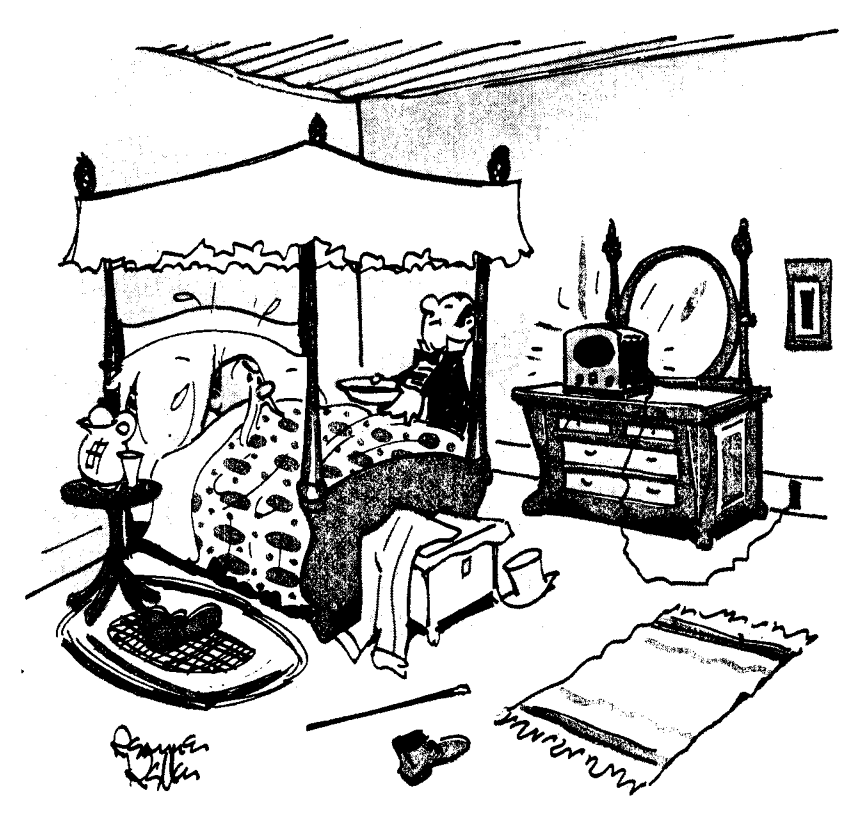
"Why, no; we got no witnesses. There ain't nothing like that in any other newspaper. We've got one thing: They measured that dead guy and he was six foot one inch tall. That's how tall I am, and that radio guy is a tall guy too."

"The Empire State Building is taller than any of you," I said derisively, "and it had as much to do with the murder as the man's height had."

"Well, I think it had something to do with it."

I SAW O'Malley every day and he plainly wasn't working on the case. He had daily copies of the neighborhood newspaper. It irritated me. It was publishing stuff that I knew wasn't true.

"Why do you read that nonsense?" I demanded of him. "Apparently that paper will do anything to get readers. It had a story yesterday that Garron was seen with a companion on the night he was killed. Today it has one that's even worse—that stuff about the gun. On the theory, it says, that the murderer



"I don't mind you turning on Sunday morning services, Martin, but stop passing around the collection plate!"

REAMER KELLER

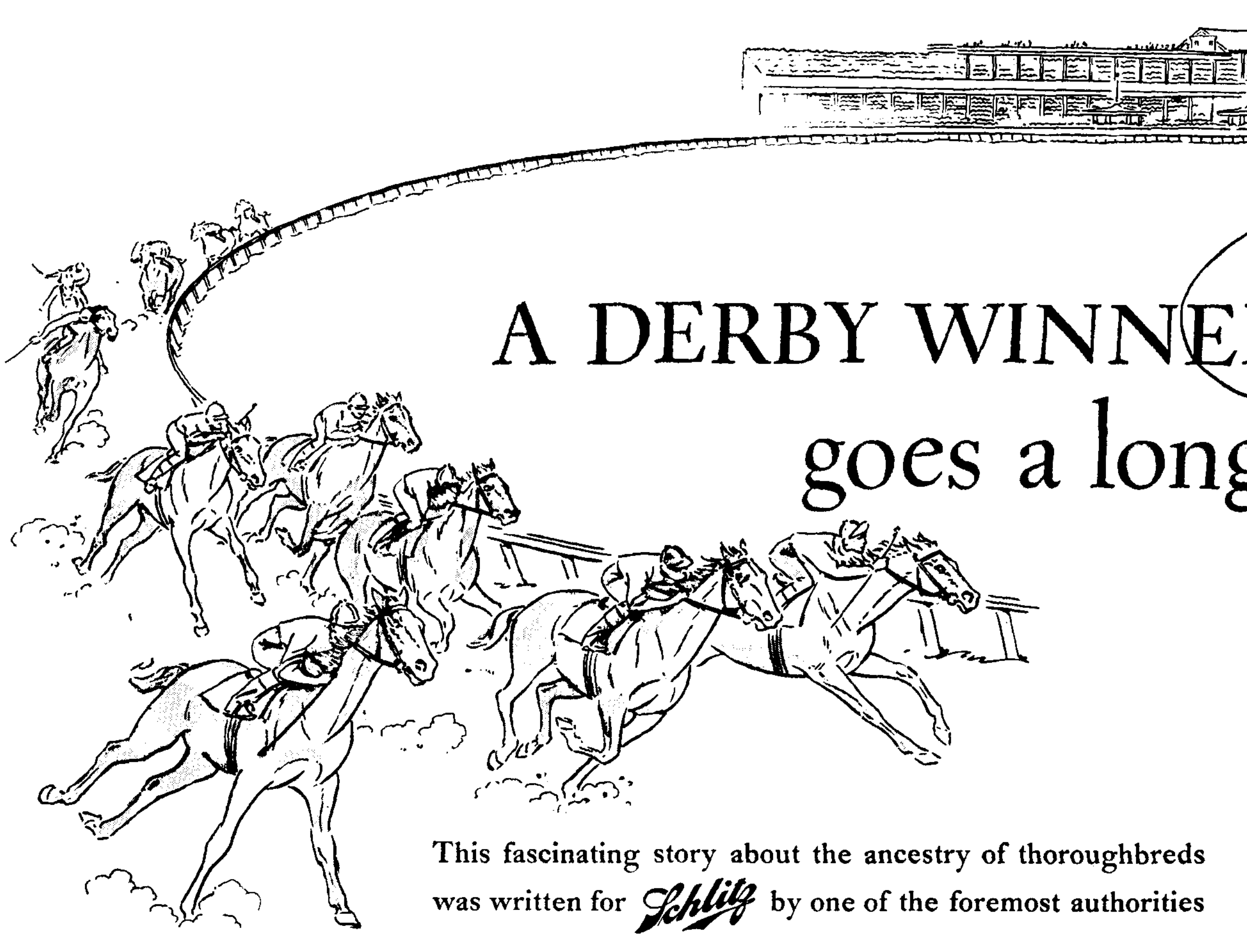
DIVING INTO SPACE
FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT
FISK
GET A FISK
PLUS-*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★ ★ PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

SOARING birdlike through the air is a dangerous stunt, even with a parachute to ease you down. But the driver who drives on wet, slippery pavement without tires that will hold when he has to brake suddenly is taking chances about as great. Whether the road be wet or dry, Fisk Safti-Flight tires, with their unique, flexible, gum insert tread will stop your car in an amazingly short distance—and in a safe straight line.

THE FISK TIRE CO., INC.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

The white cross-strips which you see are inserts of soft but very tough rubber, which extend *below the ribs*. Their purpose is to make the tread flexible and thus to increase its stopping and non-skid efficiency. While the ribs actually are continuous, without break or cut, the effect of the gum inserts is to divide the tread into hundreds of deep, flexible blocks.

Copyright 1939—The Fisk Tire Co., Inc.



A DERBY WINNER'S *Pedigree* goes a long way back

This fascinating story about the ancestry of thoroughbreds was written for Schlitz by one of the foremost authorities on race horses in the world. The illustrations are taken from old prints in his private library.

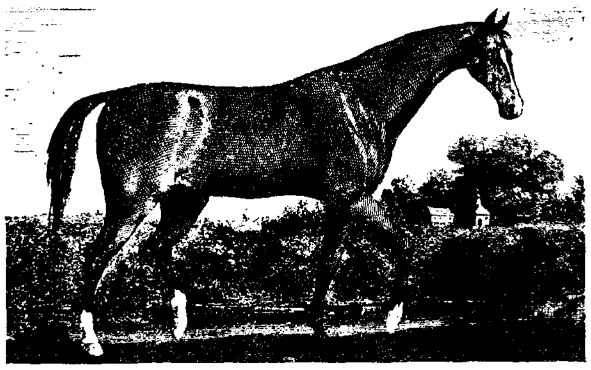
THERE are more than a hundred thousand registered Thoroughbred horses alive today, all descended from three horses imported into England more than two hundred years ago from the fertile crescent of the Mediterranean. They were:

The Byerley Turk

He was a black charger ridden by a Captain Byerley in the wars of King William in 1689 and 1690. He may have been taken from his Turkish owner at the siege of Buda (Buda-Pest) in 1686. If so, he outlived at least two wars to found a race of equine warriors.

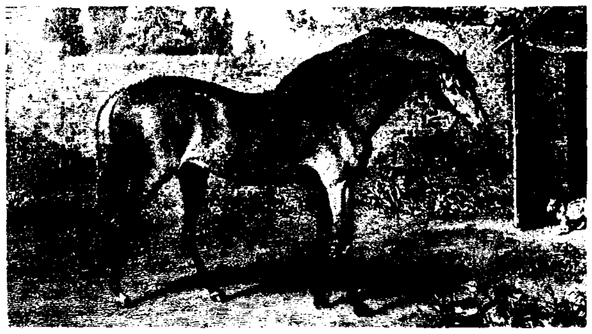
The Darley Arabian

Early in the year 1706 Thomas Darley, agent of an English mercantile firm at Aleppo, in Asia Minor, shipped to his brother in England, John Brewster-Darley, a bay Arabian. The horse, he wrote, was "about fifteen hands high, of the most esteemed race among the Arabs, both by sire and dam, and the name is called Mannicka." More than 75 per cent of all Thoroughbreds now alive are descended from the Darley Arabian "in tail-male," as the horsemen say.



The Godolphin Arabian (OR BARB)

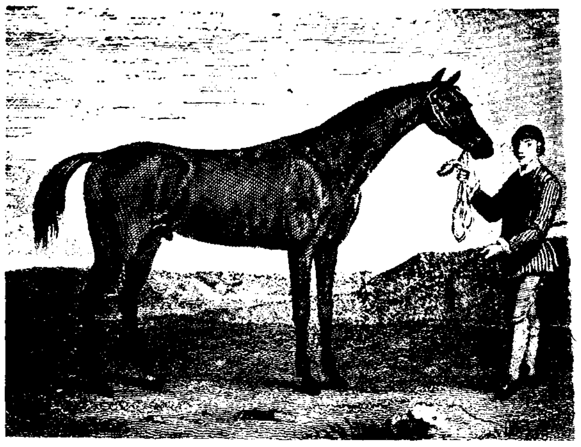
They tell of him a much-disputed story that he drew a water-cart about the streets of Paris before he was bought for three pounds (about $15), sent to England, and presented to the Earl of Godolphin. It was suspected that sometime he had been stolen. Nothing was known of his ancestry, but the fame of his children was great. And when he died in 1753 at the foot of the hills of Gog-Magog they buried him with honor.



From these three patriarchs came three others from whom the entire race of Thoroughbreds is descended. They were:

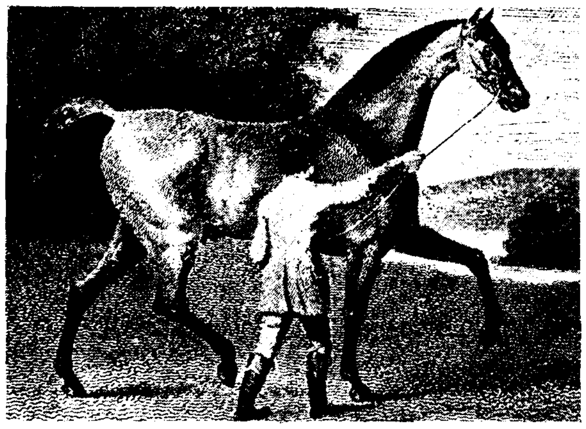
Matchem (BAY, FOALED IN 1748)

Grandson of the Godolphin Arabian, Matchem was a homely sort. But he got along. He waited until he was five years old to run a race, waited until he was eight years old to lose a race. Once they paid his owner twenty pounds *not* to run him.



Herod (BAY, FOALED IN 1758)

Great-great-grandson of the Byerley Turk, Herod (or King Herod) remained unbeaten through his first three years of racing. His sons and daughters made his name famous; one of them, Highflyer, "was never beaten and never paid forfeit." His grandson Diomed won the first Derby, in 1780, was brought to America in his old age, and founded a Thoroughbred dynasty here.



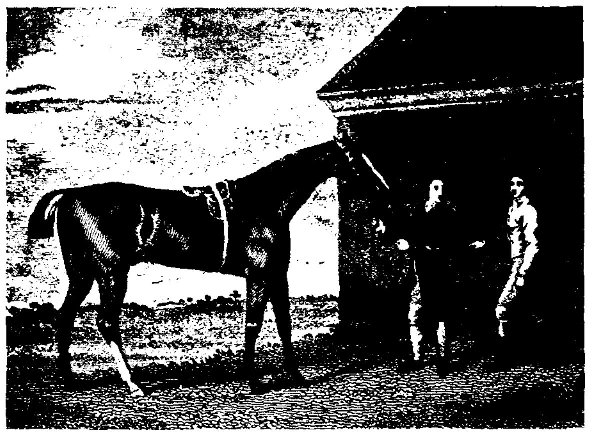
Eclipse (CHESTNUT, FOALED IN 1764)

On April 1, 1764, part of England was darkened by an eclipse of the sun. During the eclipse the Duke of Cumberland's mare Spiletta gave birth to a

1849 THE BEER THAT MADE

chestnut colt, a great-great-grandson of the Darley Arabian. Promptly the colt was named Eclipse.

When the Duke died Eclipse and his other horses were put up for sale. A sheep salesman named Wildman arrived at the auction after Eclipse had been sold for 70 guineas. He looked at his watch, insisted that the sale had started before the advertised time, and demanded that the horses be put up and sold again. He won his argument, got Eclipse for 75 guineas. Later he shared ownership of the colt with Dennis O'Kelley. It was O'Kelley who, after Eclipse had won the first heat of his first race (in 1769), offered to call the placing of the horses for the second heat: "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere."



Eclipse was a horse of ungovernable temper. One of the things he could not abide was to have a horse in front of him. He was never beaten. He won so many races that finally Messrs. Wildman and O'Kelley could find no takers when they offered to bet that Eclipse would win; they had to wager that Eclipse would "distance" the others at the rate of 60 yards to the mile!

After Eclipse died, his heart was found to weigh fourteen pounds, perhaps six pounds more than the heart of the average Thoroughbred of his day. Fifty years later a wag wrote a verse:

Eclipse, all nags, compared with thee,
Excite contempt and laughter;
There never was a horse, I do
Believe, so much run after.

For generations the children of Matchem, Herod and Eclipse have been tested against one another because it is the nature of man, who keeps his prehistoric vanities, to desire that he shall own a better horse than his neighbors.

A staunch favorite in the days of your great grandfather, *The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous* remains today the first choice of the discriminating lover of real beer.

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That FAMOUS FLAVOR ...the favorite for 90 years

Good judges of fine beer insist on the full tang and flavor of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt. This accounts for the ever-increasing demand for Schlitz, as more and more people learn how good real beer can be.

DRY...NOT SWEET...
...NEITHER IS IT BITTER
BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.* SO — *WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always.* Schlitz pioneers again!

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Milwaukee FAMOUS 1939 90 YEARS OF QUALITY [illegible]

SCENE: A Luncheon.
SUBJECT: America's Safest Used Cars.

"I hear you just bought a new car, Fred."
"Better than that... I got a USED car built by HUDSON with the best 1939 features in it!"

"Did you say 1939 features?"

"Sure! I had Hudson's brand-new Handy Shift put on my '37 model. I've got wide windshield vision; full room for 3 in the front seat; roomy luggage compartment with spare tire in it. And still some cars claim these as 'new for 1939'!"

"That's pretty smart buying!"

"I'm satisfied—especially when it comes to *safety*. Besides all the basic Hudson safety features, I have Patented Double-Safe Hydraulic brakes—and for a few dollars I had Hudson's new Auto-Poise Control installed."

"Well, I know Hudson builds dependable cars."

"Yes, you can't match 'em for long life and low upkeep. More quality in gears, clutch, cylinder block and places like that. I bought a lot of unused miles for very little money."

★ ★ ★

Be sure the used Hudson or Hudson Terraplane you buy has been thoroughly and properly reconditioned. To be certain of this, buy from a Hudson dealer, whose interest in Hudson cars is your guarantee of satisfaction.

MORE MILES • SAFER MILES

HUDSON

AND HUDSON TERRAPLANE

PERSONALLY *Indorsed* USED CARS

SEE YOUR NEAREST HUDSON DEALER

may have thrown the gun into the river, a diver recovered a gun, but it hasn't been learned yet whether it is the murder weapon. That isn't true."

"No; sure it ain't. We probably won't ever find the gun. Well, I find them stories interesting."

A few days later I saw in the ship sailings that the steamer was to leave that night for South America. I got excited about it, and I went and found O'Malley.

"See here," I exclaimed, "you're a hot cop! You do nothing and your case is getting away from you. When that ship sails your chance of solving the case goes with it. I don't say the murderer is aboard. Maybe none of them killed Garron. But if Garron was in an illicit business, one or more of the persons on that ship know what his shore connections were and who probably killed him. I think the radioman knows."

"Listen! You're nuts! We won't let no guilty party leave."

I KEPT thinking about it. That night I went to Brooklyn. I hung about the pier but I didn't see any cops. A gong sounded, warning visitors to go ashore before the ship sailed. Then a cab drove up, but before whoever was in it could get out, a couple of plain-clothes cops ran from behind some baggage and jumped into it, and it drove away. I grabbed another cab and tailed it, and it brought me to headquarters, but I couldn't find O'Malley, so I waited around until I saw him.

"Have you got the killer?" I inquired.

"Yeah, sure."

They had been questioning someone, and they brought the person out. It looked like a little old woman when she was heavily veiled, but now she lifted her veil and she wasn't old, and I saw it was Mrs. Garron.

"She killed her husband?" I asked.

"That's it."

"Well, I'm sure the radioman had something to do with it."

"Yeah, but he didn't know he had. He was her reason for it. There wasn't no smuggling in the case. Some of them guys in uniform on ships make quite a play with lady passengers. That radio guy done that with Mrs. Garron on trips she and her husband took; it was a flirtation with him, but she thought he meant it. She was older than him, but she figured if she was free he'd marry her, and she was sure he would if she had the money she'd get if her husband was dead. So she knocked Garron off."

"How?" I inquired. "Nothing pointed to her in the murder."

"Yeah, one thing did. Well, she was smart about it. The night she figured to knock her husband off, she told him she was going to spend the evening with a friend, and would he call for her with the car at eleven o'clock. She never went to her friend's. Instead, till about eleven, she rode around on subways. At eleven, she went and waited on the street near her friend's house; she knew which way Garron'd come, and so he picked her up on the street without no one seeing him do it.

"She usually done the driving when they was both in the car, so he give her the driving seat. She had dressed herself in clothes that wasn't noticeable, and she had on gloves, and in her handbag she had a gun that he had had when he was in the jewelry business. She said she would like to take a drive and he said all right. The maid that worked for 'em always went home at eight o'clock, and Mrs. Garron found out from her husband that there hadn't nobody called or phoned her that evening.

"They drove to Manhattan and stopped sometimes to look at the lights, and Mrs. Garron pretended to wonder could they see the lights of that steamer that had come in that afternoon. So they drove to that street end on the East River. They parked the car and talked about the lights, and she asked him would he do the driving home. So she got out of the car on her side and he moved over to the driving seat. Then she shot him, and she threw the gun into the river, and she walked clear across town and went home in the subway, and got into that first-floor apartment of theirs without anybody seeing or hearing her."

"Did you suspect her?"

"Why, that's like the guy that says both 'Yes—and no.' Cops always suspect a wife or husband. The big thing in this case was that the lady had luck that she wasn't even expecting. The first thing cops found out was that this dead guy had been caught a couple of times for having illicit diamonds. Mrs. Garron hadn't even thought of that. With a guy with a record, cops always believe he must have been killed because of it. If this was some kind of racket killing, of course that cleared Mrs. Garron. Well, so it would have except there was one thing she had forgot."

"What was that?" I inquired.

"You seen the car. Try to figure it out. It wasn't anything that proved she done the murder; it just made me think maybe she might have. So what? We had no witnesses, no evidence. We found one witness that had seen Garron leave home in the car alone that evening, but that only confirmed her story. A diver went down to look if the gun had been thrown into the river, but he didn't find it. Of course cops had questioned Mrs. Garron. I figured it wouldn't do no good to keep on questioning her. If she done the killing, she was expecting to be questioned. She was waiting for it. A funny thing about people who do murder: If they're expecting to get questioned and you don't do it, they get worried. They keep wondering if you got anything on 'em, and it gets 'em panicky. I wondered could I do that to Mrs. Garron."

"THE newspaper?" I questioned.

"Sure, that was part of it. First we give orders that no cop was to question Mrs. Garron. Then I thought about that neighborhood newspaper and I found out that the Garrons had it delivered to 'em every day. So I seen the publisher. Every day he printed a few papers with a fake story I give him, before he printed his regular papers, and one of them fakes was delivered to Mrs. Garron. I put in that we had found witnesses that had seen two people in the car, and some of 'em said the second person was a woman; then I said people had seen a woman come from where Garron was shot and they thought they could identify her; then I put in a diver had got the gun.

"Mrs. Garron stayed home and read them things. Then she decided to get away. I don't know what was in her mind that she tried to get on that same boat. Of course the radio guy was on it. When we got her she had convinced herself we had so much on her that she was ready to confess."

"A remarkable piece of business!" I said. "What was it she forgot?"

"She's a little woman. Her husband was a tall guy, and so was everybody else in the case. When I sat in the car, I seen that the rear-view mirror was tilted down so that I couldn't see back of me. Garron wouldn't have drove the car that way. A small person had been driving and had forgot to tilt the mirror up. I thought it might have been Mrs. Garron, but I couldn't ever have proved it on her."

"Very fine work, O'Malley."

"Yeah? Well, a lady hadn't ought to knock off her husband, but I ain't the kind of cop that likes catching ladies. I'd rather catch guys."

"I WAS STUMPED

to find that dealer

'til I looked in the Classified"

"I WANTED to know where to buy a certain product. I couldn't locate a dealer until I looked in the Classified. I found him there easily, quickly. Next time I'll turn to the Classified first."

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Picture This

Continued from page 15

Germany's neck, Civic Virtue stepping on Immorality's neck, and other symbols stepping on various other necks. There was also a Press Club menu that had scrawled on it, "*Some time, Charley—Remember?*"

"Here's the one of McClure again," said Charley. "Say, if he can do J. B. like that it will help plenty to put that guy out." He told Joe, "I'm Charley Bass, kid."

"Yeah," Joe said. "I knew it." He fished in his inside pocket and brought out a sheet of writing tablet paper. "I knew you by your squint. How's this one?"

The cartoonist stared at the picture. He got red and then somewhat apoplectic when the other man laughed.

"Well," said Bass, "this one is a little exaggerated. But you can draw—you got talent."

"Hell," said the other man, "it's the best of the bunch. He's got you down real, Charley."

Joe said, "I can start tomorrow. This is a good spot. I'm going to enjoy working here."

THE two men looked at him, and the cartoonist shook his head wonderingly. "He can start now, Ed. He says so. You heard him?" Bass went on, "I never heard anything like this since Homer Davenport crashed into the game."

"I've seen his stuff in old newspapers," Joe said. "But he couldn't draw—not the way Nast could. You know Nast? He could draw circles around Davenport. Homer Davenport was sour on anatomy."

The man named Ed said to Joe, "I'll see Perkins about what you're going to get. It won't be much—maybe thirty. Charley here will look over your stuff until his arm gets better. He'll see how you draw J. B."

Joe said, "His arm better get well fast, because this job is made for me."

He watched them go off.

On his way out, Joe eyed the elevator operator.

"One of these days I'll put you down on paper, like I said. Pally, your ears are something wonderful."

Joe reached Lorene Murphy's house about seven o'clock, which wasn't too early for calling on friends back at Smith's Mills. He regarded her large house with favor. It was a fine-looking place with fancywork on the roof eaves and a couple of iron lions on the lawn—just the kind of place he liked to think of her living in. Joe got almost up to the step before he figured it might be too early yet to arrive for a city call. Lights burned brightly from the side windows—probably from the dining room—and he decided not to ring for a bit.

So he walked carefully back to the front of the house and sat on the porch steps. It was getting dark now, so he couldn't draw anything—but just had to sit there wishing it would get later. He didn't hear the door until it banged, and then he heard her surprise—low, throaty, no more than a gentle gust of air.

"For heaven's sake—what are you doing out here?"

Joe explained the circumstances.

"But you could have waited inside."

"Not when you were having dinner. I couldn't," he said sturdily. "Don't you think I have any manners?"

She asked quietly, "Did—did you get that job?"

"Sure," Joe said.

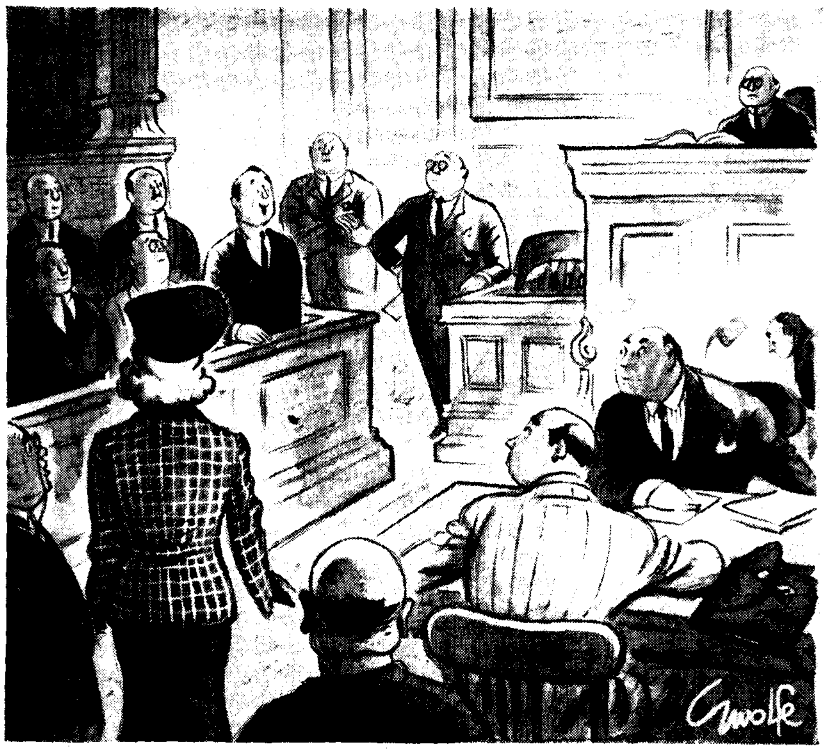
She said only, "Oh," and it puzzled him because it was more like the moan of a haunted pigeon than of pleasure. In the quiet of the evening it had a foreboding sound.

"That's right," he remembered, "you didn't like the idea so much."

She was sitting alongside him, and he could feel her stir uncomfortably. "I'm glad you got a job," she said in such a low voice that it didn't seem to come from her but from somewhere in the darkness. "But I told you I don't like the Courier. My family just can't stand it. My father says it tells lies—muckrakes."

"Maybe it does," Joe conceded. "I don't care about politics. Just give me a three-column spread and I'll fill it with a picture. One day you'll be glad we ran into each other."

She didn't say anything to this, so for a little while he stared at the blurred images of the iron lions who now seemed



"We, the jury, find my wife not guilty!"

GEORGE WOLFE

DRINK A TOAST TO FLAVOR

In the ruddy juice of PRIZE TOMATOES!

To give a meal a gay beginning, to give work or play a happy end, drink deep of summer's bounty in Libby's Tomato Juice. Here, in a frosty glass of Libby's, is FLAVOR you'll never forget. The flavor of vine-ripe prize tomatoes, pressed within a few hours of picking, then juiced by the special Libby method which *holds* their tangy goodness. Drink a toast to flavor! ● Libby's Tomato Juice is accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association as an excellent source of Vitamin C. It is also rich in Vitamin A.

1939 WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS . . . *see Libby's Treasure Ship in the Foods Building at New York and San Francisco.*

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For Summertime refreshment

Listen When Your Right Foot Whispers a Warning

1. When your brake pedal goes almost to the floorboard before the brakes take hold

—your brakes need attention

2. Any service station mechanic will be glad to take off a wheel and look at the "innards" of your brakes. Ask him to let you have a look.

3. It may be that your brakes just need setting up. But if you find that the lining is worn thin, like this typical example, *it is dangerous.* Your brakes need re-lining.

4. The job can be done in a few hours, with the thick, long-wearing American Brakeblok brake lining, pictured at left. The name American Brakeblok is stamped on the back of every piece.

Time for a Spring checkup. If your brakes need relining, as a man who knows brake linings, I advise you to insist on . . .

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to be prowling around in the dark. Finally, he said, "I kept thinking about you. Couldn't get you out of my head."

"That was nice."

"It was mighty nice," Joe said. "I guess a lot of fellas hang around here—do they?"

"You don't see any now, do you?"

"Well," said Joe, "it's still early—for the city. I guess they just hang around later."

She said slowly, "Oh, sometimes they do. They hang around when I want them to."

He said accusingly, "You must like that."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that—exactly." Then, "But of course I can't stay bottled up all the time."

"That's a good one," Joe admitted uneasily. "I'll bet you don't get a chance. I'll bet you right now you have somebody hanging around."

"Well—you are."

"I don't mean me—I don't count," Joe said hastily. "What I meant was—"

HE HAD never realized that she moved, and knew he hadn't—but if neither of them had moved, then how could he feel the plush softness of her arm against his now? Joe's high standard of conduct told him he should move away and give her some room—but he suddenly didn't want her to have any room. Then he felt her bare arm against the back of his hand, and he trembled. He turned his face abruptly, and her face was right there. Then he kissed her awkwardly and could feel her hand brushing through his hair.

"I wanted to touch your hair in the drugstore," she said. "I kept looking at it."

"Touch it now," Joe said. "I don't mind—not one bit."

"I wish my father was here," she said, while he held her hand. "I wish you could see what a swell father *he* is. You'd like him. You'd know how nice he is to everybody."

"You don't have to tell me that," Joe said. "I bet you don't have a tramp in your whole family."

Silence fell and they simply sat there together.

After a while, Joe said, "If you want an idea of my stuff, step over here in the light," and he said it because it was fine to have his pictures to show her. He had never shown them, like this, to a girl.

Lorene got up and came by the front door light, and Joe pulled out a piece of brown wrapping paper and uncrumpled it. "What do you think of this one? I guess it isn't too bad." He looked up and said, "Go on—look," and she took her eyes from his face.

"It's wonderful," she said in a low voice. "It's really wonderful."

"You know what it is?" he insisted, because her voice sounded distracted.

She removed her eyes from his hair and answered, "Of course. It's perfectly plain. It's a man with a wheelbarrow. I can see the handles."

"Handles nothing—those are *tusks,*" Joe snorted. "You can see it's a kind of elephant's head. I mean it's an elephant—but when you look close you can see a politician's face in it. It's a trick drawing."

"Oh," she said and studied it so hard that it left him puzzled. He could see she liked it but seemed to have something else on her mind, too.

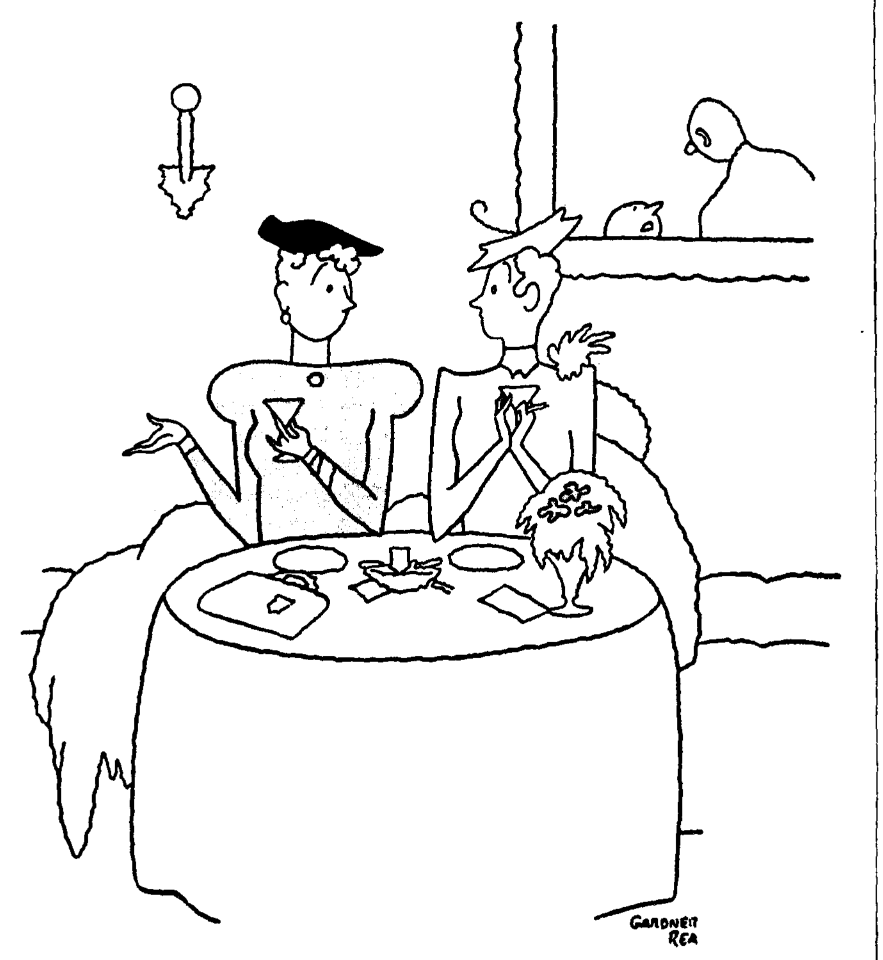
"Of course this is just a sample," he explained. "You'll see what I can do when those Courier pictures start coming out."

She didn't say anything at all, and once more he realized she was very near. This time he held her close to him, and they simply stood there.

Then pretty soon he announced, "I've got to be going. Now that I'm working on the Courier, I need plenty of sleep. You can see how I would, Lorene." Then he kissed her again. "Good night, Lorene."

"Good night," she answered softly. "Joe, I wish—"

"You be looking for the Courier to-



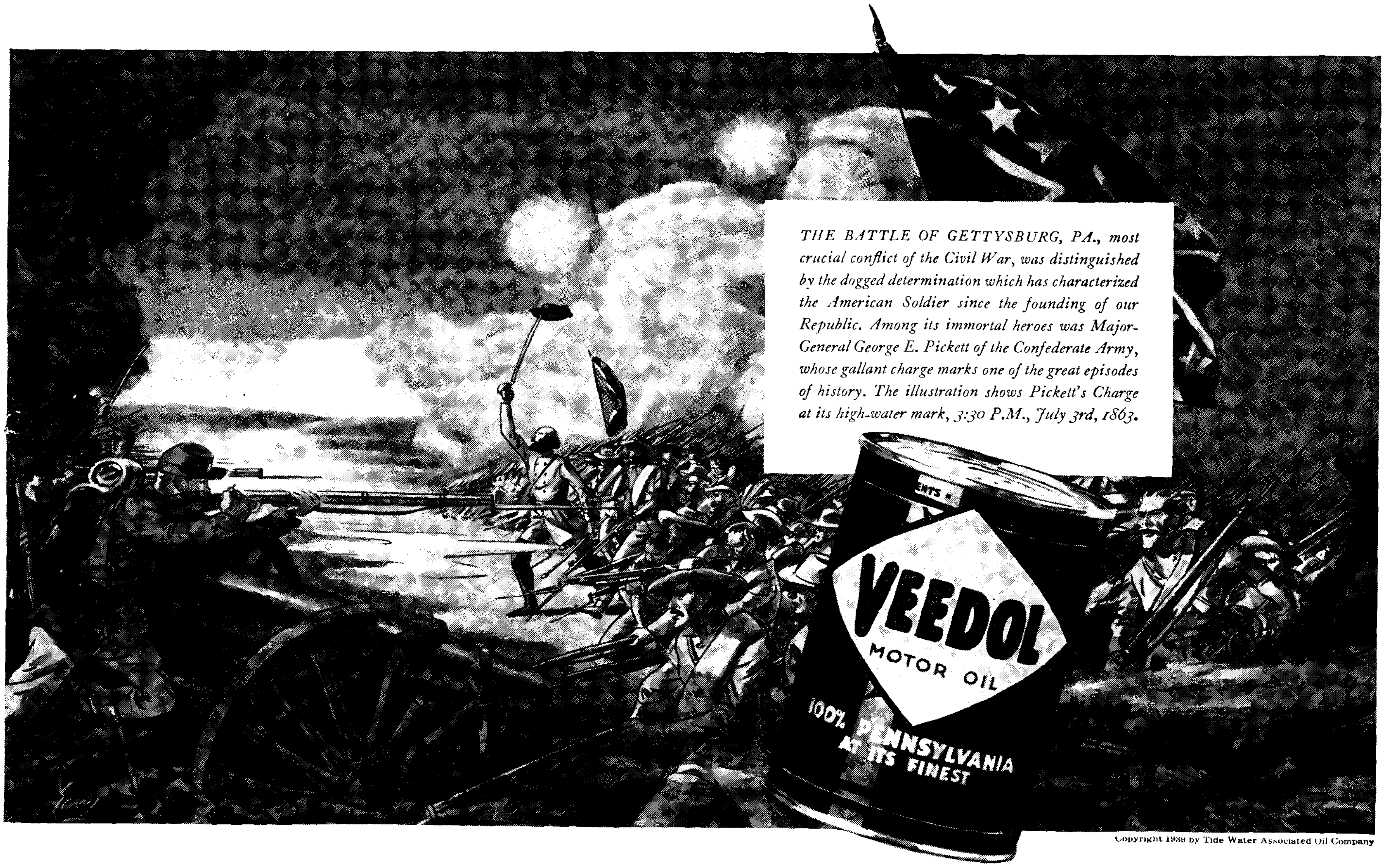
"Oh, the hunting lodge and the drinks were all right, but all we had to dance to was a record of Chamberlain's Munich speech!"

GARDNER REA

When you say "PENNSYLVANIA"

a Soldier thinks of GETTYSBURG

a Careful Motorist thinks of VEEDOL



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, PA., most crucial conflict of the Civil War, was distinguished by the dogged determination which has characterized the American Soldier since the founding of our Republic. Among its immortal heroes was Major-General George E. Pickett of the Confederate Army, whose gallant charge marks one of the great episodes of history. The illustration shows Pickett's Charge at its high-water mark, 3:30 P.M., July 3rd, 1863.

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JUST a few years after Gettysburg . . . another battle waged in Pennsylvania. Courageous oil men fought every obstacle of man and nature to complete America's first long distance pipe-line. These men founded the company that makes Veedol Motor Oil.

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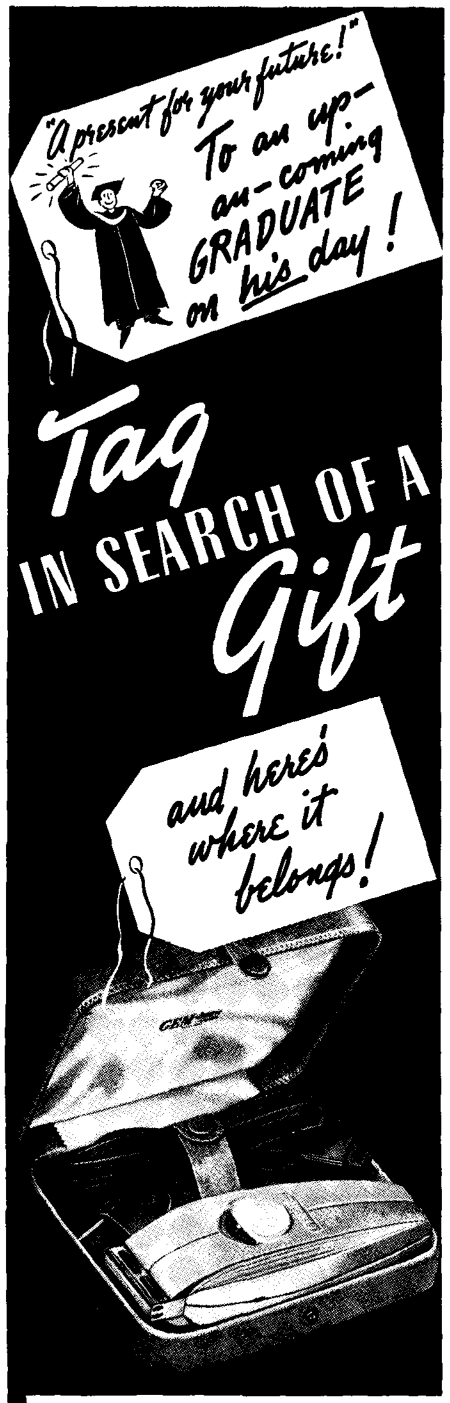
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Automatic Closeness. Instead of mere grooves, GEM-*lectric's* exclusive guard has 70 scientifically-shaped tines—that lift each whisker erect—then guide it into the cutters.

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Long Life. Both head and high-speed motor are permanently set by factory experts. Needs no adjusting or breaking in. Full year's guarantee against defects.

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GEM-lectric Shaver is the new companion of the famous Gem Razors and Blades. Behind it are 37 years of face-shaving experience. Get your GEM-*lectric at your dealer now.*

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Please send me 1 GEM-*lectric* Shaver. My check or money order for $12.50 enclosed.
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Street____________City________

morrow," he said, backing down the stairs. "You'll see some pictures in that sheet, from now on."

Then he went down the driveway to find a bus, and on the way he patted one of the iron lions.

Joe fitted in behind Charley Bass' drawing board as if he had had it custom-built. He hooked his heels on the swivel-chair base, took the crayon-pencil stub out of his vest pocket and let his art come out with the easy flow of Seabiscuit winning a match race. He would show Lorene how he could really draw. Charley Bass had told him they wanted a picture of the city boss, looking something like a wolf, chasing three little pigs labeled "The Taxpayers," and they had given Joe a morgue photo so that he could see what the boss was like.

Joe could have made a wolf out of Mary's lamb, if called upon, and it was nothing to make one out of the lean, long-jawed, big-eared man in the photo.

Old Mrs. Blumenthal, the morgue keeper, came in to look over his shoulder, said, "It's him to a T," and went out shaking her beautiful dyed head.

And when Charley Bass inspected the finished cartoon, he said, "I never did J. B. better myself."

"You never made him so good, Charley," said the city editor. "You always made him too good-looking. This is the stuff we need to shove that guy out of office." He told Joe, "Keep doing them like this and maybe I'll get you five bucks more a week." He added, "I only said 'maybe.' "

They took the cartoon off to the engraver, and Joe sat back and thought about Lorene. He could still feel her lips warm on his mouth. But he also remembered the way she acted about his working on the Courier. He walked out where Mrs. Blumenthal was filing clippings.

"I'm a stranger here in town," Joe said. "But I guess you've been around a long time. I mean, a long time here."

Mrs. Blumenthal said, "Not too long—but long enough should you want to know something."

"Did you ever hear of a girl named Lorene Murphy?"

Mrs. Blumenthal pinned on a new paper cuff.

"I just met her," Joe said. "She's a friend of mine."

Suddenly, Mrs. Blumenthal muttered sharply, as if she had stuck herself with the pin. She started to walk away, but held one mysterious finger to her lips. "Be careful what you say, young man. The publisher is somewhere in the building right now. Be careful," and then she went off, leaving him standing there.

HE COULD feel something was wrong here, and all that day he had the feeling, without knowing why.

Early in the evening he phoned Lorene, and he still had that sensation of something strange happening. His palms were moist and some odd faintness of the stomach gripped him.

The afternoon paper had been out three hours when he said into the phone, "Hello, Lorene. This is Joe."

Why didn't she answer? What was it that he could hear in the receiver—a gasp?

"Lorene—what's the matter?"

Then he heard her. "You know what's the matter," her voice said weirdly. "I never thought you'd have the nerve to phone me. I've seen your miserable newspaper, and your—your degrading picture!"

"What?"

"You're just a Courier tool," she sputtered at him. "You think you'll make people vote against my father. You think you'll push him out of the commissioner's office."

"*What?*"

"I felt it coming," she was crying. "I knew you would do it. I never want to see you again—you drawing my father to look like a fox!"

Joe began, "Listen—"

"Don't you dare phone me again! My father *isn't* a fox!"

Then something deep and proud flamed inside Joe Burton. "I didn't know it was your father. I've only been in this town three days. And it isn't what *I* think—I'm only a cartoonist. Anyhow," he said hoarsely, "it wasn't a fox. It was a wolf!"

But the phone had clicked dead, and all he could hear was the black, lonely emptiness that roared in his ears.

JOE yearned for the privacy of Smith's Mills. He liked to draw pictures and make them good, but he had made them too good—and now he found that the penalty of greatness is to wear an iron collar around your neck, and have your heart run through a crunching meat grinder.

Now he could see that hell hath no fury like a newspaper with a political cause, and art is merely a means of chopping a rival's head off, when it is directed by a fighting publisher. From his cubbyhole behind the morgue files, Joe could hear the thunder and tumult out in the city room, where leg men rushed in with scandal's glorious gleanings, and rewrite men banged it out on typewriters that clacked and clanged with righteous indignation.

And Joe drew. He drew Lorene's father as a goose, as a hawk, as a strutting rooster, as a Roman emperor—as a man reading the handwriting on the wall.

He drew, thinking about Lorene, and not thinking about her—and made pictures in his sleep. In three weeks the city editor was bragging that he had discovered him, and the "maybe five" had become twenty more a week in his pay envelope.

But he wanted to phone Lorene as much as he wanted to draw her picture—but even more he feared her accusation.

Election night came, and on the first page of the Courier, four columns wide, was his cartoon of Lorene's father, stalking hyenalike over the picked bones of civilization. It did not matter that it was not tagged "J. B. Murphy." When Joe's pencil drew a man the identity leaped out at you so that you couldn't possibly mistake it.

Joe sat in a corner of the city room, while the election returns came in. He was introduced to the publisher's wife, and listened to the phones ringing and the yelling all around him.

By eleven o'clock, a hush had fallen on the paper-littered city room, and tired reporters pushed their half-soled feet up on desks, or relit soggy cigars, or muttered among themselves in talk peculiar to their kind. It came to Joe, with a dull sense of surprise, that this was not a scene of triumph but one of gloom and defeat, and he listened to the city editor saying, "Oh, well—we'll get him out the next time," and knew the election was over.

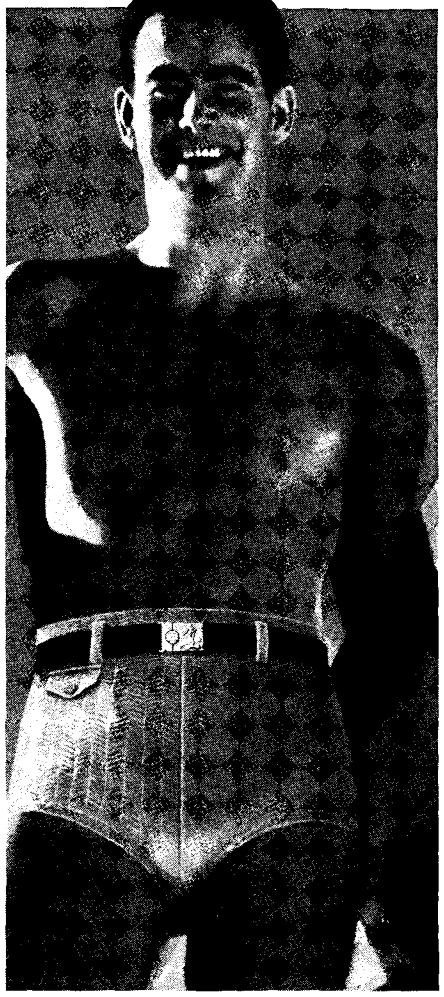
"How did we make out?" he asked.

A reporter snorted, "We *didn't* make out, mister. They beat us plenty, like always."

Joe wandered off to the elevator. Maybe he had had a crazy idea that the Courier's success might win Lorene over. She might point out to her father that he was doing wrong. But now apparently her father wasn't doing wrong. Maybe he was a wolf and a Roman emperor, but he had come out triumphant in the end.

Next night, Joe had supper alone at the Press Club, and he got into the dining room before he had any idea of what he was really getting into. He could see

The "Class" of '39



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a long table in the center, with men around it, and the warmth of their merrymaking showed him how lonely he really was now. He did not see the man who suddenly nudged the guest of honor at the head of the table. The first thing that Joe Burton knew was that somebody was coming toward his own table—and the rest of the diners were turning around to stare.

Then Joe knew indeed that he was a haunted soul, because the man who came striding toward him was not so much a man as a series of caricatures—of a wolf, a goose, a Roman emperor. Joe blinked.

"So," said J. B. Murphy, staring down at him from an enormous, mountainous height, "you are the one?" His eyes were piercing as Joe stumbled to his feet.

The room was still as a death house, as Joe said the only thing that could come out by itself. "Yes, sir," was all.

"Young feller," said the big man, "there is only one thing that I want more than to break your neck. I want one of those damned pictures to hang in my den!"

Then the room slammed and crashed with men roaring with laughter, and Joe stood there tongue-tied and red-faced; and he didn't understand why J. B. was taking his hand and shaking it. But he was beginning to get an idea why J. B. was so hard to put out of office.

"How about it, sonny?" said Lorene's father. "You get me a picture and we'll bury the hatchet. Okay?"

Joe said splutteringly, "Which picture? You mean one of those—"

"Hell," said Mr. Murphy, "get me any one. They were tough but they looked like me. You're the only guy who ever drew me good, son."

HE HAD Joe by the arm, and all at once was telling Joe something that was hard to believe and sounded like a crazy joke. But it began to sink into Joe's mind, and pretty soon he found himself being pushed out into the hall—where he finally got his hat and walked out like a man walking on pneumatic tubes.

It took him a long time to get out to Lorene's house. He went right up and rang the bell. And when it opened, he knew her father must have phoned her, because Lorene stood there. She was outlined in a halo of electric light, and her red hair was like glinting copper.

"Your father sent me," Joe said. "You can kick me out, but it was his idea. Go on, kick me—I won't blame you."

She backed away from the door, and he came in, shaking her hand as if it were a pump handle that had come off.

"I know he sent you," she said in her low voice that was like something you hear in a sea shell, far off but exciting. "I told you he was nice. I told you he was the swellest father. He didn't care about the pictures—much. It was me. But when I told him about us—well, he said he would get you out here, if he had to carry you."

"He wouldn't have had to carry me," Joe said. "I would have come. Look, here I am right now." He added, "He wants one of my pictures. He said that I drew him fine."

SHE said, "I can see now those pictures weren't your fault. I don't feel bad about them at all now. You just had to draw them—didn't you?"

"Yeah," said Joe soberly, "but they were all right. Your father wants one to hang in his den, doesn't he? I guess that proves something."

"Anyhow," she told him, "it won't ever happen any more—I mean your making fun of him."

Joe was holding her hand now like a piece of blown Venetian glass—when she suddenly raised herself on her toes and kissed him. But even as he held her tight, he remembered something.

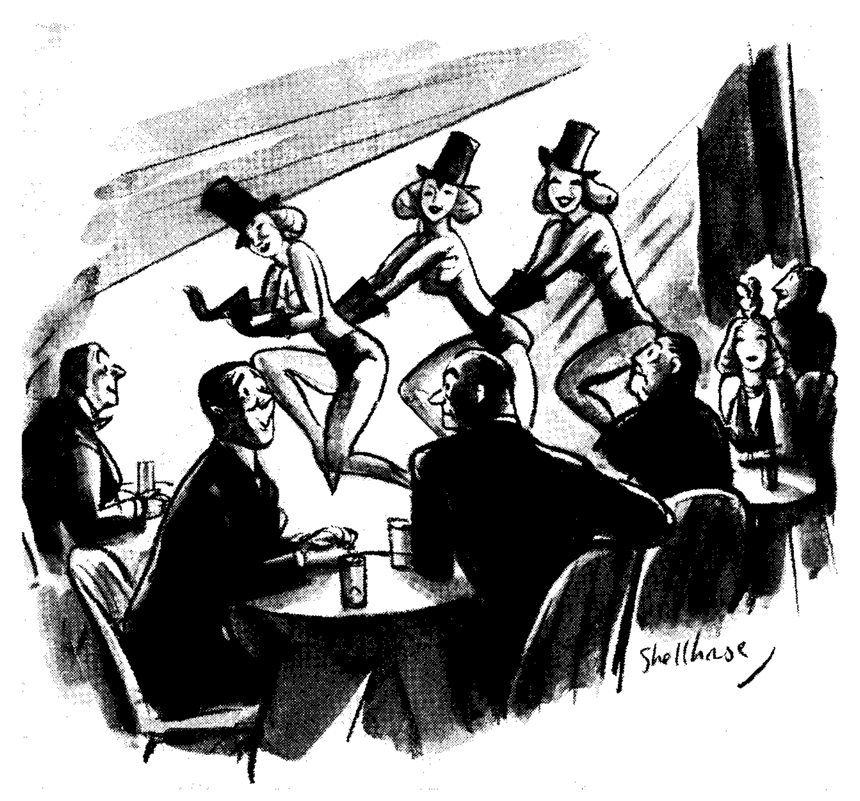
"What do you mean—it won't happen any more?" he asked. "Next election they'll be laying for him."

"Not the Courier," Lorene said. "Father bought it today. Didn't I say he was wonderful? He can do anything. He's looking forward to seeing you lampoon his enemies."

Joe said, "It's okay with me. All I want is to draw pictures—draw good pictures." He frowned, and he looked down into her blue eyes that were now damp as bluebells are after a spring rain. "But I never will be able to draw you—like I want to. I haven't the feeling. I can't draw girls."

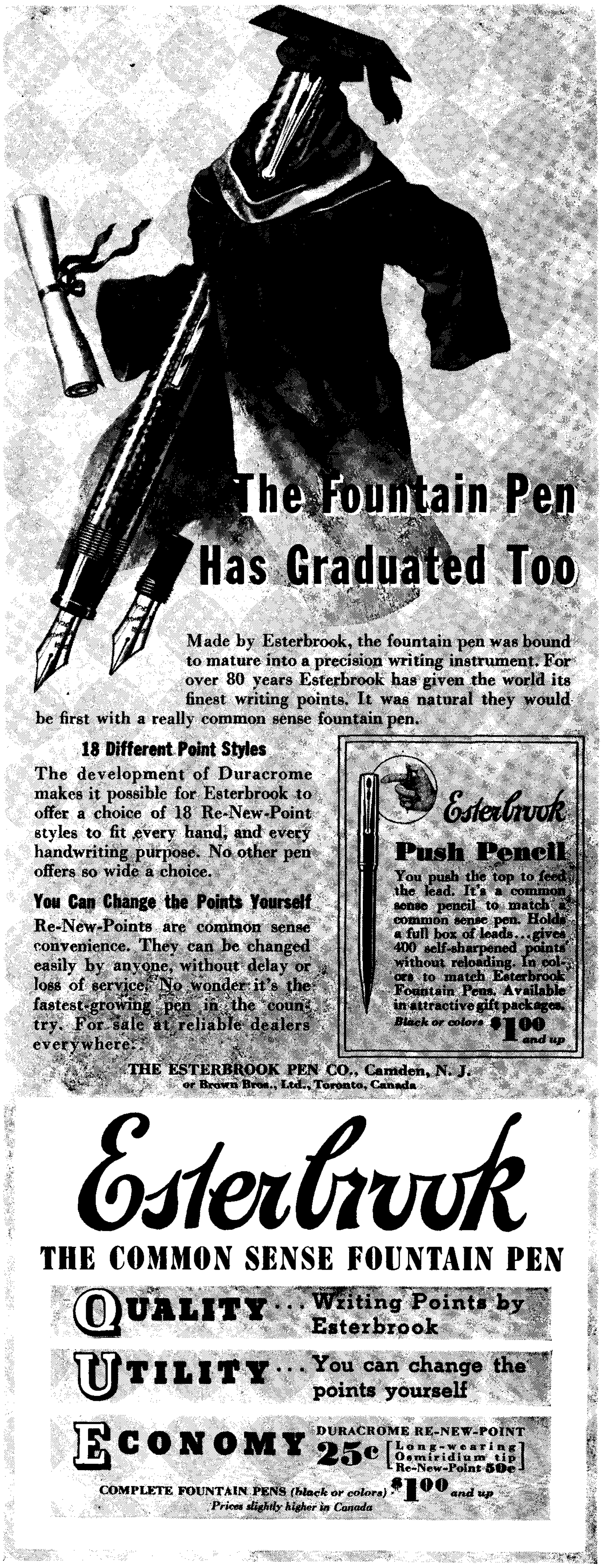
"You don't have to," Lorene pointed out. "Wouldn't you rather have me than a picture?"

"Sure—I would at that," said Joe Burton, and with conviction.



"It reminds me of home . . . the patter of little feet . . ."

GEORGE SHELLHASE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One-Man Road

Continued from page 17

heavily lined; his hair was iron-gray; and beneath a wisp of iron-gray mustache the butt of a cheroot smoldered and wabbled when he talked. He looked frail enough for a good wind to blow away, but I remembered that he'd lived on Narooma a long time, and I saw he had his gun belts hooked over the back of his chair, and I remembered that frail men can be deceptive. He had a glass in one skinny hand and a bottle of whisky stood on the floor beside him, and when I came up he stared at me intently out of faded blue eyes and then raised his voice for a houseboy to bring another glass.

"I saw the Mafeking drop you off," he said dryly. "Too blasted hot to go down and meet you. What's wrong?"

I sat down unasked and took a drink and explained about the mahogany, and was there really a stand, and would he judge it worth looking at? And I told him about my trips to Narooma in the past on the old Alavar.

He heard me through without comment, half asleep as it were, and then he observed: "There is no mahogany. At least not enough to work. I looked into that business years ago myself, but you can ask Farrington, if you like. He knows more about the interior than I do."

"Farrington?" I was genuinely puzzled. "I didn't know there was another white man around."

He seemed amused at that. "So you never heard of Farrington. And you say you used to call here when the syndicate was running. Better think again."

A FAINT memory stirred me then, but the thing was incredible. Incredible on Narooma at least.

"There did use to be a Farrington," I said uncertainly. "One of the engineers, I think. But, lord, man, that was years ago."

He nodded and waited while the houseboy refilled the glasses. "Yes, it was years ago," he agreed, "even before my time. Farrington came in to build the road. He's still building it."

I remembered then that the syndicate had decided to build a road to the mine in preference to a narrow-gauge railway. Some engineering reason or other, or maybe it was because someone in the syndicate wanted to sell the firm a lot of big trucks to haul coal to the docks. And Farrington, it came to me, had been the engineer in charge. I remembered we brought him out in the Alavar from New York, a tall, lean, redheaded and serious young man, burningly intent on his first big job. He didn't drink or carouse around with the other boys we were bringing out, but spent most of his time poring over maps of Narooma (such as existed), studying plans and assimilating the reports of the preliminary surveys. I recalled seeing him once or twice again on other trips, after we'd landed him, growing leaner and looking, if possible, more serious than ever.

"But this can't be the same Farrington," I insisted. "What on earth . . ."

"I told you. He's still building his road," said the trader. He finished his drink and shook his head. "Mad, quite mad," he muttered. And with a touch of cynicism: "Who isn't who stays in this damned hole? But he does know the interior and if you've got to make a report on the mahogany he can give you the facts."

"I'll see him," I promised. "But just what is it all about? Everything else has gone to pieces. There can't be a road any more."

"That's what you think," he said dryly. "But there is." And since there was nothing to do but talk and drink until the Mafeking came back for me, he told me the story.

"The beginning, of course, is spotty with me," he said. "I picked it up here and there. Bits from the skipper of the Cecilia . . . that's the schooner that brings my stores and takes my cargo every six months. The skipper used to run a launch here in the time of the syndicate, and, of course, he knew Farrington. . . . And then I had a lot from Farrington himself, in the days before he forgot just what the story was. When he came here . . . you say you brought him? Well, you know . . . he was all young and eager, and on fire to get at his work. So we all are . . . so we all were, eh? When we were young." He drank and stared moodily at the sea for a while.

"Well, Farrington naturally had no idea what he was up against. How the devil could he until he got here? So there he was, fresh from the States, and it was all new to him, and it was his first big job. So he landed ready for work, with half a dozen other white boys to help him, and the first thing he knew three of them were down with the fever and another one had been killed by a Malay running amok. This all happened the first day the steamer left, and there he was on the beach with piles of machinery and supplies, three sick men on his hands, and two hundred coolies who'd been shipped in as his laborers and who for a couple of weeks had nothing to do, had been milling around and raising hell generally inside some jerry-built compounds. There was a detail of native police under a white sergeant supposed to keep order, but they were drunk most of the time and the coolies had had things pretty much their own way.

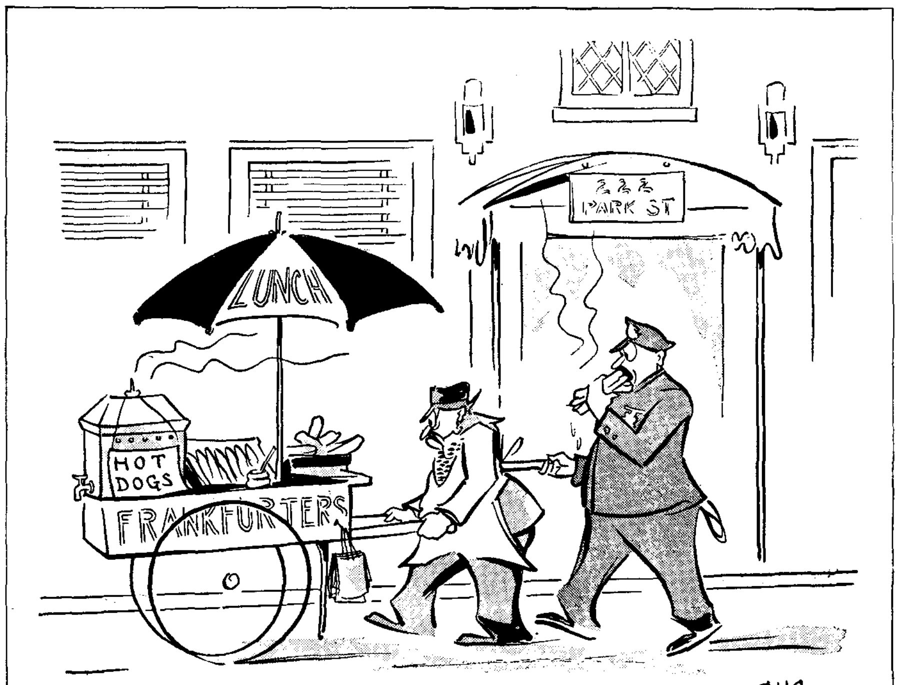
"It must have been a mess. You can figure that out. The resident manager had gone up in the hills with the mining engineers to inspect the scene of operations. His assistant, who had been left in charge, was hopelessly incompetent and frightened by the whole situation. The resident doctor was dead of snakebite. . . . I guess the Alavar took his body home that run . . . and what few other white men were about—carpenters, divers and the like—were doing just about what they pleased, besides dying and swilling gin. The organization was terrible, which you can expect when a syndicate runs things from headquarters ten thousand miles away. Well, never mind.

"Farrington had never been up against anything like it in his life before, but from all accounts he took hold pretty well. With two remaining sound men he knocked some sense into the white police sergeant and the native squad, and then with bribes and threats, and some force, I suppose, he got enough of the coolies under control to put his machinery and supplies in shelter and make a beginning at cutting into the jungle. But even when things had more or less settled down it was a murderous business. The coolies died like flies; so did the engineers and others. Narooma! Well, you know Narooma!"

HE HELD his glass out for the houseboy to refill, and he took out his cheroot and inspected the glowing tip. His face was cynical and hard. He knew Narooma. Twin guns beside him night and day. He coughed and went on:

"There were other ships calling here besides your Alavar. Some brought more coolies. Some brought lumber and sheet iron, and more machinery. Once some bright spirit in the syndicate sent out a load of heavy draft horses for Farrington's use. What arrived alive, and what didn't drown in the surf, died in a few days. They never did find out just what disease it was that killed them, but it was fast and ugly from what I heard.

"Even mules couldn't stand the climate, and so they finally had to send tractors, and that meant storage tanks for oil, and more white men to handle that end of it. And the new white men died too. And the tractors bogged down in the soft ground. Farrington was two months getting half a mile into the jungle, and by that time he had only one assistant on his feet, and the coolies that were left at the moment were in



"Tryin' to influence me by offerin' me a hot dog with mustard on a toasted roll, eh? Shame on yuh! Git goin'"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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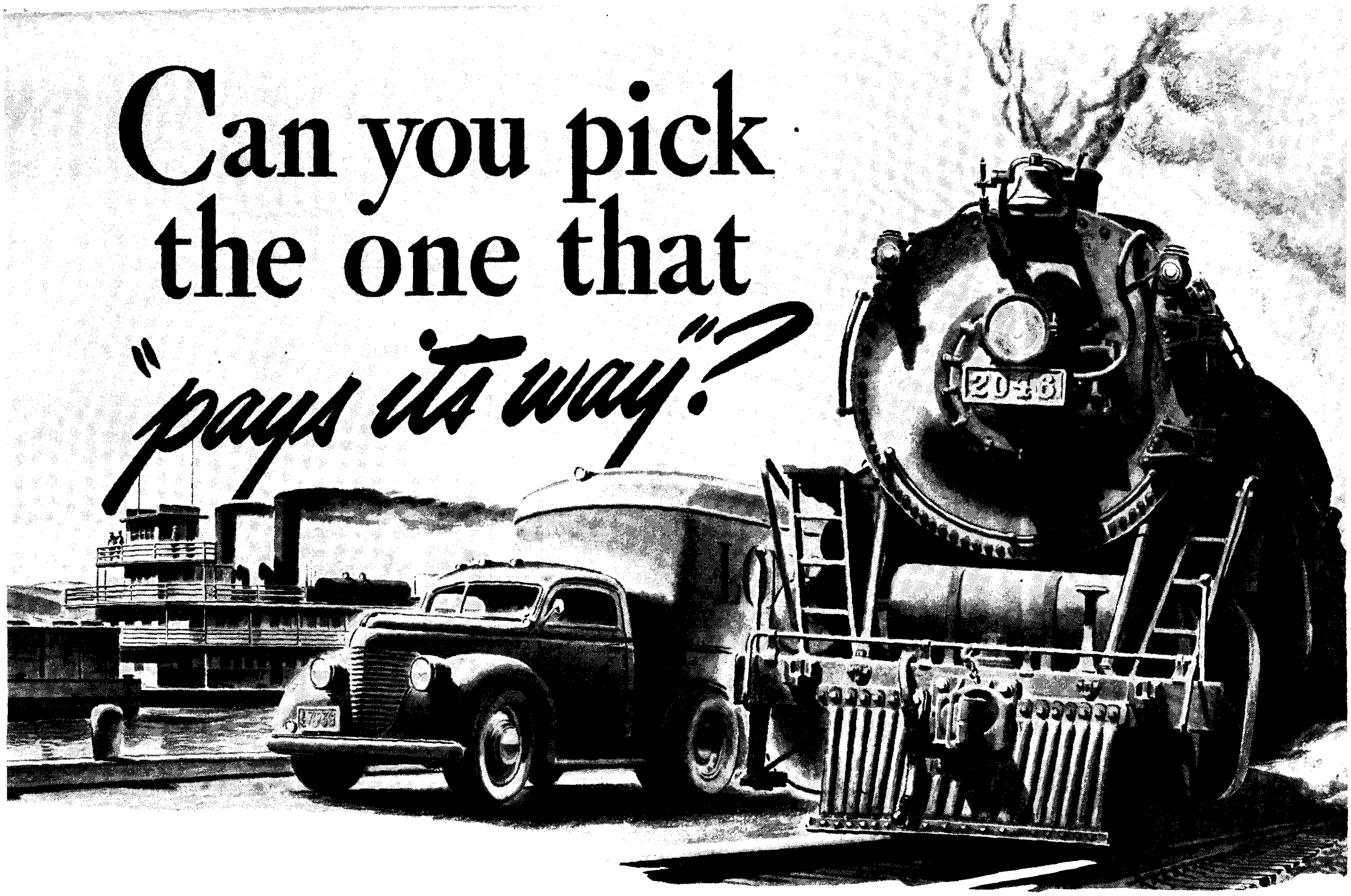

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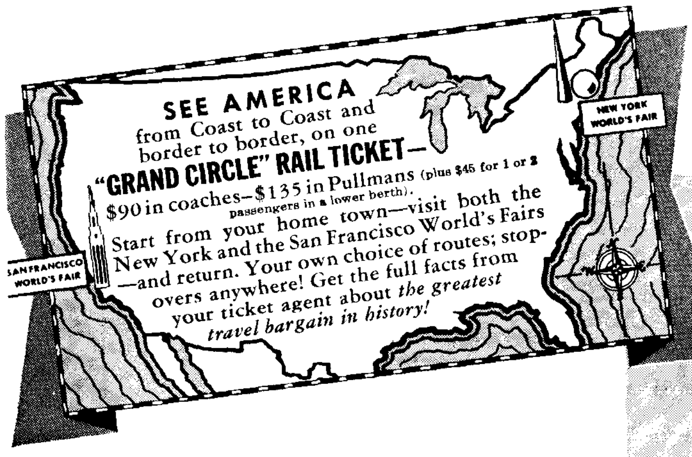

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mutiny. Tough going, eh? But the young fool stuck!

"So he got that settled, and more coolies came in and some fresh assistants arrived on your Alavar, and Farrington left things in their charge while he pushed ahead his main surveys practically alone. That was when he first began to realize just what the job was. The beginning had been bad, but what he had to go up against later was worse. The route for the road, the only possible route, ran for a mile fairly level and on solid ground. Then there was a swamp half a mile across, and after that a cliff almost steep-to, with a canyon beyond. I've been over the road once or twice and I can see what it all must have meant.

"Setting aside the fact of his men dying all about him, four or five a day; setting aside the snakes and mosquitoes, and the trouble with the wild pigs that used to charge every working party they came across at first, there were other things Farrington had to handle. I mean troubles with the job. The damned rains . . . well, you know. Everything washing away two or three times a week. And supplies of this and that looted by the coolies and by the swine that live down at the village. I suppose it was there in your time—Dyaks, Malays, Arabs. And half the pirate *praus* from the mainland would hang around waiting to make a quick dash in on a dark night and get what they could, and anyone who got in their way had a kris between his ribs. Of course, a lot of that was stopped in time, as the port began to grow, but it occurred on and off right to the end. Every damn' thing conspired against the road."

He drank again, took several quinine pills and lighted a new cheroot.

"You're wondering how Farrington stuck it. I mean, stuck Narooma and the job. Well, in the first place it seemed he had a girl back home and he wanted to marry her once he'd made a reputation and some money. He was making money here all right, and if he ever got that damned road finished he'd make his reputation too. At least, that is what he figured. As for the fever and such, he was immune. One of those freaks, maybe like me, though I figure with me it's Scotch and quinine a lot. Though maybe I'm naturally immune too. Anyway, even if Farrington had felt like quitting he never did. He stuck. I think he stuck at first because of the girl, and then later because he just had to lick Narooma. He just had to finish his job. It became something mighty important to him."

I WONDERED what his own story was. No one lived on Narooma unless he had to. But he was a hard, cynical man *and at the moment intent on Farrington.*

The trader drank and closed his faded blue eyes.

"Yes, it was mighty important to him. He lost man after man. Not a single one remained with him longer than a few weeks, months at the most. They died or they resigned. He had to fight his coolies, sometimes even the police squad. And always the resident manager was hounding him to get that road through. They wanted to start selling that coal. And the syndicate from back home kept writing letters. And then there was Narooma fighting him. Damn her! I know! But he got the road through to the swamp all right, and then for eight solid months he tried to get a foundation across that quagmire.

"I think I said there was no other way to the mine. They'd looked over all other possible routes and over that swamp was the only feasible one if they could ever get over. Farrington must have poured half the rock along the coast into it before he began to have any luck or get any foundation. And twice, just as he felt he was secure, floods came down and washed everything away. In the end he had to drain the damned swamp itself, cut through a ledge and a mile of jungle, and run ditches out through the mangroves to the sea. But he did it, and the road went on. And the syndicate wrote again and wanted to know why he hadn't thought of draining the swamp at first and what he meant by wasting time and money. One of those things that drive a man on the job just plain mad!

"I don't know in detail what it was all about but I gather Farrington knew what he was doing and had tried to manage things the easiest and quickest way. It made him sick for a while. He was fighting Narooma and the syndicate too.

"And then came the canyon. It ran—the sides of it—straight up and down, as if a giant knife had sliced into the earth, and there were constant landslides after every heavy rain, and there were always heavy rains. You know the island. It took him months, with failure after failure to haunt him, before he got it bridged, and then he had to face a steep ridge of friable rock and beyond it two solid miles of thorny jungle, alive with snakes and centipedes, and it ran to the foot of the mine.

"HE TOLD me once, before he had forgotten such things . . . I think I said he was a fool and quite mad . . . that the road had eaten him until he was all like a ghastly dream. A dream mixed up with mutinous coolies, and men dropping dead every foot of the way, and clouds of mosquitoes and landslides and cloudbursts, all complicated by arguments with the resident manager and the mine engineers, and peremptory orders from the syndicate back home; the orders arriving usually when his tractors were bogged down in the wet and he stood helplessly watching a month's work slide away before the pounding rain; while his coolies were deserting or dying on his hands. He told me he used to wake up in the night and go outside his tent to see if the road was really there, or whether it was just a nightmare after all. And sometimes he used to cry about it. And sometimes he would swear. But mostly he was stiff and grim and silent, and he drove the work on. Mad, quite mad! And a fool! Why didn't he go *home?* I've *no* patience with men like that!"

The trader drank again. He had no use for fools. The very thought made him savage, as you could see from the way he crushed his cheroot. Farrington was a fool, a man tied to a dream. I understood that already. And anyone tied to a dream is quite, quite mad. The trader was right. He had to live with twin gun belts, and his past, whatever it was, to hold him. And he had to live on Narooma, with a bunch of swine, and the very idea of Farrington, who was doing it from choice, made him burn. I could understand that too.

"But you know what I mean," he insisted savagely. "He became part of the road, as the road became part of him. It was his black beast. It was his pride. It was his hate. When he had been here two years and was due for leave—he was about the only man who ever stuck it or lived long enough to earn a leave—he was afraid to go. The road was nearly finished; but half of his assistants who knew the work were, as usual, either dead or sick, and someone, he understood, had to break in the new men as they came. Farrington learned fast.

"Then there was a shipment of fresh coolies that had to be handled and trained, but above all, though the surveys showed the rest of the road should be a comparatively easy job, he desperately wanted to see the finish. He was the only one of them all who had been with it from the first cuts into the

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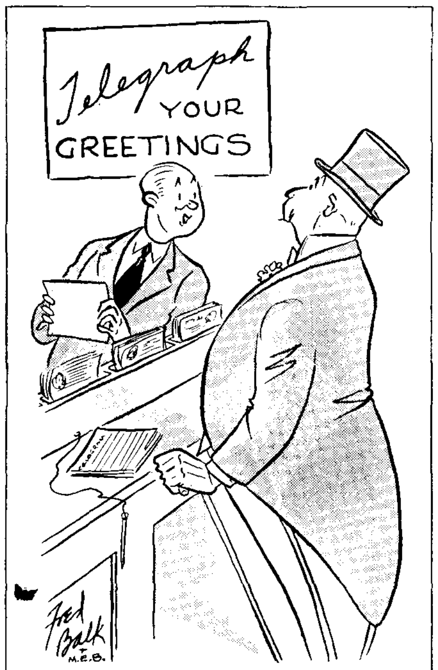
jungle. And he wanted to be personally on hand when the last shovel was turned. It was a matter of pride. I can understand it even if no one else ever did. So he didn't take his leave. He remained and worked. And his girl back home, tired of waiting, married someone else." He laughed. "They always seem to, the girls you leave back home." He laughed again and it was not a pleasant sound.

"Well, considering Farrington had taken the job as much for the girl's sake as for his own, I suppose the news of her jilting him should have hurt him a lot more than it seemed to. But I think by this time the road had absorbed him so much he was only faintly aware of other things, and except where the road was concerned he was almost completely beyond hurt. I really mean that. He was fascinated. Or perhaps it was Narooma that had gotten him. It gets every man in some way, and perhaps the quick death is the easiest. I often wonder.

"But the end came soon enough. Just as Farrington had the road about finished the syndicate was debating whether or not to drop the whole business. The big ships were all turning to oil and there wasn't much sense any more in trying to make a coaling port out of Narooma. Then, to cap it all, there came the earthquake. You'll remember hearing about it. It started at night, and all through the darkness, they told me, young Farrington stood sweating and praying and watching his road, which ran now to the mine. But with the dawn there was no mine, nor much of anything else except the big salt lake that had sprung from nowhere and had swallowed the hills. Everything had gone except the road.



"That will be two sixty-five. But if you leave out the word 'love' you might save about $10,000!"

FRED BALK

"If you want to go and look you can see for yourself. It's uncanny. Right to the edge of the lake it runs, where the mine stood, just as if the quake had taken the road end as its deadline, destroying everything beyond it but leaving the road itself intact. Would you call that a miracle?"

The trader smiled grimly and stared at the sea, and his cheroot moved up and down as he chewed on it. He seemed to brood, huddled in the big cane chair; and his faded blue eyes were bitter. He was a man soured on life and cynical all through. I don't suppose he believed in anything any more. What was there to believe in on Narooma?

"Farrington thought the earthquake was a miracle, anyway," he went on. "His road was left and it might not be impossible for them to mine the coal from the lake. A madman's dream, of course. . . . I told you he was quite mad, and a fool . . . and it ended when the syndicate sent orders for him to drop everything and return home. They sent two ships to salvage what machinery and supplies they could, and to get out the coolies and the others. Only Farrington refused to go. He had, you understand, nothing much waiting for him any more. His girl was gone, and whatever reputation he might have made was gone too. No one would be interested in a road that was never used, and never would be used now.

"Perhaps it was the shock that got him, the shock of being told to discard all he had labored to achieve. He'd given it his best. He'd given it his youth. And he could no more leave it—he told me so many times—than he could leave his own shadow. And so he remained, with one coolie to look after him . . . a man whose life he'd saved sometime . . . and that was the end. He was really quite mad, you see. Who else but a fool or a madman would marry a road?"

HE WAS silent for a moment and I said, "Such things have happened before. I think it is a sort of craft pride. A man hates to see a good job go to hell." And he slowly nodded, though his mouth took a bitter twist.

"I suppose that's it. A good job done is something . . . anyway, when I came here Farrington and his coolie had been carrying on for years. A sort of endless procession. They walk up the road to its end and then walk back again, repairing what they can . . . the rains often wash regular gullies, cut the road across, and they've been trying to keep back the jungle. You know how fast it can come in. One day a clear space, and the next a tangle of vines. So he still goes . . . after the lost years . . . Farrington, up and down the road, up and down. I haven't taken a look at it for a long time but I'd guess it's still in condition and could be used. The damned fool!" He drank again. "I've no patience with him. Mad, quite mad."

"But how does he manage to keep himself?" I inquired. "His supplies, I mean. Unless he has gone entirely native and lives off the country."

"No," observed the trader. He was very quiet. "He hasn't gone native. He bought supplies at first from occasional ships that dropped in here . . . bought them out of what he had saved while he was working. . . . And when he ran out of money, well . . ." the trader shrugged. "Who gives a damn?" And then he added abruptly, "Anyway, he should be along soon if you want to ask him about that mahogany. This is about his hour. He's a fool, of course, and quite mad. I think I mentioned that."

He was silent, brooding again. In the islands you don't ask a man why he is there. You usually know. And the houseboy came and refilled our glasses. In the silence, then, you could hear the low monotonous droning of the insects in the jungle, and behind it, as it were, the soft mutter of the surf. The tide had run out and the afternoon sun shone brassily upon the half-naked reefs where the great mottled octopi went looping over the rocks, and the sea snakes fought in the pool with the giant crabs and enormous purple centipedes. Sea birds wheeled and dipped through the inert air, and over all there was a sense of oppression. A shadow as of death, beneath which Narooma brooded, green, sultry and sullen.

And then, as the trader stopped talking, Farrington came. He was at first little more than a dot on the dazzling expanse of the beach, followed by a smaller dot that was his coolie servant. And then he came up on the veranda, a

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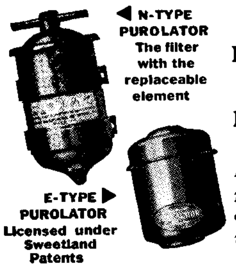

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tall man in untidy but still presentable whites. I never would have known him. He was burned as brown as any Kanaka, and the hair beneath his sun helmet was quite white. He had a white beard, too, neatly clipped and vivid against his tan, but in spite of all this there was about him an air of irrepressible youth. His walk was firm and vigorous, his gray eyes were clear and bright, and when he spoke there was that same serious eagerness in his voice that I remembered had been there years and years ago, when we had brought him green from New York on the old Alavar. His coolie squatted in the shade of the veranda and waited while Farrington talked, and it was not until then that I understood what the trader had meant when he said Farrington was quite mad.

For Farrington not so much talked as babbled. Ignoring me entirely, he dropped to a chair and, spreading his hands, burst into a torrent of excited words that had to do with his road. A new gully had furrowed it this side of the canyon, but he'd fix that. Young bamboos were trying to encroach upon it where it started to cross the old swamp. He was particularly indignant and even outraged because a troop of wild pigs had cut it up terribly in several places and the wind had leveled a huge palm right across it. He had spent a full day, he explained, getting rid of that obstruction.

So he babbled on, eagerly and heatedly giving in detail the sufferings of his road, and the trader sat and nodded sympathetically with an occasional "I see," or a mild "Well, well." And then, when Farrington had finished, stopping suddenly and looking confusedly around, as if puzzled himself as to what he had been talking about, the trader said gently, "I suppose you brought your supply list, Mr. Farrington."

Farrington stared for a moment, his brow wrinkled, then he laughed happily, much as a child might. "The supply list? Ah, yes. My man will collect the stuff." With that he got up abruptly, adjusted his sun helmet and briskly turned to go. On the veranda steps he looked back. "Of course, charge it to the syndicate's account," he said seriously, and then with a wave of his hand he went striding away, growing small again down the white beach. His coolie, a wizened little Oriental, came up and presented a slip of paper. The trader glanced at it and shrugged. "All right. Tell the store boy to let you help yourself. We broke a new case of jam open yesterday. Take Farrington three or four tins and say it is a present from me." The coolie bobbed his head and went away. The trader drank and did not look at me, but I was thinking of Farrington and his road.

And I was remembering the story I had read somewhere a long time ago. Of Jason and the Golden Fleece. How he had sailed with a band of heroes, and had returned triumphant. And how the heroes had dispersed and left him, the voyage done, brooding and mourning in the shadow of the beached ship. She was for him the symbol of his one great adventure, and into that adventure he had put his youth and all the best of him. And he could not leave. Until in the end, thinking of the great days and dreaming in the shadow of the ship's hull, her timbers finally fell and crushed him (*Sic transit gloria!*) as the road would finally crush Farrington.

SOMETIME, I thought, he would not appear at his regular hour or on his regular day, and after a while the cynical little trader would rouse himself enough from his indolence to go and pick up a body lying somewhere on the road. But perhaps not even that would happen. The trader was cynical enough to let the jungle take back both the road and the man. Why should he care? And then a thought struck me.

"But Farrington's supplies?" I said. "You told me he ran out of money. How then, does he deal with you?"

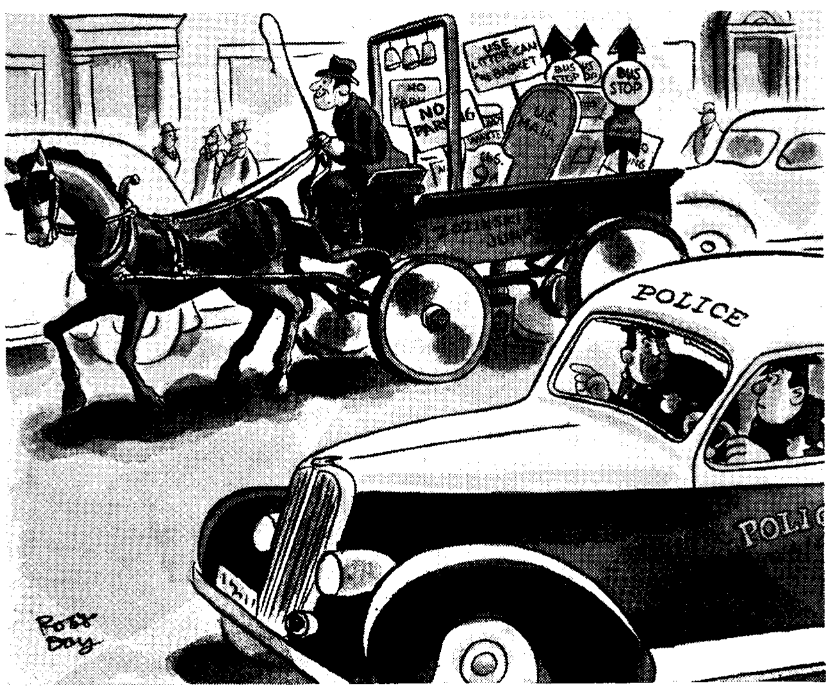
"You heard him," said the trader shortly. "It's charged to the syndicate."

"But there's no syndicate now," I protested.

He drank slowly and looked at me, his mouth lifted in a curious cynical twist. "Farrington's forgotten that. There really wasn't a syndicate anyway. It was a one-man idea and was going fine until things crashed. You see, he's in love with his road. A man has to have a dream about something. The road is Farrington's. And why should I spoil it?"

"But I still don't see . . ." I began, and he laughed a little.

"You don't understand?" he said bitterly. "I don't blame you. In a measure, you see, this is my penance. My dream was the coaling port of Narooma and it never came true, and I have to stay here or starve. It's all I've left. The bungalow and trading rights. But I couldn't see Farrington's dream failing too, after I knew his story. So I help him along. You see, I was the syndicate!"



"I think we'd better question that fellow" ROBERT DAY

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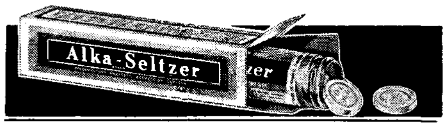

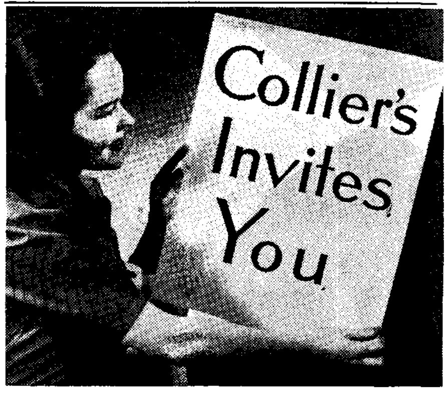

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The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 22

"Forgive me, Kerrigan, but I don't want to tell you. You will know in good time. One thing only I ask—and you will serve me best by doing exactly as I direct. Don't leave your flat tonight until you hear from me; and distrust visitors as I distrust every inch of my route from here to Scotland Yard!"

When he was gone, I sat at my desk endeavoring to get my notes in order.

A phone call interrupted me. It was from Scotland Yard, and I knew the speaker: Chief-Inspector Leighton of the special branch. News of Gallaho. He had escaped with cuts and contusions. The doctors despaired of the life of the driver; and among other casualties, great and small, occasioned by the apparently insane behavior of the truckman was that of this person himself. His neck had been broken in the collision.

"He was some kind of Asiatic," said Inspector Leighton. "Sir Denis may be able to recognize him. The firm to whom the lorry belonged knows nothing of the matter. . . ."

I WAS still thinking over his words when again my phone rang. I took up the receiver.

"Hello!"

"Yes," said a voice, "is that Bart Kerrigan?"

The speaker was Ardatha!

By dint of a mighty effort, I replied calmly:

"Yes, Ardatha. How did you find my number? It isn't in the book."

"You should know now"—how I loved her quaint accent—"that private numbers mean nothing to the people I belong to."

There was a moment of almost timorous hesitancy.

"I hate to hear you say that, Ardatha. I am desperately unhappy about you. Thank God you called me! Why did you call me?"

"Because I had to."

"What do you mean?"

"I cannot possibly speak to you long from here. I must see you tonight. This is urgent!"

I continued the effort to control my voice, to bid my thumping heart behave normally.

"Yes, Ardatha, you must know I am longing to see you. But—"

"But, what?"

"I cannot go out tonight."

"I do not ask you to go out tonight. I will come to you."

"Oh, my dear, it's wonderful! But every time you take such risks for my sake—"

"This is a risk I must take, or there will be no you, no Nayland Smith!"

"When shall I expect you?"

"In five minutes. But, listen. I know the house where you live: you cannot believe how well I know it! Release the catch of the front door, so that I do not have to wait out in the street. I will come up and ring your bell. Please do not look out of the window or do anything to show that you expect anyone. Will you promise?"

"Of course."

Silence.

I hung up the receiver as a man in a daze. Ardatha was real after all. Nayland Smith was wiser than I, for always he had acted as her counsel when in my despair I had condemned her as a Delilah.

I went downstairs. The lights were on in the little glass arcade that led to the porch. I opened the door and fixed the catch, so that a push from outside would give access; then, in the frame of mind that every man in such circumstances has known, I returned to my flat.

The interval, though short, seemed interminable. . . .

My doorbell rang. I walked from the study along the short passage.

I opened the door . . . and there on the landing, wearing a French cape and a black soft-brimmed hat, stood Dr. Fu Manchu!

"Mr. Kerrigan"—my dreadful visitor spoke softly—"do not hesitate to accept any order I may give."

His right elbow rested upon his hip, his long, yellow fingers held an object that resembled a silver fountain pen. I wrenched my glance away from those baleful eyes, and stared at this thing.

"Death in the form of disintegration I hold in my hand," he continued. "Step back. I will follow you."

The little silver tube he pointed in my direction. I walked slowly along to the study. I heard Dr. Fu Manchu close the front door and follow me in. I stood in front of the table and, turning, faced him. I avoided his eyes, but watched the long silver object in his hand.

I despised myself completely. This man—I judged him to be not less than seventy years of age—who held no weapon other than a small tube, had me cowed. I was afraid to attack him, afraid to defend myself—for behind this thing he held I saw all the deadly armament of his genius.

But my weakness of spirit was not due entirely to cowardice, to fear of the dreadful Chinese doctor. It was due in great part to sudden recognition of the frightful duplicity of Ardatha! She, she whom I longed to worship, she had tricked me into opening my door to this awful being!

"Do not misjudge Ardatha."

Those words had something of the effect of a flash of lightning. In the first place, they answered my unspoken thought (which alone was terrifying) and, in the second place, they brought hope to a mind filled with black despair.

"Tonight," that strange impressive voice continued, "Ardatha lives or Ardatha dies. One of my purposes is to be present at your interview, for I know that this interview is to take place."

I raised my eyes.

"MAKE no fatal mistake, Mr. Kerrigan," he said coldly, precisely. "You are weighing your weight against mine, youth against age. But consider this device that I hold in my hand. From a thing that once demanded heavy cables and arc lamps, it is now, as you see"—always pointing it in my direction—"a small tube. I dislike that which is cumbersome. The apparatus with which I project those visible and audible images of which you have had experience can be contained in a suitcase; there are no masts, no busy engine rooms, no dynamos."

I watched him but did not move.

"This is Ericksen's Ray, which was in its infancy at the so-called death of its inventor, Dr. Sven Ericksen—rather before your time, I think—but is now perfected. Allow me to demonstrate its powers."

He pointed the thing, which, I now decided, resembled a hypodermic syringe, toward a vase which Mrs. Merton had filled that morning with flowers.

"Do you value that vase, Mr. Kerrigan?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"Because I propose to use it as a demonstration. Watch."

He appeared to press a button at the

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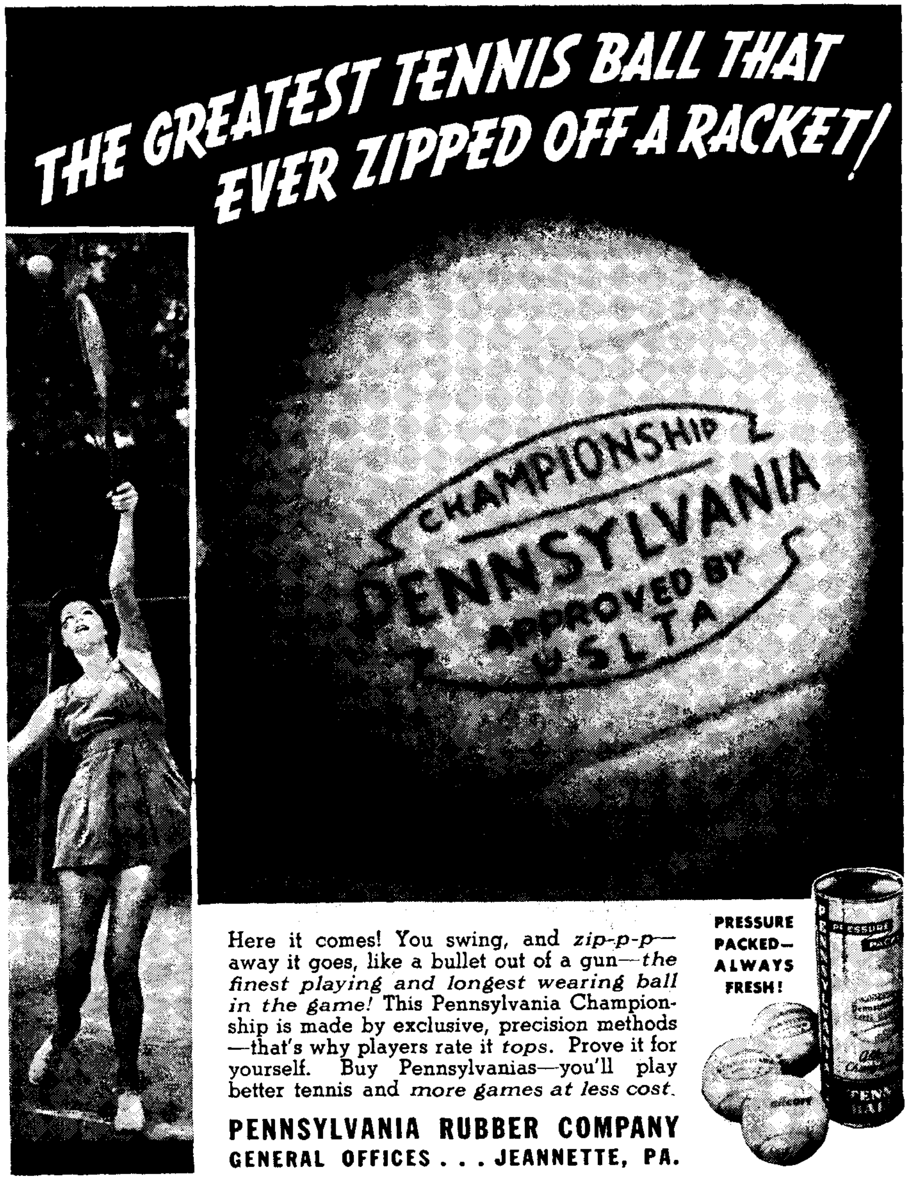

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end of the silver tube. There was no sound—no light; but where the vase of flowers had been there appeared a momentary cloud, a patch of darkness. I became aware of an acrid smell. . . .

Vase and flowers had disappeared!

"Ericksen is a genius. You will observe that I say 'is.' For although dead to the world, he lives—to work for me. You will realize now why I said that I held death in my hands. Ardatha is coming to see you. She loves you; and when any of my women becomes thus infatuated with one who does not belong to me, I deal with her as I see fit. If she has betrayed me, she shall die. . . . Stand still! If she merely loves, which is fallible, but human, I may spare her. I am come in person, Mr. Kerrigan, not for this purpose alone, but for that of recovering from you the letter of instruction signed by every member of the Council of Seven, which Sir Denis Nayland Smith—I have always recognized his qualities—secured this afternoon from a house in Surrey."

I DID not speak; I continued to watch the tube.

"Love so transforms a woman that even my powers of plumbing human nature may be defeated. I am uncertain how low Ardatha has fallen in disloyalty to the Si-Fan where *you* have been concerned. I shall learn this tonight. But, first, where is the document?"

I glanced into brilliant green eyes and quickly glanced aside.

"I don't know."

He was silent, but that deadly tube in his hand remained pointed directly at my breast.

"No. I recognize the truth. He brought it here, but left without it. He has concealed it. He was afraid that my agents would intercept him on the way. He was afraid of *you.* No matter. Answer me: he left it here?"

I stared dazedly at the tube. The hand of Dr. Fu Manchu might have been carved of ivory: it was motionless.

"Look at me—answer!"

I raised my eyes. Dr. Fu Manchu spoke softly:

"*He left it. I thought so. I shall find it.*"

My doorbell rang.

"That is Ardatha." The voice became guttural, a voice of doom. "You have a fine mushrabîyeh screen, here, Mr. Kerrigan, which I believe you brought from Arabia when you went there on behalf of your newspaper last autumn. I shall stand behind this screen, and you will admit Ardatha. She has been followed; she is covered. Any attempt to leave the building would be futile. Do not dare to warn her of my presence. Bring her into this room and let her say what she has come to say. I shall be listening. Upon her words rest life or death. Always I am just."

FISTS clenched, bathed in clammy perspiration, I turned and walked to the door.

"No word, no hint of warning—or I shall not spare you!"

I opened the door. Ardatha stood on the landing.

"My dear!" I exclaimed.

God knows how I looked, how wild my eyes must have been, but she crept into my extended arms as into a haven.

"Darling! I cannot bear it any longer! I had to come to save you!"

I thought that our embrace would never end, except in death.

Ardatha, perhaps with the very next word she uttered, was about to betray herself to the master of the Si-Fan!

My inclination was to take her up and race downstairs to the street. But Fu Manchu's servants were watching; he had said so, and he never lied. On the other hand, few human brains could hold a secret long from those blazing green eyes. If I tried to warn her, if I failed to return, I was convinced, deep within me, that it would be the end of us. I thought of that gleaming tube like a hypodermic syringe of which Dr. Fu Manchu had said:

"I hold death in my hand."

No, I must return to the study and must allow Ardatha to say what she was there to say—and abide by the consequences.

Her manner was strangely disturbed: I had felt her trembling during those bittersweet moments when I had held her in my arms. Remembering her composure on the occasion of that secret visit in Venice, I knew that tonight marked some crisis in her affairs—in mine—perhaps in the history of the world.

I led her toward the study. At the doorway she looked up at me. I tried to tell her, silently, with my eyes (but knew how hopelessly I failed) that behind the mushrabîyeh screen Dr. Fu Manchu was hidden.

"Sit down, dear, and let me get you a drink."

I forced myself to speak casually; but:

"No, no, please don't go!" she said. "I want nothing. I had to see you, but I have only a few moments in which to tell you—oh, so many things! Please listen." The amethyst eyes were wide open as she raised them to me. "Every second is of value. Just stay where you are and listen!"

Looking down at her, I stood there. She wore a very simple frock and her adorable creamy arms were bare. The red gleam of her wind-blown hair filled me with an insane longing to plunge my fingers in its living waves. I watched her. I tried to tell her. . . .

"Although the affair of Venice was successful in its main purposes," she went on swiftly, "it failed in some other ways. High officials of the French police know that James Brownlow Wilton was stolen away from the Blue Train, that it was not James Brownlow Wilton who died on the yacht. Sir Denis—yes?—he knows all about it, too. And Baron Trenck, who silenced General Diesler, he was not given safe protection. . . . All these things are charged against the president."

SHE spoke those words with awe—the president! And watching her, watching her intently, I tried to say without moving my lips: "The president is here!"

But as a telepathist I found myself a failure, for she continued:

"I betray no Si-Fan secrets in what I tell you, because I tell you only what you know already. I am one of them—and all the wrong I have ever done has been to try to save you. Because I am a woman I cannot help myself. But now, what I am here to say to you—and when I have said it I must go—is this: A new president is to be elected!"

"What!"

"By him all the power of the Si-Fan—you cannot even guess what that power is—will be turned upon Sir Denis and—you."

She clasped her hands and stood up.

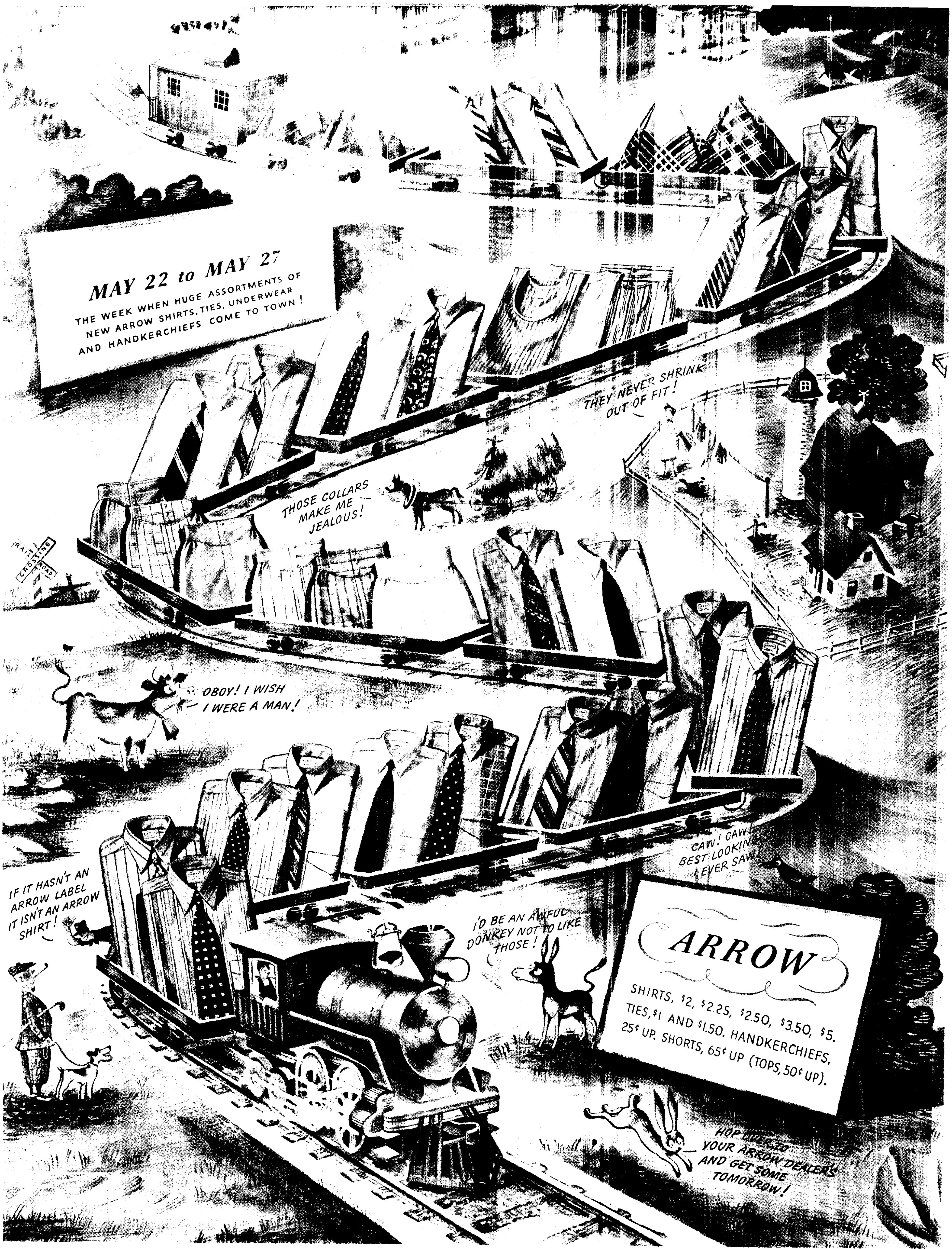
"Please, please! If you value my happiness a little bit, I beseech you from my soul, when that notice comes, make him obey it! Force him to obey it! Imprison him if you like!—for I tell you, if you fail in this, nothing, nothing on earth, can save him—nor you! Come to the door with me, but no farther. I must go."

"But not yet, Ardatha!"

Dr. Fu Manchu stepped from behind the screen.

It was a situation so appalling that it seemed to dull my sensibilities. Such a weakling and traitor did I stand in my own regard that I would have welcomed complete oblivion.

Ardatha drew back from that tall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cloaked figure—back and back—until she came to the wall behind her; and there, arms outstretched, she stood. The color was draining from her cheeks, her expression was one of utter despair.

"Look at me, Ardatha—" Dr. Fu Manchu spoke softly.

As she raised her eyes to the majestic evil of his face, I thought of a hare and a cobra. . . .

"I am satisfied"—his voice was little more than a whisper—"that your motives have been as you say; but I can no longer employ you in my personal service. Mr. Kerrigan"—it was a harsh command: he raised the Ericksen tube—"be good enough to look out of your window and to report to me what you see."

Without hesitation I obeyed, stepping forward to the window so that Dr. Fu Manchu stood behind me.

"Draw the curtain aside."

I did so. Immediately I recognized the fact that the house was invested by the forces of the Si-Fan!

Two men over by the closed park gate unmistakably were watching the windows; two others lingered in conversation near the door below. A big car was drawn up on the corner, and another pair were engaged in peering under the hood.

"Be good enough, Mr. Kerrigan, to raise your hand. The signal will be understood."

Automatically, I was about to obey . . . when a number of strange things happened.

A car coming from the direction of Marble Arch swung out sharply against oncoming traffic. It was pulled up by a skillful driver almost directly at my door. Another, approaching from the opposite direction, stopped with a great shrieking of brakes almost at the park gate. A third car, which apparently had been following the first one, checked dead on the corner of Porchester Terrace.

In a matter of seconds, twelve or fifteen men were disgorged into Bayswater Road. . . . Without a moment's hesitation they hurled themselves upon the loiterers!

My heart leaped madly. It was the flying squad!

One warning came, and one only; but I knew that it was meant for Dr. Fu Manchu: a weird, minor, wailing cry. . . . Its effect was immediate. From behind me he spoke, in a changed voice; harsh—guttural:

"What has occurred? Answer!"

"*The police, I think. Three cars.*"

"Stay where you are. Don't stir. Ardatha—with me."

I stood still, fists clenched, watching the melee below.

"Bart! Bart!" Ardatha cried my name despairingly.

"Be silent! Precede me."

I heard them hurrying along the passage. But he had said, "Don't stir," and I did not stir. I made no move until the opening and closing of the door told me that they were gone. Then I sprang around.

Footsteps were bounding up the stairs. I could hear excited voices—and an amazing, an all but unbelievable fact dawned upon me:

Dr. Fu Manchu was trapped!

"KERRIGAN!—Kerrigan!" Nayland Smith was banging on the door.

I ran to open it. He sprang in, his eyes gleaming excitedly. He had removed the artificial beard, but still wore his shabby suit. Beside him was Inspector Gallaho, head bandaged beneath a soft hat which took the place of his usual tight-fitting bowler. Four or five plain-clothes police came crowding up behind.

"Where is he?"

"Gone! He went at the moment that I heard you on the stair!"

"What!"

"That's not possible," growled Gallaho, staring at me in a questioning way. "No one passed us, that I'll swear."

"Lights on that upper stair!" snapped Smith. "Stay where you are, Gallaho—you men, also."

He examined me intently.

"I know what you're thinking, Smith," I said, "but I am quite myself. Ardatha and Fu Manchu were here two minutes ago. He held me up with a thing which disintegrates whatever it touches."

"Ericksen's Ray?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"But it's a cumbersome affair!"

"No larger than a fountain pen, Smith. He has perfected it, so he says. But—where *is* he?"

Nayland Smith tugged at the lobe of his ear.

"You say the girl went with him?"

"Yes."

"Who lives above?"

"A young musician, Basil Acton—but he's abroad at present."

"Sure?"

He began to run upstairs, crying out over his shoulder:

"Gallaho and two men! The others stand by where they are."

We reached the top landing, and paused before my neighbor's closed door.

Gallaho rang the bell; but there was no response.

"Hello!"

Smith stooped.

I HAD switched on the landing light, and now I saw what had attracted his attention. Also, I became aware of a queer acrid smell.

Where a lock had been there was nothing but a hole, some two inches in diameter, drilled clean through the door!

"It's bolted inside," said Gallaho.

"But they are trapped!" I cried excitedly. "There is no other way out!"

"Unfortunately," growled Gallaho, "there is no other way *in*. Down to the tool chest, somebody."

There came a rush of footsteps on the stair; an interval during which Gallaho tried to peer through the hole in the door and Nayland Smith, ear pressed to a panel, listened but evidently heard nothing. To the high landing window which overlooked Bayswater Road, arose sounds of excited voices from the street below.

"Seven black beauties roped in there," said Gallaho grimly; "but it remains to be seen if we've got anything on them."

One of the flying-squad men returning with the necessary implements, it was a matter of only a few minutes to break the door down. I had been in my neighbor's flat on one or two occasions, and when we entered I switched the lights up, for we found it in darkness.

"Is there anyone here?" called Gallaho.

There was no reply.

We entered the big, untidy apartment which, sometimes to my sorrow, I knew that Acton used as a music room. It had something of the appearance of a studio. Bundles of music were littered on chairs and settees. The grand piano was open. An atmosphere stale as that inside a pyramid told of closed windows.

"How many rooms, Kerrigan?" Smith snapped.

"Four, and a kitchenette."

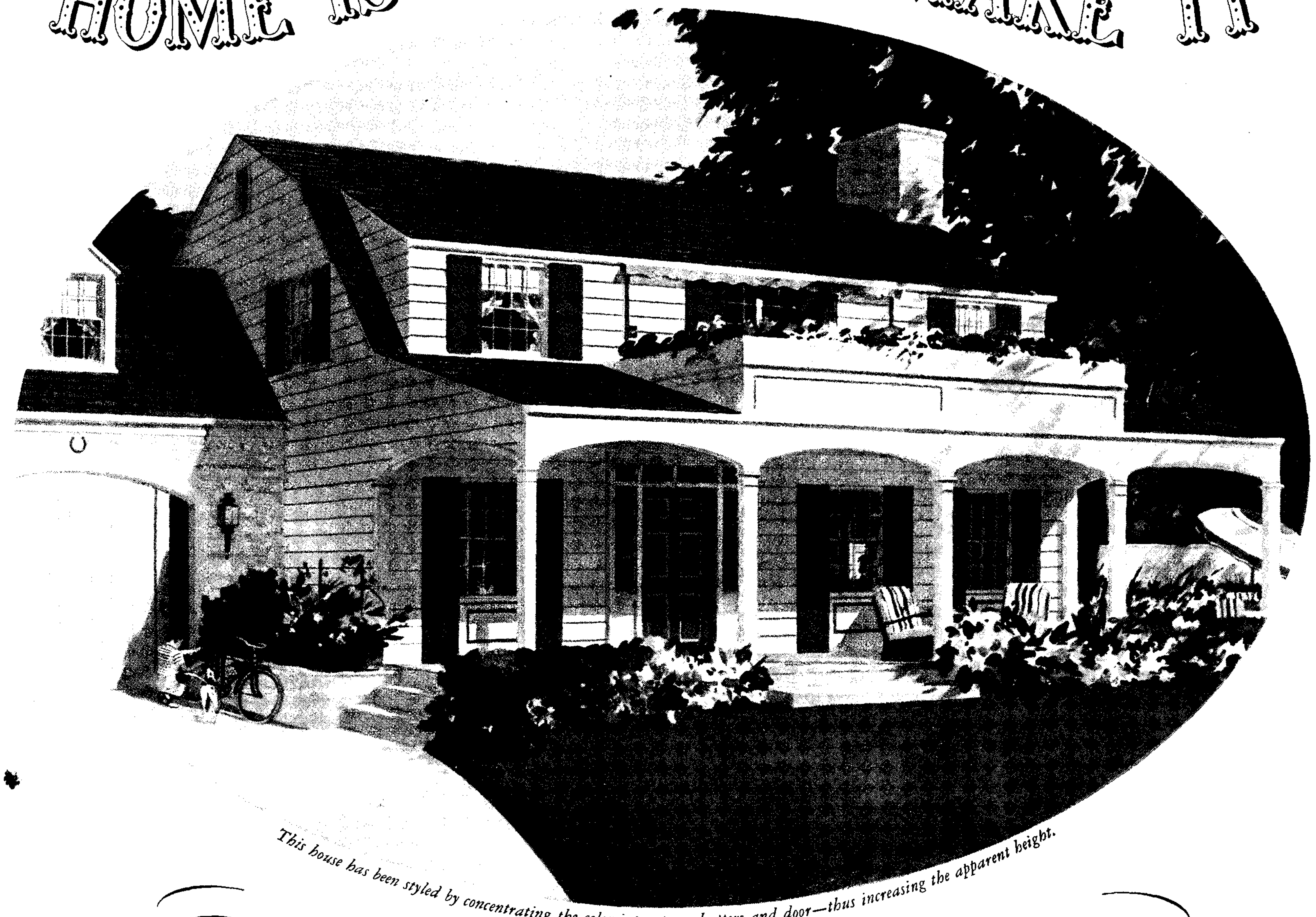
"Three men stay on the landing!" shouted Gallaho.

We explored every foot of the place; and the only evidence we found to show that Dr. Fu Manchu and Ardatha had entered was the hole drilled through the front door, until:

"What's this?" cried one of the searchers.

We hurried into the kitchenette, which

HOME IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT



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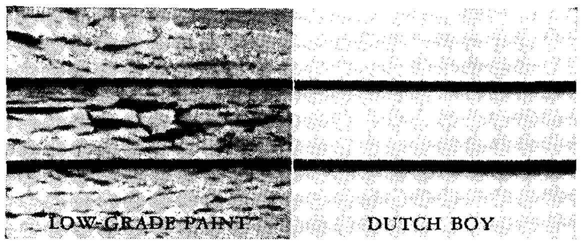
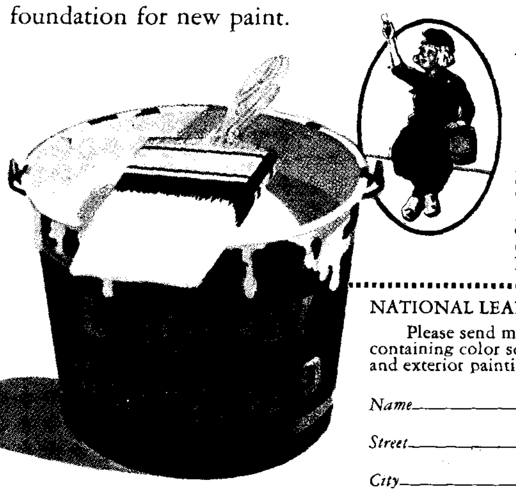


The low-grade paint "quit" after a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. Now note the Dutch Boy job. Over four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as low-grade paint job.



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bore traces of a meal prepared at some time but not cleared up. The man had opened a big cupboard in which I saw an ascending ladder.

"The water tanks are up there," I explained. "This is an old house converted."

"At last!" Smith's eyes glinted. "That's where he is hiding!"

Before I could restrain him he had started up the ladder, shining the light of a flashlamp ahead. Gallaho followed and I came next.

We found ourselves under the sloping roof in an attic containing several large tanks, unventilated, and oppressively stuffy.

There was no one there.

"Dr. Fu Manchu is a man of genius," said Smith, "but not a spirit. He must be somewhere in this building."

"Not so certain, sir!" came a cry.

One of the Scotland Yard men was directing a light upon lath and plaster at that side of the attic farthest from the door. It revealed a ragged hole—and now we all detected a smell of charred wood.

"What's beyond there?" Gallaho demanded.

"The adjoining house; at the moment in the hands of renovators. It is being converted into modern flats."

But already Smith, stooping, was making his way through the aperture—and we all followed.

We found ourselves in an attic similar to that which we had quitted. We crossed it, and climbed down a ladder. At the bottom was a room smelling strongly of fresh paint, cluttered up with decorators' materials—in fact, almost impassable. We forced a way through onto the landing, to discover planks stretched across a staircase, scaffolding, buckets of whitewash. . . .

Nayland Smith ran down the stairs like a man demented; and even now in memory I can recapture the thud of our hammering feet as we followed him. It drummed around that empty, echoing house; the lights of our lamps danced weirdly on stripped walls, bare boards and half-painted woodwork. We came to the lobby. Smith flung open the front door.

It opened not on Bayswater Road as in the case of the adjoining house, but upon a side street, Porchester Terrace. He raced down three steps and stood there looking to right and to left.

Dr. Fu Manchu had escaped. . . .

"THE biggest failure of my life, Kerrigan."

Nayland Smith was pacing up and down my study; he had even forgotten to light his pipe. His face was wan—lined.

"I don't think I follow, Smith. It's amazing that you arrived here in the nick of time. His escape is something no one could have anticipated. He has supernormal equipment. This disintegrating ray which he carried defeats locks, bolts and bars. How could any man have foreseen it?"

"Yet I *should* have foreseen it," he snapped angrily. "My arrival in the nick of time had been planned."

"What!"

"Oh, I didn't know Ardatha was coming. For this, I had not provided. But my visit to you earlier in the evening, my leaving here, or pretending to leave, the most vital piece of evidence on which I have ever laid my hands, was a leaf torn from Dr. Fu Manchu's own book!"

"What do you mean?"

"I was laying a trail. I was doing what *he* has done so often. He knew that I had those incriminating signatures; he knew that failing their recovery, the break-up of the Council of Seven was at least in sight. You are aware of how closely I was covered, how narrowly I escaped death. What I didn't tell you at the time, was this: In spite of my disguise, I had been followed from Sloane Street right to the door of your flat."

"Are you sure?"

"I made sure. I intended to be followed."

"Good heavens!"

"I had not hoped, I confess, for so big a fish as the doctor in person, but that you would be raided by important members of the Si-Fan shortly after my departure was moderately certain. They were watching. I saw them as I left in the Yard car. I gave them every opportunity to note that although I had arrived with a bulky portfolio, I was leaving without it!"

"But, Smith, you might have given me your confidence!"

Anger, mortification—both were in my tones; but instantly Nayland Smith had his hands on my shoulders; his steady eyes sobered me.

"Remember the Green Death, Kerrigan. Oh, I'm not reproaching you! But Dr. Fu Manchu can read a man's soul as you and I read a newspaper. I had men posted in the park (closed at that time), and I had a key to your front door—"

"Smith!"

"You were well protected. The arrival of Ardatha presented a new problem. I had not counted on Ardatha—"

"Nor had I!"

"BUT when no fewer than seven suspicious characters were massed in front of the house, and a tall thin man wearing a cloak was reported as having entered (your front door apparently being open), I gave the signal. You know what followed."

"I understand now, Smith, how crushing the disappointment must be."

"Crushing indeed! I had King Shark in my net—and he bit his way out of it!"

"But the Ericksen Ray?"

"He has held the secret of the Ericksen Ray for many years. Dr. Ericksen, its inventor, died, or is reported to have died, in 1914. As a matter of fact, he (with God knows how many other men of genius) has been working in Dr. Fu Manchu's laboratories probably up to the present moment!"

"But this is incredible! You have hinted at it before, but I have never been able to follow your meaning."

Automatically, Nayland Smith's hand went to the pocket of his dilapidated coat and out came the brier—and the big pouch.

"He can induce synthetic catalepsy, Kerrigan. I was afraid, when I found you in Whitehall the other day, that for some reason he had practiced this art upon *you*. Except in cases where I have been notified, these wretched victims have been buried alive."

"Smith!"

"Later, at leisure, his experts disinter them, and they are smuggled away to work for the Si-Fan!"

"And to where are they smuggled?"

"I have no idea. His present headquarters are unknown to me. His genius lies not only in his own phenomenal brain, but in his astonishing plan of accumulating great intellects and making them his slaves. This is the source of his power. He—"

Heralded by no other sound, there came a staccato crash of glass . . . then I was drenched in fragments of plaster!

A bullet had come through the window and had buried itself in the wall. . .

"Smith! Smith!"

He had not moved; but he turned, now, and looked at me. I saw blood, and was overcome by a sudden, dreadful nausea. I suppose I grew pale, for he shook his head and grasped my shoulder.

"No, Kerrigan. It was the tip of my

ear. Good shooting. The whiz of the bullet was deafening."

"But there was no sound of a shot!"

He moved away from the window.

"Diesler was killed at a range of three thousand-odd yards," he said. "You remember we were talking about the Jasper vacuum charger?"

"I am disposed to believe that what Ardatha told you was true," said Nayland Smith.

He was standing staring down reflectively at something resting in his extended palm: the bullet which had made a hole in my wall. The cut in his ear had bled furiously, but now had responded to treatment, and was decorated with a strip of surgical plaster.

"This attempt, for instance"—he held up the bullet—"somehow does not seem to be in the doctor's handwriting. In spite of its success, I doubt if the 'silencing' of General Diesler was directed by Fu Manchu. If there is really trouble in the Council of Seven, it may mean salvation. Assuming that I live to see it, I think I shall know without other evidence when Dr. Fu Manchu is deposed."

"In what way?" I asked curiously.

"Remind me to tell you if it occurs, Kerrigan. Ah! May I put the light out?"

"Certainly."

He did so, then glanced from my study window.

"Here are our escorting cars, I think. Yes! I can see Gallaho below."

He turned and began to reload his pipe.

"Tonight's near-triumph, Kerrigan, was made possible by the remarkable efficiency of Chief Detective-Inspector Gallaho. Gallaho will go far. He obtained evidence to show that none other than Lord Weimer, the international banker, is a member of the Si-Fan. . . ."

"What!"

I cried the word incredulously.

"Yes—astounding, I admit. In fact, it almost appears that his house in Surrey is the temporary headquarters of Si-Fan representatives at present in England. I obtained a search warrant, paid a surprise visit during Weimer's absence in the city, and went over the place with a microscope. I experienced little difficulty—such a violent procedure had not been foreseen. Nevertheless, although the staff was kept under observation, news of the raid reached Weimer. . . . He has disappeared."

"But, Lord Weimer—a member of the Si-Fan!"

"He is. And a document involving even greater names was there as well."

"What do we do now?"

"We are going to No. 10 Downing Street."

"What!"

"THIS discovery means an international situation. The Prime Minister has returned from Chequers and is meeting us there. The commissioner is bringing the documents from Scotland Yard, in person. Here is something for your notes, Kerrigan. I promised you a bigger story than any you had ever had. Come on!"

Indeed I had never expected to be one of such a gathering. There were three cars, one leading, then that in which I traveled with Nayland Smith, and a third bringing up the rear. The leading car, belonging to the flying squad, was driven at terrific speed through the streets. Under the circumstances I confess I was not surprised that we arrived at our destination without any attempt being made upon us. So vast were the issues at stake that even my fear for Ardatha was numbed.

Despairingly, I had come to the conclusion that I should never see her again.

In a room made familiar by many published photographs I found the Premier and some other members of the Cabinet. Sir James Clare, the Home Secretary, whom I had met before, was there and two ambassadors representing foreign powers. An air of dreadful apprehension seemed common to all. Somewhat awed by the company, I looked at Nayland Smith.

He was pacing up and down in his usual restless manner, glancing at his wrist watch.

"Sir William Bard is late," murmured the Prime Minister.

Nayland Smith nodded. Sir William Bard, commissioner of metropolitan police, of all those summoned to this meeting was the only one who had not appeared.

"Until his arrival, sir," said Smith, "we can do nothing."

But even as he spoke, came a rap on the door, and a voice announced:

"Sir William Bard."

"A TRIFLE late, Sir William," said the Prime Minister genially.

"Yes, sir—I must offer my apologies." The commissioner bowed perfunctorily to everyone present. "I think the circumstances will explain my delay."

A slightly built, alert man with a short jet-black mustache, he had a precision of manner and intonation which suggested, as was the fact, that his training, like that of the Home Secretary, had been for the legal profession. He laid a bulging portfolio upon the table. The Premier continued to watch him coldly but genially. Everyone else in the room became very restless as Bard continued:

"Just as my car was about to turn out of Whitehall, a girl, a lady from her dress and bearing, I judged, stepped out almost under my front wheel, and as my chauffeur braked furiously, sprang back again, but tripped and fell on the pavement."

"In these circumstances," said the Home Secretary, one eye on the rugged brow of the Prime Minister, "your delay is of course explained."

"Exactly," Sir William continued. "I pulled up, of course, and hurried back. Quite a crowd gathered, as always occurs; amongst them fortunately a doctor. The only injury was a sprained ankle. The lady, although one must confess it was her own fault, proved to live in Buckingham Gate, and naturally I gave her a lift home, Dr. Atkin accompanying her to that address. However, sir"—turning to the Prime Minister—"I trust I am excused?"

"Certainly, Bard, certainly. Anyone would have done the same."

We sat down around the big table, the commissioner produced his keys, and glanced at Nayland Smith.

"A strange attire for so formal an occasion, Smith!" he commented. "But it may be forgiven, I think, in view"—he tapped the portfolio—"of the information which is here. I have had time merely to glance over it, but I may say"—looking solemnly about him—"that in dealing with the facts revealed, the astonishingly unpleasant facts, our united efforts will be called for. And even when we have done our best . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders. He appeared to find some difficulty in fitting the key to the lock. We were all on tiptoes and all very impatient. I saw a sudden shadow creep over Sir William Bard's face as he glanced at his own initials stamped on the leather. He shrugged his shoulders and persevered with the key.

There was no result.

"Might I suggest," remarked Nayland Smith, beginning to tug at his ear but desisting when he detected the presence of the plaster, "that you borrow a pair of stout scissors and force the catch, Sir William?"

"Always impatient, Smith!" The commissioner looked up, but his expression

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"I wish you'd explain that, Mr. Knudsen. How can an expense like advertising possibly be an economy?"

"Well, take this old car here on the platform . . . a good illustration of what I mean. It's an Oldsmobile, in case you don't recognize it . . . a 1910 Oldsmobile. And it sold for $5,000. The vastly superior Oldsmobile we're building today sells for $838 at Lansing, ready for the road. Quite a difference, eh?"

"But surely that big drop in price couldn't be credited just to advertising, Mr. Knudsen? Wasn't it more the result of mass production?"

"Mass production *and* advertising, Mrs. Richardson . . . and which to put first is almost like the chicken and the egg. For, while mass production does bring costs down, it is *advertising* that makes it possible to *apply* mass production effectively. Let me explain:

"Year by year, we automobile manufacturers strive to increase the *value* we put in our cars. Each year they become more comfortable, safer, better-looking, more powerful. Now if we relied on word-of-mouth to tell people about these improvements, it would take a long while for the story to reach even a fraction of the people who might be good prospects.

"But through advertising we can tell our *whole* story to the *whole* country in a very short time . . . we can find the largest number of buyers in any given season. And thus we can count on a larger annual output.

"Advertising helps us reduce our prices even before we get the benefit of the manufacturing savings that come from mass production. For example, if we could count on selling only one hundred thousand cars, all our costs of new dies, new machinery and factory overhead would have to be divided among that many cars. But if, with the aid of advertising, we can safely count on selling two hundred thousand cars, we can cut the charges against each car almost in half."

"And is that true of other industries, Mr. Knudsen?"

"I'm sure it is. Advertising is, in a sense, a means of insuring a certain level of sales. When a manufacturer can safely plan on selling a certain volume of goods, he can safely shave his prices, safely invest in new equipment for his factory, and even count on employing more people."

* * *

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was not easy. "I don't understand this."

He tried again and then made an angry gesture.

"I locked it myself before I left Scotland Yard."

"Since time is our enemy," said the Prime Minister dryly, "I think Sir Denis Nayland Smith's suggestion is a good one."

He rang a bell, and to a man who entered gave curt orders. . . .

The lock proved to be more obstinate than we had anticipated, but with the aid of a pair of office scissors and the expenditure of considerable force, ultimately it was snapped open. The man withdrew. We were all standing up, surrounding the commissioner. He opened the portfolio.

I heard a loud cry. For a moment I could not believe Sir William Bard had uttered it. Yet indeed it was he who had cried out. . . .

The portfolio was stuffed with neatly folded copies of The Times!

One by one, with shaking fingers, he drew them out and laid them upon the table. Last of all he discovered a square envelope, and from it he drew a single sheet of paper.

There had been such a silence during this time that I could hear nothing but the breathing of the man next to me, a portly representative of a friendly power.

Sir William Bard cast his glance over the sheet which the envelope had contained, and then, his face grown suddenly pallid, laid it before the Prime Minister.

I glanced swiftly at Nayland Smith, and found myself unable to read his expression.

The statesman, imperturbable even in face of this situation, adjusted his spectacles and read; then, clearing his throat, he read again, this time, aloud:

"The Council of Seven of the Si-Fan is determined to preserve peace in Europe. Some to whom this message is addressed share these views—some do not. The latter would be well advised to reconsider their policies, and to confine their attentions to their proper occasions.

"President of the Council."

"Smith! I am a ruined man!"

Sir William Bard sat in an armchair behind a huge desk laden with official documents, his head sunk in his hands. In the quiet room which was the heart of Scotland Yard, the menace represented by Dr. Fu Manchu presented itself more urgently to my tired mind than had been possible in the official sanctum of the British government.

OUT of the charivari which had arisen when we had realized that documents calculated to cast down those in high places had been stolen from none other than the commissioner of metropolitan police, only one phrase recurred to me: the Premier's inquiry:

"Do you consider, Sir Denis, that this is a personal threat?"

Nayland Smith stared at the commissioner, and then, jumping up from his chair: "I don't think," he said, "that I should take the thing so seriously. It may be mere arrogance on my part to say so, but, with all my experience (and it has been a long one), the particular genius who tricked you tonight has tricked me many times."

Sir William Bard looked up.

"But how was it done? Who did it?"

"As to how it was done," Smith replied, "it was a fairly simple example of substitution. As to who did it—Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"I have accepted the existence of Dr. Fu Manchu with great reluctance, as you know, Smith—although I am aware that my immediate predecessor regarded this Chinese criminal with great respect. Are you sure that it was he who was responsible?"

"Perfectly sure," Smith snapped, then glanced swiftly at me.

"Describe the girl who was nearly run down by your car."

"I can do so quite easily, for she was a beauty. She had Titian-red hair and remarkable eyes of a pansy color; a slender girl, not English, a fact I detected from her slight accent."

"Quite sufficient!" Smith interrupted. "Kerrigan and I know this lady. And the doctor?"

"A tall man, gray-haired, of distinguished appearance: Dr. Maurice Atkin. I have his card here, and also Miss Pereira's."

"Neither card means anything," said Smith grimly. He turned to me. "This gray-haired aristocrat, Kerrigan, seems to play important parts in Fu Manchu's present drama. I detect a marked resemblance to that Count Boratov who was a guest of Brownlow Wilton; and of course you recognized Miss Pereira?"

I nodded, but did not speak.

"Don't make heavy weather of it, Kerrigan. Ardatha is in the toils—this task was her punishment."

He walked across to the wretched man sunk in the armchair and rested his hand upon his shoulder.

"May I take it that you usually carry the missing portfolio?"

The commissioner nodded.

"From my house to Scotland Yard every day, and to important conferences."

"The Si-Fan had noted this. After all, you are officially their chief enemy in London. I suggest that the duplicate portfolio has been in existence for some time. Tonight an occasion arose for its use. Judging from my own experience, farsighted plans of this character have been made with regard to many notable enemies of the Si-Fan."

Sir William was watching him almost hopefully.

"To illustrate my meaning," Smith went on: "they have duplicate keys of my flat!"

"What!"

"It is a fact," I interpolated; "I have seen the keys used, myself."

"Exactly," Smith nodded. "They even succeeded in installing a special radio in my premises. It would not surprise me to learn that they have a key to No. 10 Downing Street. You must appreciate the fact, Bard, that this organization, once confined to the East, now has its ramifications throughout the West. Its financial backing is enormous. Its methods are ruthless. Your car, immediately following the pretended accident, was of course surrounded by a crowd."

"It was."

"Those members nearest to the door from which you jumped were servants of the Si-Fan and one of them carried the duplicate portfolio. He was no doubt an adept in his particular province. The substitution was not difficult. The address to which you took Miss Pereira was a block of flats?"

"Yes."

"Inquiry is useless. She does not live there."

"SMITH!" Sir William Bard sprang up. "Your reconstruction of what took place is perfect—except in one particular. I recall the fact clearly, now, that Dr. Atkin carried a similar portfolio! The substitution was effected during the short drive to Buckingham Gate!"

"H'm!" Smith glanced at me. "Count Boratov would seem to be a distinct asset to the doctor's forces!"

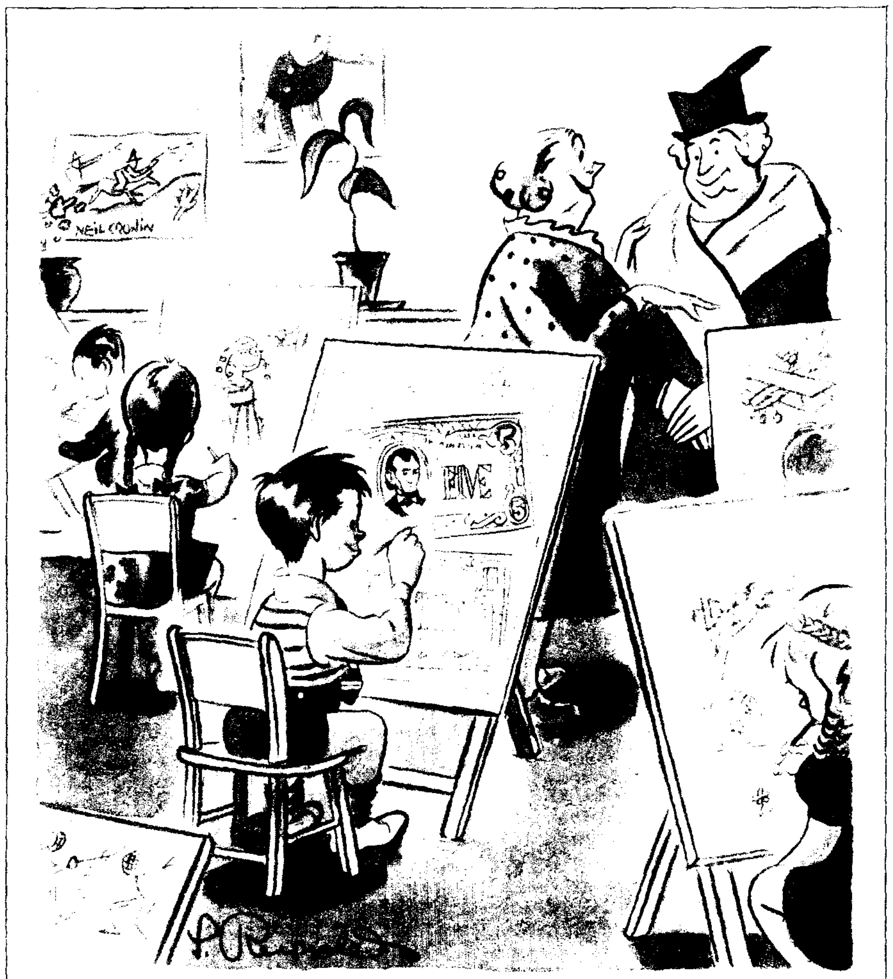
"But what can we *do?*" groaned the commissioner. "Lacking the authority of those damning signatures, we dare not take action."

"I agree."

"We can watch these people whose names we have learned, but it will be necessary to obtain new evidence against them before we can move a finger in such high places."

"Certainly. But at least we are warned . . . and I may not be too late to save their next victim. We cannot hope to win every point!"

(To be concluded next week)



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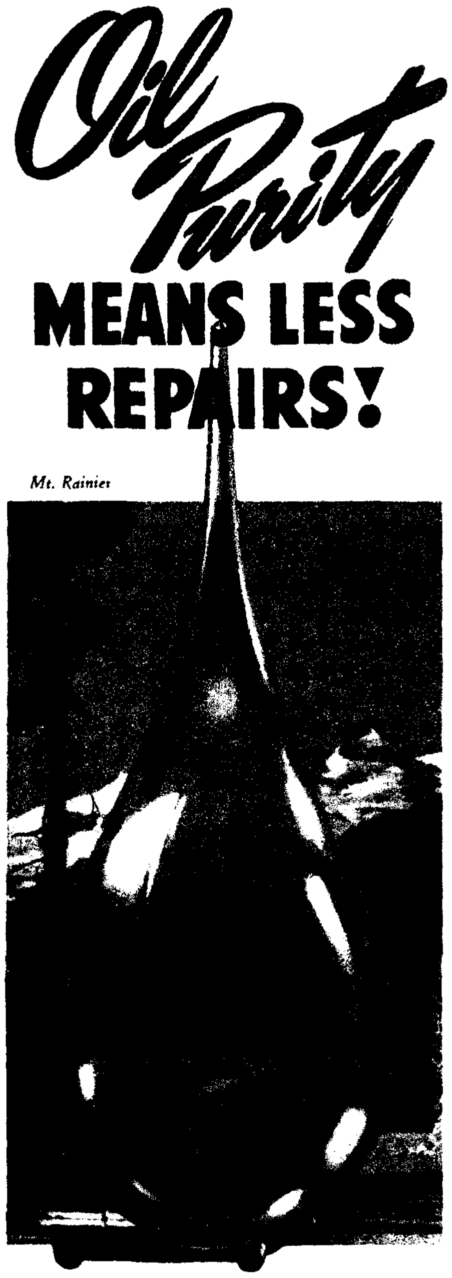

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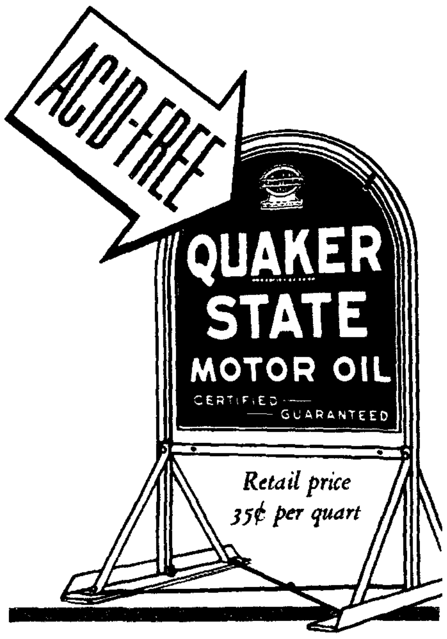


Is Everybody Happy?

Continued from page 19

The first took place in his home town of Circleville, Ohio, when Ted, then a lad of nine, went by his proper name of Theodore Leopold Friedman, was fired from Professor Oscar Ameringer's Boys' Band for jazzing up the Poet and Peasant Overture. His impressionable mind had been entranced by the strange new rhythms he had heard at "Cricket" Smith's Negro barbershop, where the darkies sat around picking their banjos and humming Dixieland tunes.

"I didn't see Ameringer again until a couple of years ago out in Portland," Ted relates. "He was running for governor of Oregon, and he came to my dressing room after the show to tell me how ashamed he was for kicking me out of the kid band. Said it had been on his mind for years."

Then there was Mr. Goldsmith, at whose Columbus, Ohio, music store Ted landed a job as demonstrator of musical instruments (he had learned to play several in the boys' band).

Goldsmith may be forgiven for firing Ted when the Lewis syncopation sent potential customers scurrying away to a rival store; for said Mr. Goldsmith must have suffered when in later years he was selling instruments endorsed by Ted Lewis, phonograph records by Ted Lewis and his Jazz Band, and sheet music made popular by Ted Lewis.

The Master of Jazz

Lewis likes best to relate how Albee fired him from the pit band of the Palace Theater because of excessive syncopation and then, three years later, paid him a fancy figure to play the same music with his own band for eight straight weeks on the Palace stage.

And if you encourage him, he'll even tell you of those early discouraging days when he was flopping on third-rate vaudeville circuits around the country and forever being forced to return to his dad's Circleville dry-goods store, which he could not tolerate.

On one of those jaunts, he teamed up with a musical clown, Jack Lewis. They billed as Lewis and Friedman, and when they were booked into a theater down South whose marquee was too small to carry the full name, the manager shortened it to Lewis and Lewis; and Theodore Friedman has been Ted Lewis ever since.

The big break that made that name mean something came a few years before the war when Ted assembled his four-piece Nut Band and moved in on New York by way of Coney Island. The public was then humming Alexander's Ragtime Band; the dance craze was starting, and Lewis' jazz clowning finally caught on. He landed in Rector's as featured clarinetist in Earl Fuller's band, and they liked him so much that he stayed on for two years with an outfit of his own. He put the Lewis stamp on jazz, and his popularity was the signal for hundreds of dance bands to spring up the country over.

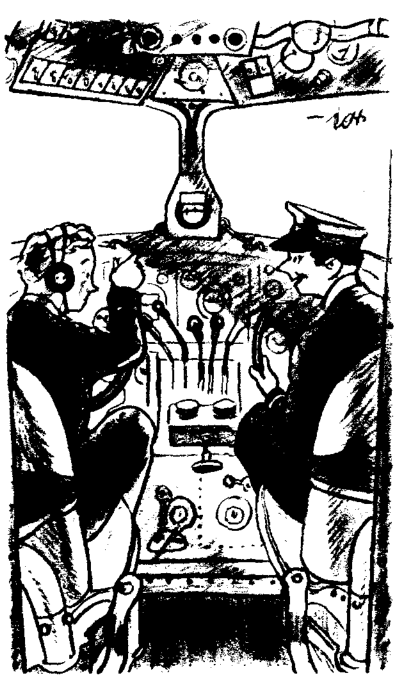
Out in Chicago a nine-year-old lad named Benny Goodman was making his stage debut doing an impersonation of Ted Lewis, the man in whose band he was later to work, and whom he was still later to honor at a triumphant Carnegie Hall concert with a rendition of When My Baby Smiles at Me in the master's style.

The Rector's engagement was the beginning of a success story that is still being written in the box-office reports of Variety. But the record is not without tribulations. In 1924, Ted backed his own show, Ted Lewis' Frolics, and in five weeks lost the savings of twelve years' efforts, $100,000, all he had.

Which left nothing but glory to show for the lush days immediately following the war, when Ted and his band were accomplishing the unprecedented theatrical feat of playing three engagements at once: on stage at Keith's Palace Theater; in The Greenwich Village Follies down on Sheridan Square; and in Florenz Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolics atop the New Amsterdam Theater.

Ted was riding the tide of popularity that jazz was experiencing then, and he bounded right back from the disastrous Frolics with a $10,000-a-week engagement in London where he introduced American jazz with another triple stunt, this time at the Hippodrome; in the Piccadilly Revels; and at the Kit Kat Club.

Those were the flapper days of bobbed-haired bandits, ukuleles, hip flasks and "jazz-mad" youth. Ted's band was playing at the Parody Club in New York, where folks came to see a young hoofer named George Raft do the Charleston. Whiteman, Lopez and Lewis were the big three in American jazz. Lewis left the strings and wood winds and the synchronized arrangements to his contemporaries and stuck to his "native syncopation," which he delivered with plenty of his showman flash. The clowning musicians, the laughing trombones, the sobbing clarinet and the hat-muted instruments were all of his own invention. Listen to him today and you hear the same lawless disharmony and wide-open, brassy syncopation that had the public calling him "the jazz king" and had him engaging in endless controversy over his style of music in magazines, interviews and lectures.



"Last week I couldn't get the plane off the ground and I taxied all the way to Cleveland"

A. ROSS

"When the intellectuals pounced on jazz and started analyzing it," Ted says, "I figured they'd kill it, and I'd wind up as a college professor discussing the contributions of George Gershwin to modern music."

Ted took jazz mighty seriously, nevertheless, and when jazz came back as swing nobody was happier, for it meant not only that the pendulum had swung back to his type of music but also that his search for a word to replace "jazz" was over. "I seriously *object to the* use of the word jazz," he once wrote, "because it has come to connote things that have nothing to do with music."

Many musicians were trying to give jazz respectability in the twenties, and the story is told of a charity affair sponsored by Mrs. Vincent Astor for which Lewis was asked to play something by Stravinsky. "Who's Stravinsky?" he asked. "Never heard of him. What did he ever write?" When they showed him the score he looked it over and shook his head: "Guy can't write for the clarinet." The upshot was that Lewis didn't play, either Stravinsky or at all.

Ted's independence is legendary. Once his musicians had a row with him and threatened to walk out. "Go ahead and walk," he told them. "I don't need any musicians. All the customers come for is Ted Lewis." They stayed.

Seventy Per Cent Flash

Although a stanch self-advocate, he doesn't believe in ballyhoo. "I work fifty-two weeks a year without it," he says, "and at top pay. Give a guy too much publicity and he dies quickly."

Another time, he was called upon to audition for a radio show. He spent $5,000 getting up an act. The sponsor was impressed . . . so impressed that he wanted something cheaper. And that let Lewis out. For he demands a big price and won't take less.

As a matter of fact, he has always been somewhat indifferent to radio. For one thing, he finds it irksome to have to remain in one place for more than a few weeks; and then, too, he is a canny enough showman to realize that the microphone is not his best medium. It robs him of the extravagantly melodramatic poses, the animated top hat and the twirling cane. His clarinet must be seen to be heard. For as Ted has said: "Seventy per cent of my stuff is flash . . . pure eye appeal."

Ted doesn't like Hollywood either. He can thank a particularly good game of golf, something that has always made him giddy, for having gotten him into pictures. It happened at the Hillcrest Country Club in 1929 when Jack Warner snagged his signature on the back of a menu. The picture was called Is Everybody Happy? The exhibitors weren't and Ted wasn't, and they didn't get his name on the dotted line again until 1934. This was called Here Comes the Band, which Ted promptly subtitled There Goes Lewis.

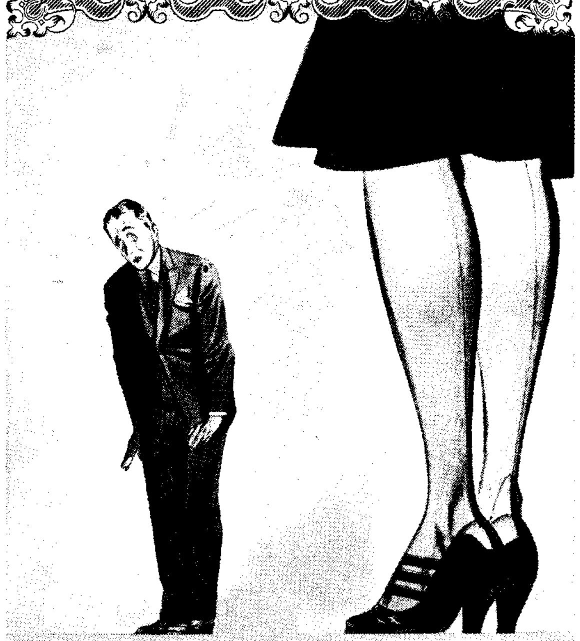
"I would have gotten a better break if they had used my screen test!" he exclaims.

While he is on that sound track, he'll tell you just what he thinks is wrong with Hollywood. "They try to make you over out there," he says. "Why, they do practically everything but hold your hand while you act. They don't let you be yourself."

He is a diminutive man with friendly brown popeyes and a head of abundant, wavy, dark brown hair that he likes to ruffle in an effort to impersonate Toscanini. He is only five and a half feet tall but that did not stop him from flattening the editor of Broadway Brevities back in the twenties because of a nasty crack in print.

Lewis has been a grown-up figure of the theater for so many years that most persons are astonished to learn that he is forty-seven. His stage voice is slightly reminiscent of W. C. Fields and his vocal mannerisms are essentially those

YE OLDE TIME PANTS



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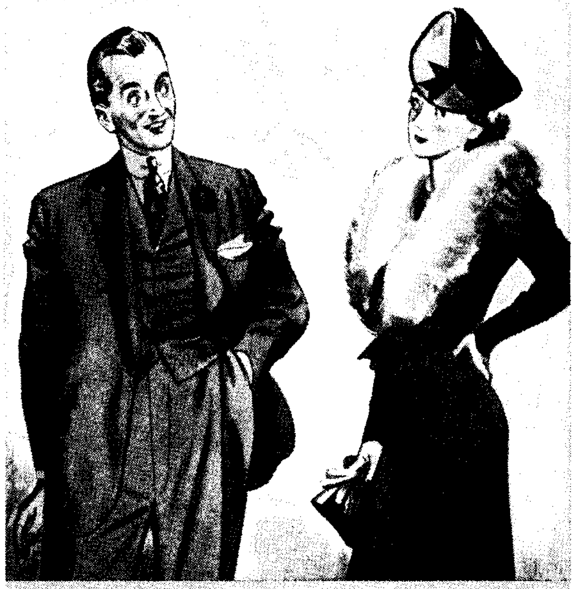

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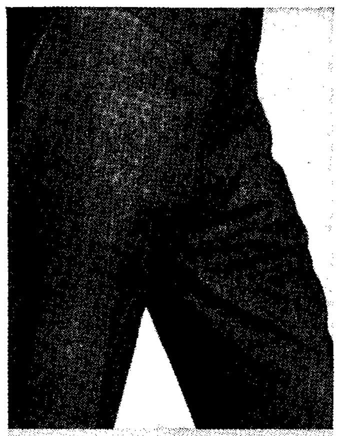

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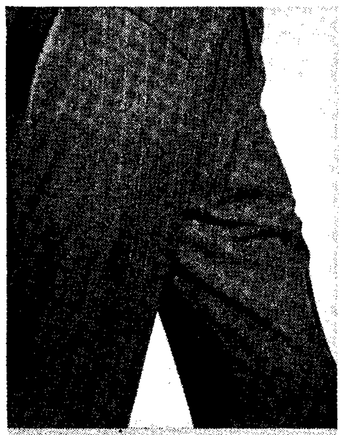

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of a trained circus barker. His voice rises to give melodramatic accent to words like "thrills," yet he can be tender and soft-spoken in sentimental numbers while his remarkably supple wrists trace sensuous designs.

Today, he has mellowed; his technique is mature, but fundamentally the same as it was when he had to play for the passengers on the train and pass a hat to raise his fare from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, back to Chicago. ("I think I have the distinction of being the first jazz musician to be stranded in every state in the Union," he claims.)

On afternoons when he is in New York, he finds relaxation in feeding pigeons in Central Park near the apartment that his wife, Ada, maintains all year around. Forced to undergo irregular hours in his work, he is a stickler for regular hours at home. Ada tips off dinner guests that they must come on time or not at all.

Besides managing all his business affairs, Ada doles out a small weekly allowance that must take care of Ted's bad guesses at the track and mishaps at the card table. She also buys all his clothes. She herself is expensively gowned by a Fifth Avenue shop that had no part in furnishing her trousseau twenty-two years ago when Ted borrowed $2 to get the marriage license. They call each other "Teddish" and "Aidish" in tender moments and are one of the most happily married couples in show business, along with their good friends, the Eddie Cantors.

When will he retire? "I'd like to quit now," he wisecracks, "but my relatives won't let me." His generosity extends beyond relatives, to friends like the old stage pal whom he saved from a San Francisco potter's field and to whom he had been sending a monthly check for years previous.

Ted Lewis has a responsibility to the theater, too. He has watched the popular musical world come around to his type of jazz, a kind that he valiantly defended for years. And now he must keep the flesh-and-blood variety stage alive . . . in the hope, perhaps, that the pendulum will swing back there too. He should have no trouble, for he really loves his work, and he deals in an imperishable commodity: sentiment. Ask Ted Lewis if he's happy, and he will look at you shrewdly and emote: "Yes, suh!"

Liberty Party

Continued from page 16

Street, which runs from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to the bridge.

Sailors learn to know Sands Street when their ships are in the Yard—it has seen more sailors than any other spot in North America, more than the Barbary Coast ever saw. It looks dead when no ships are in port, but when fighting ships anchor in the Hudson dozens of Willies and Okey-dokes make the long, complicated journey to Brooklyn and turn the street into a roaring Midway.

Even foreign gobs go there. Nobody knows who tips them off, but after a British cruiser drops her hook far uptown in the River it is an even bet that her crew will begin appearing in Sands Street within two hours.

"How much money you got?" Okey-doke asked.

"I been savin' since Panama. I got over two hundred. I brought thirty bucks ashore—the rest is in my locker."

"That's me all over."

Gobs are well paid nowadays, and modern sailors administer their funds more intelligently than they used to. They're different from the sailors of the old days—they have to be. Okey-doke's guns fire twenty shots a minute and have intricate semiautomatic mechanisms; Willie's boilers carry a steam pressure that would terrify an old Navy engineer. Okey-doke and Willie have to be able to think like members of a streamlined organization . . . yet they take liberties as sailors have done since the beginning of sailing. And they still carry their money in their socks.

Sands Street smelled of dust and pavement as they swung off the car. In daylight it is shabby, lined with tattered two-story wooden houses, some deserted and with every pane of glass knocked out of their windows, for gobs still "clean out" a joint on occasion in retaliation for some outrage.

The shops had seafaring names such as Navy Paradise, the Happy Hour, Zippo's Sea Food, Seagoing Tony, Eagle's Nest, Square Knot Headquarters, and Battleship Max. Tailors' windows displayed faded uniforms, rating badges, silver boatswain's calls, campaign ribbons, trinkets.

"Where'll we go?"

"Let's drop into Leo's."

Leo's is a "shock house"—the real flavor of the street is lent by its shock houses (saloons): Kennedy's, John's, Joe's, Leo's, the Oval, Tony's Square Bar.

Leo's has the longest straight bar in Greater New York, greater than a battleship's beam, 110 feet. It has been on Sands Street since men-of-war carried canvas. During Prohibition it was a speakeasy (just around the corner) and now it has white-coated bartenders and the gobs line up and drink beer. Beer is the libertyman's drink—it offers the greatest effect for the money.

But beer is only one feature of the shock houses. They are meeting places, both for gobs and for gobs and their girls.

The Sisterhood of Sands Street

Willie and Okey-doke found Mary, a friend from the West Coast, sitting at a table in Leo's back room. When she saw them she let out a squeal of joy, slapped Okey-doke's ample shoulder, and pulled his white hat down over his eyes. Mary was wearing a snug plaid skirt, a tight sweater that showed her bare tummy every time it slid up (whenever she lifted her arm, or whenever Okey-doke pulled it up, as he did repeatedly after he discovered it) and she had a small felt skullcap perched on the back of her dark curls.

"Hi-ya!" she hailed Okey-doke.

"Where's the Duchess?" Willie asked.

"She'll be here any minute."

The Duchess, Mary's friend, was the kind of a girl a water tender would like—blond and you know. Curvy. They called her the Duchess because she used to run with a quartermaster nicknamed Dutch Schultz. When she came in and saw Willie her face lit up and she slipped one arm through his. "Willie, I been missin' you," she yelled. "How many months is it from January to May?"

Mary and the Duchess are at home in a furnished room in San Pedro, California, but like other West Coast girls they left the coast soon after the ships sailed for the maneuvers—the girls began rolling into Sands Street in February. Those who had the money crossed the country by bus—the others thumbed it. They headed for Brooklyn and got a room somewhere in the Navy Yard neighborhood, sometimes bunking four or five in a room to tide over the slim period until the ships' arrival—girls who follow

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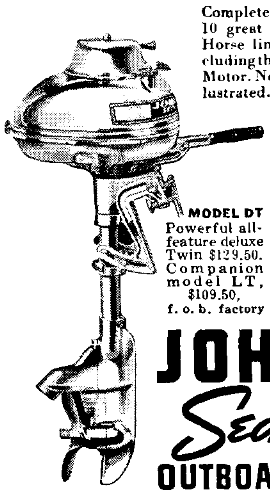

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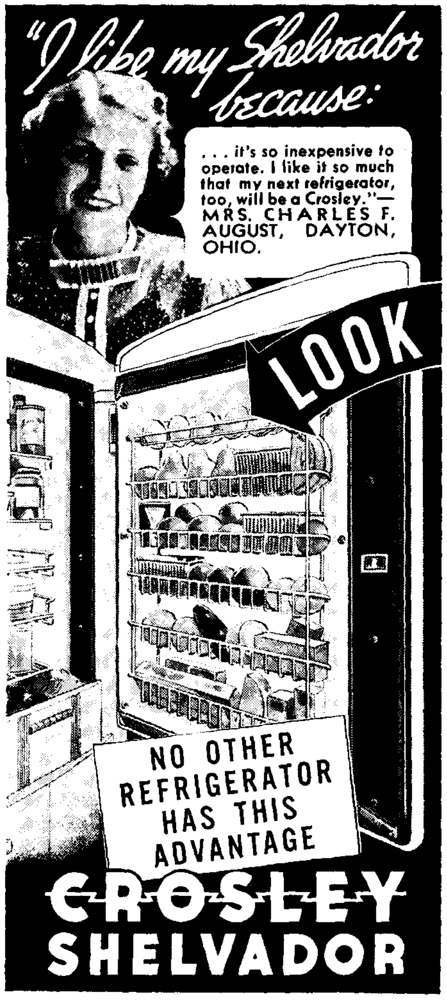
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the Fleet hang together and help out one another when they're broke.

Several hundred West Coast girls made the trip. Sands Street, of course, has girls of its own—East Coast girls. But there is no great rivalry between them and the West Coast girls, because everyone knows the West Coast girls will shove off again when the ships leave.

It's different with "outsiders." The district has an instinctive knowledge of who "belongs" and who doesn't. If strangers don't heed sharp-tongued warnings, cat fights will follow.

Whenever the ships are in, outsiders do appear. Many of them are from uptown Manhattan, shopgirls or stenographers traveling two or three together. They come out seeking a brief fling with a gob who will conveniently disappear when his ship leaves. The Sands Street girls look at them out of hard eyes, and the outsiders don't feel at home there—usually they prefer the midtown section of Manhattan, which is where sailors prowl if they want such romances, with no strings attached.

Fleet followers like Mary and the Duchess, in sociological terminology, would be considered "wayward" rather than "lost." Temperamentally, they are the feminine counterpart of the gob himself—happy-go-lucky, rowdy, self-reliant and tough. Their relation to gobs is as much a part of the Navy as the bollards along the Navy Yard piers—it's always been so since the days when the girls were allowed to move in and live aboard the ships while they were in port.

The girls "tie up" with one particular sailor for a couple of weeks or a couple of years, during which they share each other's money as a matter of course and preserve strict and jealous fidelity.

Since a gob's pay, though ample for liberties, is hardly enough to support a partner, many of the girls work—as waitresses, cigarette girls, hat-check girls, taxi dancers. Some of them are as pretty as the girls in café society uptown, and spend a good deal of care and money on their appearance.

Okey-doke, Willie, Mary and the Duchess stayed at Leo's long enough to drink a couple of beers and "swap the dope" in a mixed, unintelligible jargon of slang, naval terms and profanity.

After Leo's their first port of call was Battleship Max Cohn's, a naval tailoring shop, since Okey-doke wanted to go in and order a suit of tailor-mades.

A sailor's first outfit is issued by the government, but after that he buys his own. The Small Stores Issuing Room aboard ship carries a complete stock of uniforms and gear at cost prices, but there are certain garments sailors prefer to buy ashore.

Chief of these is the suit of shore-going blues which plays a considerable part in the impression made on the opposite sex. The girls are highly critical, and there is as much style in "blues" as there is in collegiate clothing.

Dollar for dollar, of course, there is no comparison—"paymaster's blues" cost about $12 a suit. The government has made many concessions to sailor taste in the last ten years: jumper collars are smaller, bell-bottoms larger, jackets are cut better.

A Job for Battleship Max

But sailors maintain that the government material is fuzzy, and in spite of alterations by the ship's tailor, the jumpers don't fit snugly and trousers lack the perfect seat and form-fitting waist of tailor-mades.

Okey-doke had Battleship Max tailor him a suit of "cap cloth," at $26.50, with the collar two inches smaller than regulation and the bell-bottoms two inches larger, and the fit "as tight as a chorus girl's hug."

While his measurements were being taken a gob came in and told them a big crap game was going on up the street.

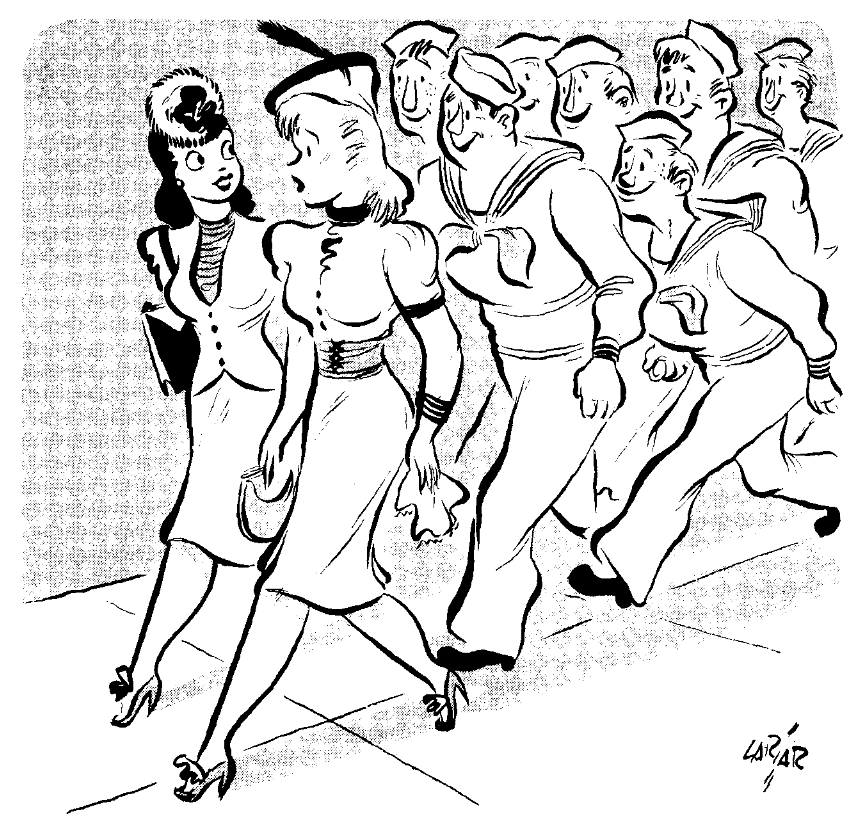
Every ship has its wise birds who are very nearly professional gamblers. They lend money on the side, "6 for 5," "I lend you $5 now, you pay me back $6 on payday." They're not crooked—just wise. Occasionally there is a crap game aboard ship, but it's dangerous. If the Jimmy-legs wanted to make trouble he could have the whole gang court-martialed.

Okey-doke and Willie and the girls took a look-in at the crap game. Willie began making side bets and lost $10. Then he won $5, and then the Duchess took him by the arm.

"Come on," she said. "We're goin' over to New York, an' if you wanna come along you better break loose."

He had sense enough to obey.

"Let's go over to Yorkville and throw



"All right, Sally. Now drop the handkerchief!" LAURENCE LARIAR

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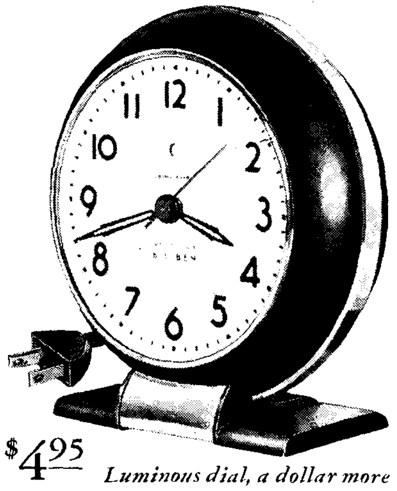
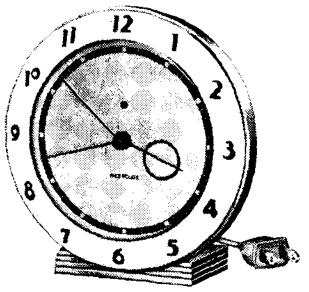


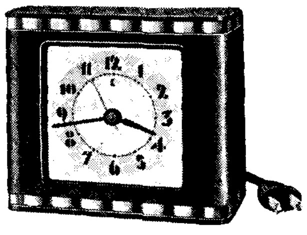
$4.95 *Luminous dial, a dollar more*

Traditional Big Ben quality—sturdily built, with a host of features including the famous 2-Voice gong alarm, and new-type current interruption signal. Handsomely streamlined. Cased in lustrous black with nickel trim.

There is a Westclox electric for every room in the house—beautiful alarm models—time clocks—wall clocks, in a variety of colors and finishes—priced from $2.50 to $6.95. Some have plain dials, others have luminous dials that you can see in the dark—all are built to the Big Ben quality ideal.



PITTSFIELD. Self-starting. A good-looking electric alarm clock that's smart on a mantel, desk or table. Ivory finish with gold color trim. Gong alarm. New-type current interruption signal. $5.95



BACHELOR. Self-starting. A handsome electric alarm with moulded dark blue case, trimmed in gold colored fluting. New-type current interruption signal. $3.95

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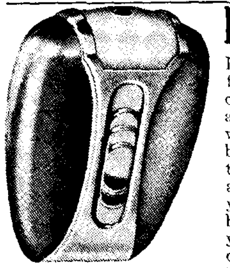

Prizes for Boys

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Jim Thayer, Dept. C-278, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

aboard a square meal," suggested Okey-doke.

A big liberty includes at least one big meal at which a gob can sit himself down to a steak or a juicy cut of ham.

The general mess seldom leaves a stomach with that satisfied sense of having had just a little more than it should. Sailors ashore want food and plenty of it, with French fried potatoes and pie and coffee. And a cigar afterward. And plenty of beer.

The Bowery used to provide these meals, but nowadays it's Yorkville, the German settlement adjoining Harlem. Okey-doke, Willie, Mary and the Duchess took a trolley back across the Brooklyn Bridge, then got an uptown express subway.

In Yorkville, surrounded by civilians, they were on their good behavior. They had a special course dinner for a dollar each and they felt expansive. The girls forgot the misery of crossing the country by the thumb route, the gobs forgot the long watches in the Caribbean, the night alarms that broke them out of their hammocks on an "all hands" call.

"I tell you," said Willie. "We'll go over to Dempsey's, and take a squint at Times Square, an' maybe do a little dancing at Roseland, an'—"

Dancing, that was Mary's dish, and Okey-doke's. So they got underway, walking by twos, and Willie put his arm around the Duchess' waist as they walked along, and carried her handbag just to let everybody know they were together. Mary saw a pair of silk panties in a window, so Okey-doke bought them for her—it was a riot the way they kidded about them.

Dempsey's is heir to the popularity that Tom Sharkey's, at Fourteenth and Third Avenue, held in the old days. Dempsey's is *the* place to get a glass of beer, to see and be seen, and to boast about afterward.

There were hundreds of sailors in the Midtown district, half of them with girls, the others on the make. It was getting on toward the theater hour, the big movie houses were ballyhooing them in, and Times Square was packed.

Back Home with the Boys

After Dempsey's they danced at Roseland, with its mammoth floor and its smooth orchestra.

But along about ten o'clock Okey-doke began to think about Sands Street. Tony's Square Bar, over in Sands Street just a little above Leo's, has a floor show and things get lively around there as the evening wears on.

This Roseland was too big. And too refined. You feel right in Sands Street—it belongs to you.

So they started for the subway, but Okey-doke was in a hurry and beginning to feel expansive after all that beer. So he put them into a taxi and Mary sat on his lap and the Duchess sat on Willie's lap all the way to Brooklyn—it was good to be necking down through the middle of New York in a taxi.

Tony's Square Bar, a blaze of lights, was a-throb with the beat of the music. The bar was crowded three deep and every table was taken, but they giving a break—the bouncers were just giving some party the bum's rush, and Willie cornered the table and they sat down.

"What'll it be, sailors?"

"Beer."

The walls were painted in a red-and-black checkerboard design with pictures that proclaimed night life. The air was murky as a Cape Cod fog, and you could hardly hear yourself think for the noise.

Okey-doke and Mary hadn't been able to let themselves go at Roseland, but here the thrall of the music took possession of them. They elbowed their way onto the dance floor and broke into the quick, rhythmic, jerky step peculiar to sailors—a dozen steps pressed close to each other, then open out to arm's length, then in again like a crazy apache dance in swing. And the footwork—

Willie and the Duchess were sitting close to each other at the table—they didn't want to dance, just to sit close to each other and drink beer.

The floor show began after the master of ceremonies brought out a microphone just the way they do uptown at the big places. Of course the microphone didn't lead to any radio network, just to a raucous loud-speaker up on the ceiling, but the master of ceremonies talked into it as if he had a coast-to-coast network at the other end.

"Good evening, friends—"

There was a big torpedoman sitting at a table over by the wall. He kept watching Willie and the Duchess and Willie didn't like it.

"Hey," Willie hollered. "Turn that pan the other way."

"What'sa matter?" asked the torpedoman. "My pan's good enough for you or anybody else."

"Turn it the other way."

Gang Fighting is Out of Style

There was a certain hour of a liberty when Willie felt primed for a fight. At three o'clock in the afternoon he was the quietest guy in the Fleet, but around midnight you wanted to be careful how you looked at him and his girl.

The torpedoman stood up and came over slowly; he was a little tight. Willie stood up too, and suddenly they began swinging at each other.

A fight between two gobs used to be the signal for a general roughhouse there on Sands Street. Each gob's shipmates or messmates would pitch in.

Gang fighting has gone out of style now. When a fight starts they make a big ring and watch.

The Duchess knew Willie was fighting for her. That was what it was really about. The big torpedoman had been trying to make her—and Willie wasn't going to let him.

The big torpedoman was a little too tight, and Willie was handier with his fists. Willie poked him one and he went down—his friends picked him up and carried him out. A sailor's shipmates always take care of him. That's why a drunken sailor is such a rare sight.

Willie wanted to move on, then. He never liked to stay in a place after he'd had a fight in it.

They went over to the Oval Bar across the street. It was after midnight, and the Oval was going full blast, like all the honky-tonks and dives since the beginning of time—a swirl of sailors and girls, and even a few people from over in Manhattan, on a slumming tour.

At that hour everything is pretty unreal. You turn your head and see a girl alongside of you.

Okey-doke turned his head and saw Mary. Good old Mary . . . been with him all day. What a liberty! Shipmates, you can say what you like, there's no place like New York.

"Hey, Okey-doke," Willie said. "How about turnin' in?"

They spent the night ashore, and didn't go aboard until the last liberty boat in the morning. They climbed their respective side ladders at 7:59, one minute before liberty expired, feeling a little rocky.

Between the two of them, Okey-doke and Willie had seventy-five cents left. They had tucked what bills they had, between $8 and $10 each, into the girl's bags, unasked.

But each of them had another $170 down in his locker—they had been saving for New York since January. Their ship would be in port nearly three weeks more, and tomorrow the starboard watch rated liberty again.

Bothered by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

2. YOU SLEEP through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.

3. THE NEXT morning you have a *thorough* bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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WE NOW MAKE IT WITH... OIL TOO
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LUCKY TIGER
is made—To correct Dry and Unruly hair—To remove unsightly loose dandruff—To allay annoying scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations—To groom and beautify the hair.

Costs little at Druggists, Barbers and Ten Cent Stores. Try a bottle today and look your best.

FREE! **Our New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL** is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ stamps to pay packing and postage.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 52, Kansas City, Mo.

One Sure Thing

Continued from page 21

"And twenty!" yelled Mr. Downer without looking.

"*And* twenty, four - hundred - and - twenty—going - for - four - hundred - and - twenty—just - as - she - stands - no - questions - asked - or - answered - going - going! Sold to Mr. Downer."

"You big sap," whispered Pug angrily to J. Q., "that filly is Clapperdown out of Belle by Down East."

"I know all that, Piggy," murmured Mr. Mason, "but she's three years old and she's spoiled. No man living can drive her the right way of the track."

"Look what I've bought!" moaned Mr. Downer. "Who did this to me? Who?"

"J. Q.," said Pug's angry voice, "until you can show something that seems to be missing from the Mason strain I'm not going to ask your permission to ask your daughter to be my bride."

Joan went white as paper and tears stung in her eyes. She turned, blinked and saw the tousled head moving away. This time she did not follow. She told herself she hoped she would never see him again, but the next week she drove over to the Shelbyville fairgrounds where the Downer prospects had their winter quarters. The first thing she saw was a handler trying to drive Clapperdown, then Mr. Downer's trainer trying to drive Clapperdown. The filly was a demon, ruined by too much scoring. At the word go she would rear and whirl, then she would flatten out on a trot and go like mad the wrong way of the track. At the third try she smashed the sulky.

"Take her to the bone yard!" yelled Mr. Downer. "A dollar buys her. Who'll give me a dollar?"

"I will," said Pug.

"You! You!" sputtered Mr. Downer. "If you've got a dollar you can have her."

Mr. Samuel Childreth produced a dollar and a bill of sale. In the heat of the moment Mr. Downer didn't ponder over the fact it was already made out, ready for him to sign. He signed. "No tack, mind you. Start in by buying yourself a halter and a blanket."

Pug followed the misbehaving filly to her stable, took off his belt, buckled it around her neck and led her unblanketed down the line until he ran into old Vanholder, owner of the fairgrounds.

"Van, I've bought a horse but I can't afford a stable. How about the old blacksmith shop at a dollar a week?"

"Show me ten dollars, Pug, for the first two months. Ten dollars is money."

Mr. Childreth had ten dollars and paid it. The abandoned blacksmith shop was out of the way back of the stables. It was as big as four box stalls and had a good floor, so never mind the leaky roof. He stood in the doorway, counting the things he had to have. Bedding for the filly and himself. Feed for the same. Harness and a sulky to say nothing of a dozen smaller items of tack. He was on the point of sighing when he became conscious of a presence. He didn't have to look around. His nostrils quivered to the smell of a clover field in bloom, of summer in winter and peace on earth.

"I've bought me a horse," he murmured.

"Yes," said Joan breathlessly. "I saw you do it. And Pug . . ."

"What?"

"I want to be your partner—stand the keep of Clapperdown for a half interest."

"Anybody but you, Jo. Think it out."

"How much money have you got?"

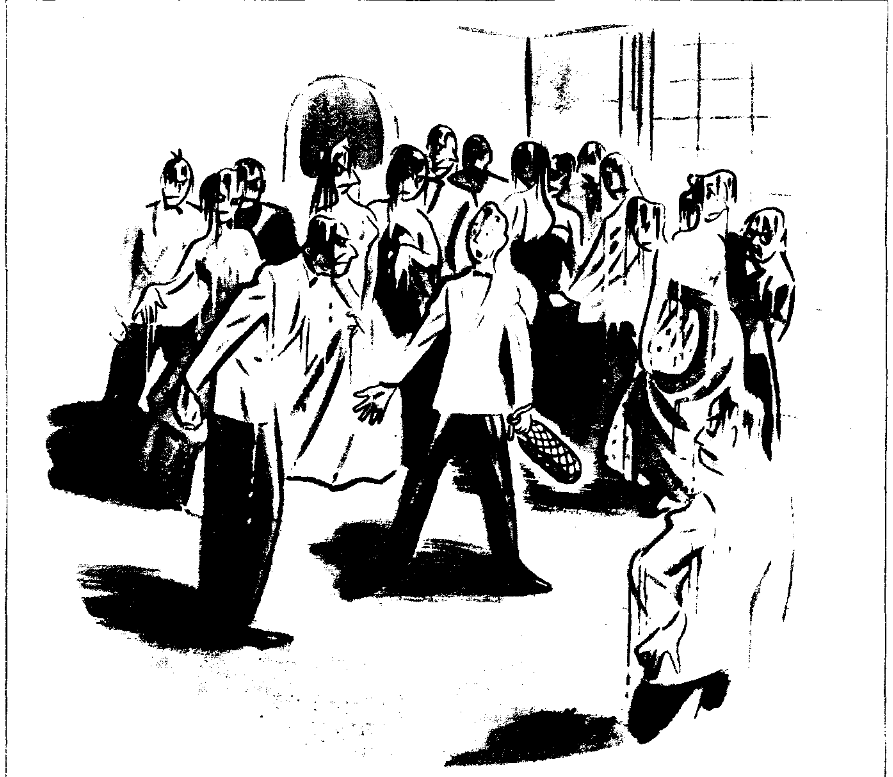
"Don't worry. Enough for bedding and food for two for a whole week."

"Pug, will you promise me one thing, just one thing? Will you promise you'll let me see you drive her the first time?"

"Of course. I'll drive her tomorrow at dawn."

"Thanks, Pug. Don't kick the filly in your sleep."

AT DAWN the next morning Joan peered through the misty gray light at a strange sight. Clapperdown was hitched to a borrowed bike and togged out in borrowed shin boots, knee boots, pole, shadow roll and blinkers as if she were a precious football star about to face a man-eating team. Pug Childreth jogged her for a full half-hour before he signaled old Vanholder he was ready to

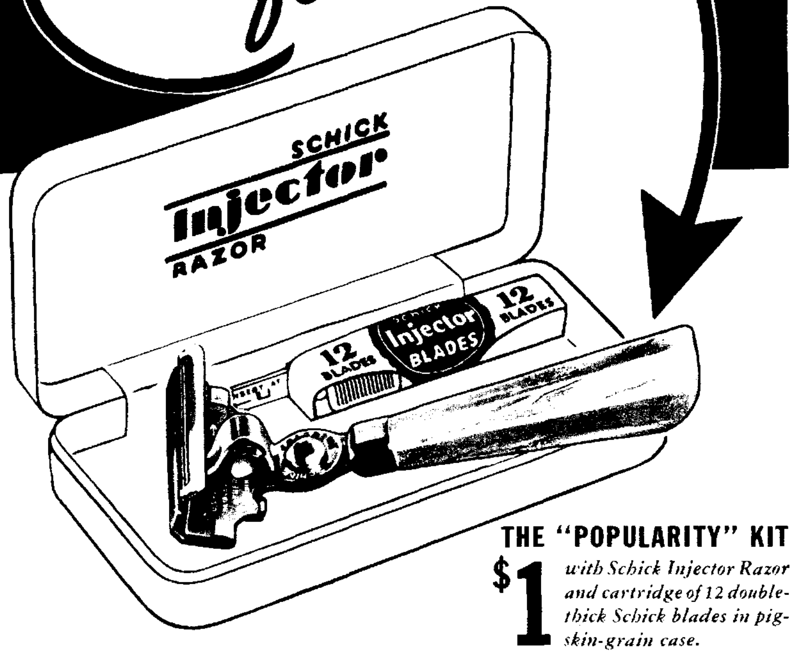


"What'samatter, can't you take a joke? . . . Jerry, Helen, Joe, Annette . . . can't anybody take a joke?"

JOHN MILLIGAN

"POPULARITY"

is the word for it!



THE "POPULARITY" KIT

$1 *with Schick Injector Razor and cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick blades in pigskin-grain case.*

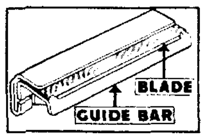
MORE THAN ~~2,000,000~~ 3,000,000 MEN NOW SHAVING WITH THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

What does the Schick Injector Razor have that's caused *another million men* to choose it in the past few months?

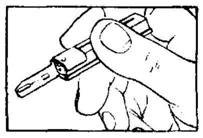
Just this: A *combination of features* you can't find in any other razor at *any* price! A solid guide bar (no "teeth") that flattens the skin ahead of the blade for a close, *level* stroke . . . "stops" at each end of the guide bar to prevent blade corners from nicking or scratching your skin . . . double-thick blades, rigidly held to eliminate blade vibration and "pull" . . . a small, compact head that glides into those hard-to-shave places with ease...instant, automatic blade change ...tapered, hand-fitting handle...and many other advancements that have put the Schick Injector Razor in a class by itself for downright shaving COMFORT and safety.

Let popularity be your guide to new shaving pleasure. Get your "Popularity" Kit today...join this *growing army of men* who are now getting smoother, more comfortable shaves.

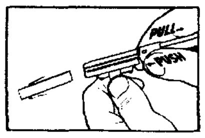
THE ONLY RAZOR WITH ALL THESE FEATURES



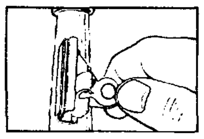
Solid Guide Bar . . . Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade edge. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked and scraped.



Blades are Sealed in Oil . . . Blade edges are actually suspended in space . . . sealed in a bath of oil in metal Injector cartridge. No paper covering to dull their edges.



Instant Blade Change . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *automatically!* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



Quick Cleaning . . . No need to take this razor apart for cleaning. A swish under the faucet does the trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary.

TWENTY YEAR GUARANTEE (1939)

This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to:
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

THIS 20-YEAR GUARANTEE IS STAMPED INTO EVERY BOX

Have you ever heard of a razor that was guaranteed for 20 years? Could there be any stronger evidence of the manufacturer's confidence in this product?

(*Same prices now prevail in Canada*)

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

When you buy Schick Blades you get a whole magazine of blades . . . 20 or 12 at a time. No running out of blades every few days. Cost per blade is less than other brands.

Schick Injector 20
Schick Injector 12

The Heart of America's Finest Cocktails because

Gordon's has the Advantage

OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF, 94.4

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

● You'll welcome the advantage. For Liqueur Quality means richer flavor and velvety smoothness. And High Proof, 94.4, means sustained flavor—drinks that never taste thin. That's why it's important to ask for Gordon's when ordering gin.

Drinks never taste thin with

Gordon's Gin

TRY GORDON'S
SLOE GIN
60 PROOF

Copr., 1939, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

score. Six dusky swipes carrying six stable brooms climbed onto the track and lined up, three on each side, as the mare came down the stretch at a brisk trot.

"Go!" yelled Van.

Clapperdown sank her rump like a bronco, reared and started to whirl to the right, but the soft end of a broom banged her cheek like a thunderclap. She changed lead and whirled toward the pole. Bang went another broom, shaking her teeth in their sockets. She stood straight up and pawed the air.

"Clapperdown—down!" yelled Pug as four brooms whanged the back of her head.

She hit the ground trotting straight ahead, the right way of the track. She trotted and how she trotted!

Weeks went by. On Clapperdown's sixteenth working morning, Joan Mason present and only Sooty on the track with a forgotten broom under his arm, the ungainly filly went away as smooth as whistling with the wind and did her first full mile. Pug had forgotten to click his watch at the start but when he brought her in, the way the swipes fought to rub her down told him she had done a phenomenal mile.

HE CALLED a meeting for that evening by invitation only and bring your own stool. Joan, indignant at not having been included, crashed the gate and nobody seemed to mind; Pug even surrendered the only chair.

"I'm tired of charity," he announced, "so I'm going to divide Clapperdown into a hundred shares only twenty of which are offered for barter. I won't insult any of you by telling you what she's got. Did anybody clock her when she worked her mile?"

"Ah did," said Sooty, black as his name and the best swipe living.

"You white-hearted liar," said Pug, "you never owned a watch long enough to clock a falling star!"

"I could tell by my eardrums," said Sooty solemnly. "They like to have bust."

When the laughter died down the allotment proceeded. Three shares to Sooty for full-time services as swipe. One share to Hank Broder as assistant handler to Pug. One to Bill Davis for expert shoeing. Two shares to Vanholder for stabling and feed to the end of the season. Two shares for transportation by truck. Five shares to the dealer for brand-new harness, a standard bike and board for Pug at the nearest diner. One share each to the broom brigade.

"Do we get to know when you're going to make your big play, Pug?" put in Vanholder and everybody listened.

"Are you lazy?" asked Pug. "She's eligible for every stake in her class on the Short Belt Circuit. If you're too dumb to figure out your winter bets I'm entitled to the edge. This meeting is adjourned."

The men filed out and Joan came over to him; if she had stood on tiptoes her eyes would have been level with his. "Wasn't I good? I didn't even peep."

He fastened his gaze on her lips and they lifted toward him. His head started down and then drew back.

"No," he said. "I can see they've never been kissed."

"Of course they have, silly; more than once."

"That's what I mean," said Pug solemnly. "If a kiss doesn't stick for the rest of your life you've simply never been kissed. Besides, I'm not ready, I can't spare the time."

Joan turned away with a quick shrug and then faced about. "Pug, here's an idea. Now you've got a swipe, why don't you come with me to Childreth for the night?"

Pug stood quite still. "That is an idea," he said finally. "I'll go."

He took a toothbrush and his razor from a cup on a beam, called Sooty back and left him in charge. They went to Joan's car and she insisted he drive. How well he knew the road he hadn't traveled since he was ten, fourteen years ago! Joan snuggled close to him.

"Pug, I know what you're going to shoot at with Clapperdown—the Tenafly Stakes."

"You're a wise girl, Jo. Or did you guess it?"

"You know I didn't. Pug—"

"What?"

"Listen. I was good. I never peeped. But this is terribly important and if you don't say yes I'll cry my heart out. I want you to lay off the winter book and trade me half your interest in Clapperdown for half my winnings. I can place the bets without being suspected."

"Sold," said Pug. "Win or lose, half of mine is yours."

Half an hour later Joan was saying: "Dad, here's Mr. Childreth; he's going to spend the night."

J. Q.'s eyes blinked open. "Sam?" he muttered. Then he woke completely and struggled to his feet. "Piggy!"

"The same to you, J. Q.," said Pug. He crossed the playground of his childhood to a door and stood studying it. "Ever notice this dent, Joan?"

"Lots of times, but nobody will tell me how it got there."

"It was when my father threw a chair at Jake Downer from twenty feet away for suggesting they fix a race." He faced J. Q. "Piggy, in six months I'm going to call your hand for Joan. What do you think you're going to say?"

J. Q. sank into his big chair with a groan. "Piggy, there isn't a boy on earth ever I loved the way I've loved you. But use your head—let's all three use our heads. You haven't a cent and you never will have. Three more years like the last three and I won't have a cent."

"Piggy, wake up," begged Pug. "Childreth Farms never showed red until Downer pinned Roler on you for a trainer. What do you pay him?"

"Four thousand plus percentage."

"Throw him out, give me his job and I'll double the percentage."

"You're crazy, boy—young and crazy."

"Am I? Did you know I've bought Clapperdown?"

"That proves it."

"She's going to win the Tenafly Stakes."

"That locks the booby hatch with you inside."

"All right. Now, Piggy, since you know so much about horses and men, if I win the Tenafly do I get my chance at Joan or don't I? Think fast."

"Will you lay off her in the meantime?" inquired Mr. Mason quickly.

"I suppose I'll have to, worse luck."

"Then it's a go, Piggy, and it gives my mind a lifelong rest. I'm tired. I'm going to bed."

FROM the very next day Pug's real worry began. Clapperdown would start only if there was a broom around: if there wasn't a broom she would not start. On the plea of dresses and a new car Joan cashed a tiny legacy from her mother. But she didn't buy a new car; instead she took the fantastic winter odds on Clapperdown to win, spreading her tickets cannily.

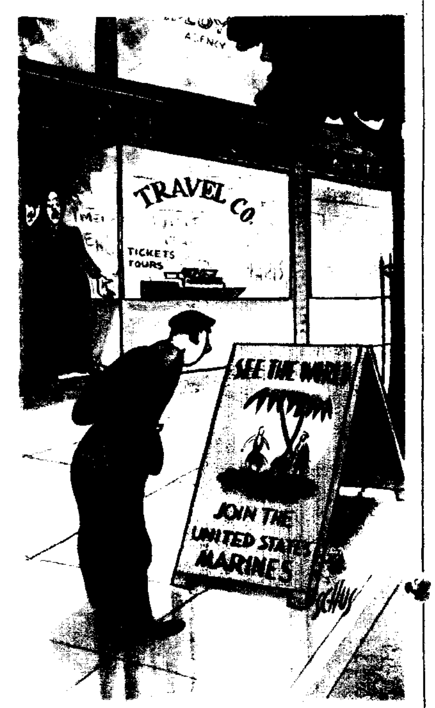
The day of days broke bright and warm. Downer's Arrowfoot, Bowman up, was still the favorite. Buckeye, the Childreth Farms entry, entrusted to Roler, came next and to the amazement of the crowd an unknown, driver-owner Sam Childreth, stood third when the betting odds went up. People laughed when they saw Hank Broder with a broom but they laughed louder when they got an eyeful of the scraggy little mare.

"Hey, Hank! You gone back to being a swipe?"

"Naw, he's fixed to sweep her up when she falls apart."

"Go!" and they laughed once more as Clapperdown did her bronco stop, stood straight up and pawed the air.

"Clapperdown—down!" yelled Pug. Inside ten seconds laughter choked and was still. From eighth position the little mare took the long way of the track, letting the bunch do all the crowding at the turn. But once she hit the backstretch she laid her belly to the ground and climbed the ladder rung by rung until nothing but Arrowfoot was ahead. Pug didn't bother to speak to her until just before the last wide curve, but when he called she had it. She got her clearance, stole the pole and Bowman, almost too dazed to draw his whip, had to eat mud all the way to the wire. Pug was deaf to the roar of the crowd. He didn't want to talk or to see anybody. He knew that all too often the winner of a first heat has bought a peck of trouble. But that wasn't the worst of it—Clapperdown would have to start in number one position on the pole.



"That's what I mean by government competing with private industry!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"Calling the second heat of the four-year-old trot for the Tenafly Stakes," blared the loud-speaker, "and the record purse in the life of this historic meeting—six thousand dollars!"

Pug hung back, not wishing to reach the track until the last moment. He walked at the left wheel of the bike with Hank and his broom at the filly's drooping head on the farther side. As they passed through the gate an apparently careless smoker flipped a match into the broom and it burst into flames as if it had been soaked in oil. Hank let out a yell and dropped it. The filly started to bolt but Pug took a wrap in time. Hank ran back to stamp on the broom and when he got through only a blackened stump remained. The starter was already furious.

"Come along, Mr. Childreth, or I'll give the word without you."

Already Sooty was streaking for another broom, but long before he could get back Pug had swung into the seat and Clapperdown on the pole was smiling her supercilious smile. The horses scored four times and she scored with the bunch. On the fourth try they got the word. She whirled in her tracks so fast Pug felt the stirrups bend and she had gone fifty yards the wrong way before he could bring her around. Then she laid herself out to trot as if nothing had happened, bringing a bitter lump into his throat. Nothing could save the heat now—not even a tangle between Arrowfoot and the Childreth entry that let a rank outsider through for a win. Clapperdown barely beat the red flag and came in sixth.

The half-hour break was a nightmare for Pug. Did he dare risk showing a broom for the third time? Never mind the jeers of the crowd, but what would the judges think and say? He had to, and that was all there was to it. . . . At last the bell clanged and the call sounded.

"Can you stand it, Hank?" said Pug sharply. "Hold the broom close and just show it to her as you leave her head."

BUT the minute they went through the gate Mr. Downer began to shout: "I file a protest! Take away that broom! They're bringing a broom to disturb the other horses! Foul! I protest!"

The crowd took it up, for and against, and Pug felt his stomach wrap itself around his spine. Here was disaster. This was the end—the end of him and Joan. He was licked. Then to his ears came J. Q.'s bull voice, rolling over the cries of the crowd:

"Rules, Piggy, rules! Anything the horse wears goes! Strap it to her for a headpole!"

"Did you hear that, Hank?" yelled Pug, his heart giving a great leap. "Did you hear J. Q. come through?"

"I heard," grunted Hank as he rammed the broom handle through the checkstrap and lashed it to the shaft with his belt.

"The throatlatch!" gasped Pug. "Loop it or the broom will never stay."

With trembling fingers Hank unbuckled the throatlatch, took a double wrap around handle and checkstrap and tied a double knot. A fan of straw protruded just beyond the blinker and as Clapperdown stepped forth thus arrayed the roar of the crowd dissolved into laughter, hoots and yells. Pug took it with his chin out. J. Q. looked down into Joan's sad white face and suddenly his eyes popped wide.

"Joan!"

"What?"

"I haven't seen any new dresses or any new car. What did you do with that thousand dollars?"

"I put it on Clapperdown at the winter price of thirty to one."

"Jehoshaphat! Do you know what you stand to win? Thirty thousand dollars on the turn of a heat!"

Tears burst from her eyes. "I don't want the thirty thousand," she sobbed, "I want Pug."

"Go!" yelled the starter.

The rank outsider froze, Bowman shot Arrowfoot to the pole, Roler drove wide and there was Clapperdown, doing her impersonation of the Eiffel Tower.

"Clapperdown — down!" screamed Pug.

She beat him to it. She hit the ground trotting. And was she trotting! She was eating the wind. Then Pug woke up. No horse on earth could win this race alone. Why was Roler driving wide?

"Sandwich!" yelled Bowman, out of hearing of the judges and the crowd.

"Sandwich!" answered Roler as Clapperdown reached her nose into the gap between them.

Pug tried to swallow but his mouth had gone dry. He measured the gap with eyes and brain. Already it had narrowed by the fraction of an inch that made it no gap at all. They had him. They could go fast or slow and leave the judges wondering why the hell he didn't challenge. Then the two of them began to work on him, battering his ears with filth. To make bad worse, pebbles, sand and clots of mud were raining on his goggles, raising a fog before his eyes. But he mustn't lose his head—he mustn't. Suddenly blind rage seized him; if he couldn't win, then neither would they.

"Open up, Roler!" he yelled. "Open up or take what's coming!"

As Roler called on Buckeye for a spurt and got it Pug saw his chance in a flash. He jammed his feet in the stirrups, threw back his weight, lifted Clapperdown up and out and let her drop. He had done it! The hunch had worked! For that one act he would be known all his life as a top-flight driver. He knocked his goggles off. Now he could see. Here was where the race began and before he knew it they were taking it three abreast to the turn. He heard the thrash of whips on his left as Roler and Bowman pressed to hold him to the long way of the track. Could Clapperdown hand them one pace in every ten and live to see the stretch?

He looked the length of her from her anchored tail to her reaching head and perceived a miracle—she was beautiful, the smoothest, loveliest filly that eye of man had ever seen. Out of the corner of his eye as they swept into the bend he caught the red glare of Buckeye's flaming nostril, coming back. But this time he wasn't fooled. Roler was setting a double trap—crowding him gently up the bank and ready to force a foul should Clapperdown edge toward the pole. Pug took fate by the throat and called on her before the stretch.

"Hoa! Hoa! Clapperdown! Take him, beauty! Lay your belly to the ground!"

She answered. What he had thought was speed became a memory. No longer did she laugh; this was business. All her muscles rippled like water as she flattened out into the shape of a flying squirrel. Could she keep her feet on the curve? Could she? She did. She took it.

But Buckeye didn't; from close behind came a splintering crash as he plowed through the rail. Now for Arrowfoot, ten lengths ahead, giving his whole heart to the brute who was lashing him from rump to withers. So this was the stretch—this was the end! Pug raised his reins and heaved his shoulders forward.

"Take him, Clapperdown!" he implored. "Take him! I'll never hit you, darling—never, never, never! Hoa! Hoa! Hoa!"

SWEET as a rose she lifted her feet and put them down, far out—farther—and held the fraction of an inch of lengthened stride. Pug felt Arrowfoot coming back, fading and coming back, but the wire was coming too. He didn't look, for in his ears rang his father's voice, clear as a bell across the years: "The driver who looks is licked." In a spasm of fury Bowman hurled the stub of his broken whip at Pug's back as Arrowfoot staggered across the line, loser by a length.

A yelling mob flowed onto the track, bouncing Joan about as if she were a cork. J. Q. caught her around the waist and backed his way through to Pug. From high overhead the loud-speaker blared: "Winner and champion, breaking the track record by two and one-fifth seconds, Clapperdown!"

Already Pug had slipped her bridle and with his handkerchief was swabbing out the sweat cups over her eyes and behind her ears; then he lifted her funny nose and kissed it.

"Now me," said Joan.

Pug turned quickly, laid his hands on her shoulders and looked deep into her eyes. "Not here, honey," he said gravely, "it's going to take a long, long time."

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The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR WARREN, commanding Camp Grant, in Arizona, sends his daughter, Eleanor, to an Eastern school. When, three years later, she rejoins him, she is engaged to one of his young lieutenants, Philip Castleton. Castleton—needlessly strict with his men and none too popular with his fellow officers—is a good soldier; but it is to Tom Benteen, another lieutenant, that Warren turns in serious emergencies. . . .

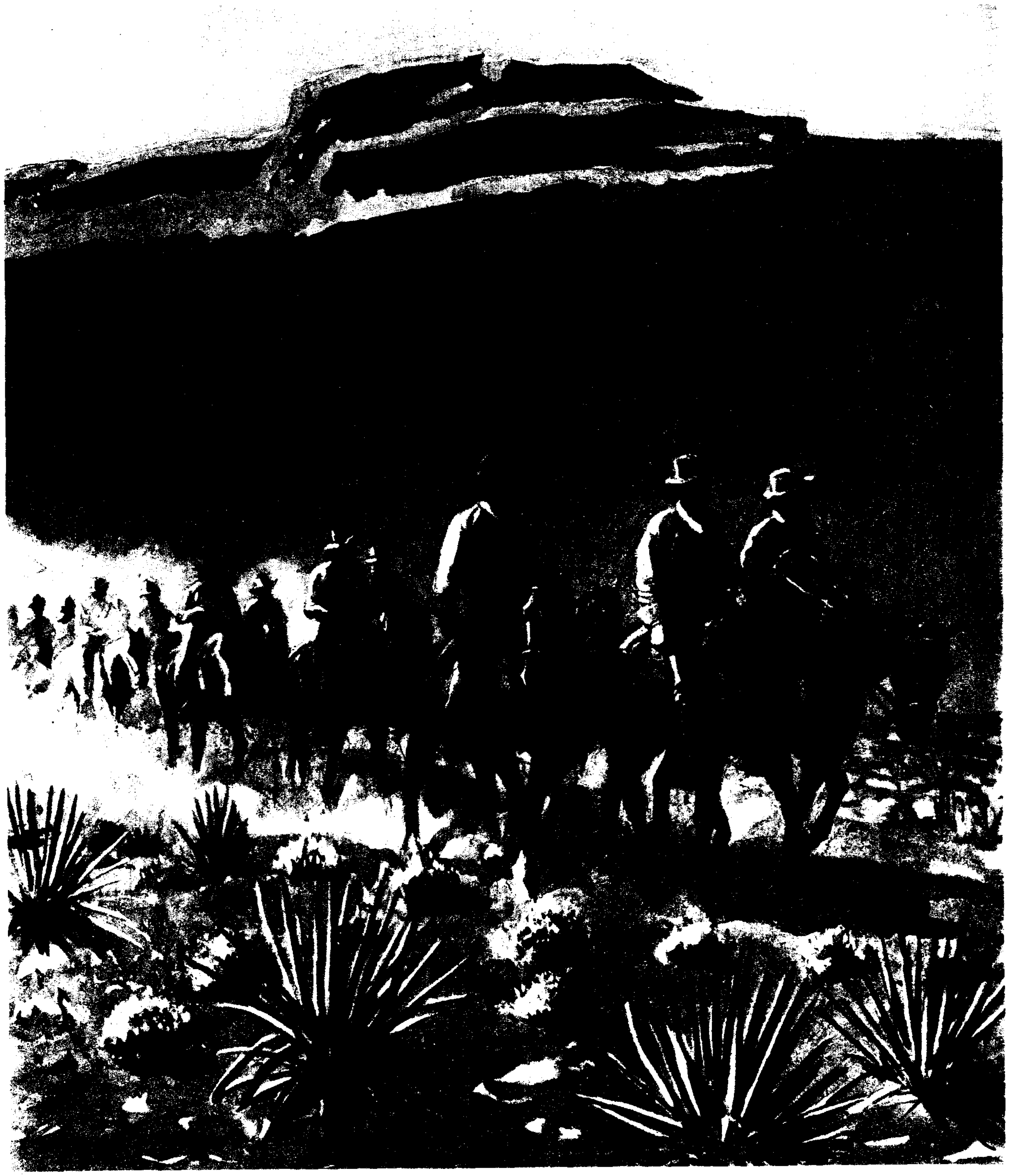
Shortly after Eleanor's return, two wagons are attacked—presumably by a band of Indians led by a man known as Antone—not far from the post. Reconnoitering the scene of the trouble, Benteen finds one survivor: a girl. She says that her name is Lily Marr. She intimates that the attack was not made by Indians!

Accepting Major Warren's invitation, Lily becomes a guest of the post. While Dr. Shiraz, the post physician, is away, Harriet Mixler, Lieutenant George Mixler's wife, gives birth to a baby. And it is Lily who assists her through her ordeal, with Eleanor doing what she can. . . .

Antone's marauders are burning ranch houses, killing civilians. Major Warren sends a small detachment after them. Led by Tom Benteen, the detachment finds the Indians and, in the course of a sharp skirmish, drives them back. Whereupon, Benteen leads his men back to the fort, and Castleton moves out, with twenty-five troopers, it being his mission to harass the troublemakers and keep them retreating. As he leaves, Castleton is cautioned by Major Warren not to gamble, not to guess—and, above all, not to take any chances of falling into any trap that the Indians' leader may have set.

The paymaster having arrived at Fort Lowell, near Tucson, Warren picks Benteen to go for him, with an escort, and bring him to Grant. Then, when it occurs to him that Eleanor might enjoy a visit to Tucson, the major suggests that she go along.

A stranger—a rough, pale-blue-eyed fellow—appears at the post. Believing him to be a stray rider, Benteen speaks to him, offers him a meal. The man declines the offer, and, in a surly mood, walks away. A few minutes later, Benteen sees him engaged in an altercation with Lily Marr. The fellow hands Lily something; Lily throws it on the ground. Stepping up to them, Benteen addresses the girl: "You know this man?" he says. "You want him around?" Lily appears to be angry, not frightened. "I know him," she replies quietly, "but I don't want him. Tell him to pick up his money."



"I see nothing," Dura said. "But that trail, she is a trap." "Turn left," Castleton ordered

V

FIVE gold pieces lay in the white dust. For a moment Benteen considered them, remembering the robbery of the Summerton wagon train. He had no proof of this man's connection, but as he turned to the stranger he saw the look in the other man's eyes—the quite bright and quite deadly attentiveness. Benteen said: "Pick up your money and go along."

"Captain," said the stranger, "I never took an order from a man in my born life. Or from a woman either. Or from anything that breathed."

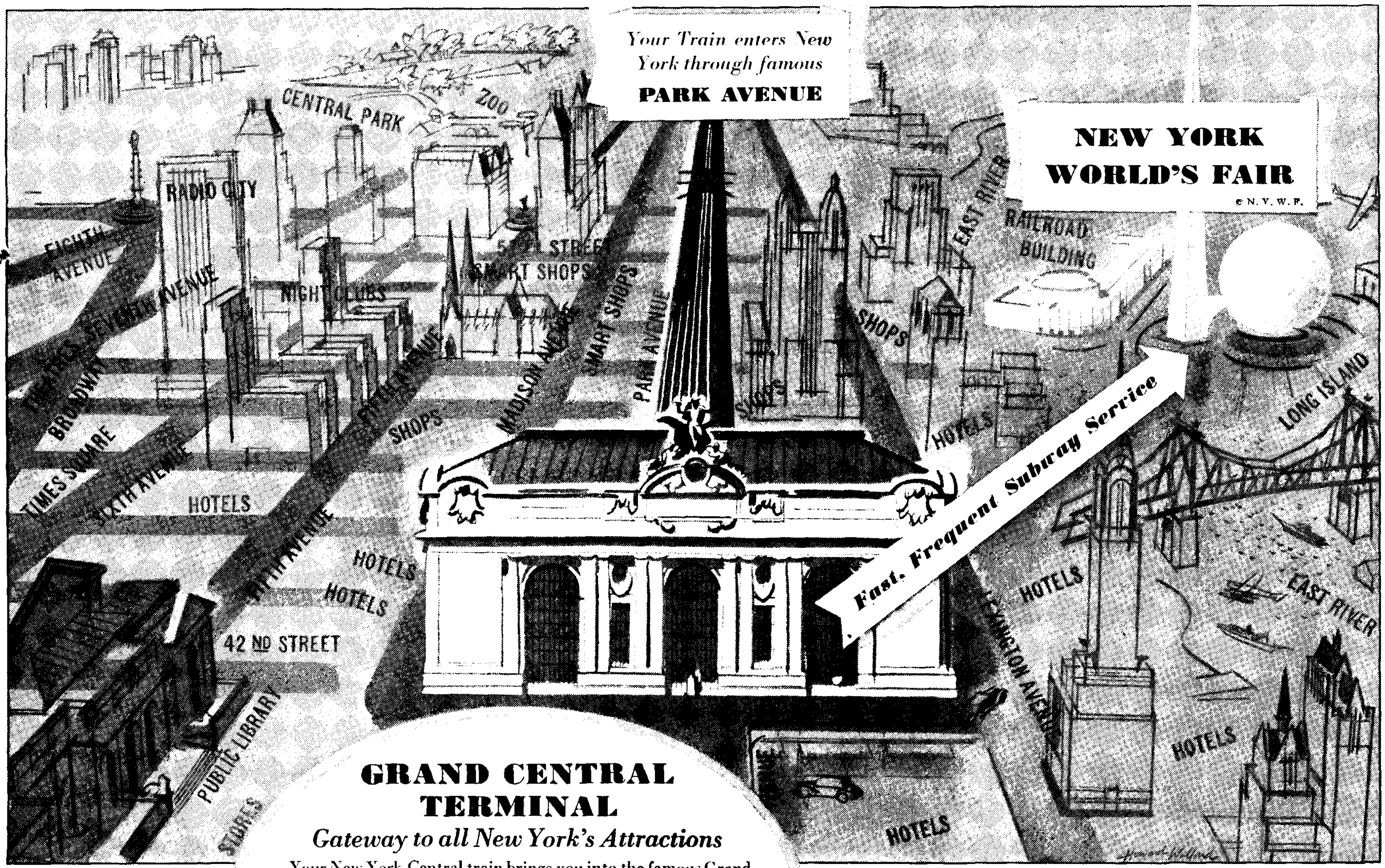
The stranger had a gun and would use it. Benteen was sure enough of the man's character to know that. But the insolence and the wild pride were a little thick for him and so, since he was close to the stranger, he whipped his long arm out, seized the man's arm, hauled him in with a hard yank, and seized the holstered gun. He was angry, suddenly and deeply, and felt no scruples at all. He threw the man's gun back into the dust, grabbed him by the shoulders with both hands and shook him until he heard his teeth clack together; and threw him flat to the dust.

"Pick up your money and go along." he said again.

The stranger was face down and half knocked out; he lay motionless for a moment, his fingers dug into the loose white dust. McSween and a pair of soldiers ran over from the barrack and the guard on this post swung forward with his gun brought down. Ray Lankerwell stepped from post headquarters, buckling on his belt.

From her place in the doorway of commanding officer's quarters, Eleanor Warren had seen it all—the brief exchange of talk and Benteen's swift punishment. She didn't come forward with the others but watched Benteen with a fresh, startled interest, now knowing something she had felt but never had seen, which was his capacity for anger. This then was part of the man; this was a part of all those turbulent things hinted at by the grayness of his eyes and the long calm of his lips.

Meanwhile, Benteen reached down and retrieved the stranger's revolver and turned to Lily Marr, observing her stillness and her expressionless gravity. He realized she knew more about this man than she was telling. There was a story here, in her and in the stranger and in the gold pieces scattered on the ground. He put his attention back to the stranger, who had risen to his knees. He said, "Do as you're told, friend," and watched the stranger reach into the dust and recover the gold pieces. Afterward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the man got to his feet, brushing himself aimlessly. It wasn't until all this was done that he lifted his face to Benteen. His cheeks were dead-white and his eyes had turned the color of slate.

Benteen turned to McSween. "See that this man waters his horse and leaves the post." He pulled up the stranger's gun, kicked the loads from it, and returned it.

The stranger didn't look at Lily Marr again, or at the surrounding men. His glance clung to Benteen with a memorizing hatred, telling Benteen as clearly as speech what he felt and what he someday intended to do. He said, "All right, Captain," and walked away with McSween behind him. "All right, Captain. All right."

The group broke away, leaving Benteen with Lily Marr. Benteen said: "You know this man pretty well, Lily?"

"He knew I was in that wagon train. That's why he held it up. But I got away in the dark. He will kill you, Mr. Benteen."

He said, "What?" and made a half-turn after the stranger. Lily Marr's voice stopped him at once.

"No. I wouldn't speak against him, Mr. Benteen. I'd never tell what I know."

"He's a killer, Lily."

"Oh, that," she said and shrugged it away, as if it meant nothing. "That's because people have tried to kill him. His name is Jack Bean and everybody knows he's an outlaw. But nobody knows as much about him as I do."

"What'd he come here for?"

"For me. And he'll come again."

He studied the impenetrable reserve of her face and knew he could ask no more. She was a dark woman, a woman with a gray and odd wisdom, with a strange realism completely governing her. He said, "All right, Lily," and walked away.

Lily Marr's attention turned toward Jack Bean a moment, as he rode out of the post. Then it veered to Benteen, following his high shape as it cut through the first violet eddies of twilight. She laid her shoulders against the dobe wall, softly sighing. Her eyes were, at this moment, round and wide and expressive.

EIGHT hours' march brought Phil Castleton to the retreating trail of Antone in the broken hills northeast of Grant. Manuel Dura said, after a considerable scout: "They go north, maybe to the Pinals, maybe into the Apache Mountains." Before sundown they pushed over the Gila and made camp.

Next day they followed the Indians' trail along the base of the Pinals. At five o'clock a canyon opened before them, its hundred-foot walls pinching in a shallow clattering creek and a narrow trail weaving around man-tall boulders. A kind of permanent twilight lay in there. Manuel Dura stopped at once, shrugging his shoulders.

"In there."

"How far ahead of us?"

"Maybe hour, maybe just around bend. I don't know. Very close, I think maybe."

"How many?"

"Maybe twenty go in there. Maybe more by now." Manuel Dura watched Castleton and saw something on the officer's face that troubled him and caused him to point toward the rock walls overhead. Small inset pits studded these walls on either side; the parapets hovered directly above the trail. "Too bad. She's a nice place for trap."

A quarter mile on, the canyon walls bent and carried the trail out of sight. Castleton watched that bend. "What's behind?"

"Mile, maybe, same thing. She comes out then into little meadow. More hills after that."

Castleton pushed the sweat across his face and stiffened his legs against the stirrups. Nobody spoke. Hanna's eyes, old and black and faithful, watched him. Hanna waited, but he knew Hanna didn't like the canyon; he knew none of them liked it. He washed that consideration out, his impatience growing stronger. Antone was down that canyon, maybe within rifle shot. Antone was growing tired. He balanced the thought against his orders, which were to take no chances against a trap and to return at the end of three days. The second day was up and it was another day back to Grant. Yet he had his few hours of grace and, looking at the rock wall above him, he saw nothing to check his eagerness.

He had little respect for Apaches; he had nothing but a desire to close in and end the chase, and thought now he saw the chance of doing it. Antone, he reasoned, would never believe that a cavalry detail would follow through the canyon. Castleton pulled up his reins. "All right. Forward."

MIXLER looked at him. Dura's swarthy face came around, openly surprised and dissenting. "She's not good. We better go around, up this hill, come down far side."

Castleton's natural impatience broke out: "Never mind—never mind." The truth was, though he did not quite realize it, he resented the knowledge both Dura and Al Hazel had of Indians, and the manner in which they used that knowledge to caution the post officers. It was his conviction that all civilians on the frontier had built up the Indian scare in order to keep troops on hand, thereby profiting from the selling of feed and supplies, and from the vast freighting business built up from post to post. Mixler was beside him, and Mixler's long silence further irritated him.

"Any suggestions?"

Mixler shrugged his shoulders. "You're in command, I believe."

Castleton lifted his hand overhead, motioning the detail to follow, and entered the canyon at a quick walk.

There was still a half-hour of sunlight but as soon as the detail got into the canyon a solid twilight settled around the detail. Watching the high shoulders in front and the small recesses above him in the canyon walls, Castleton was at once bothered by the thickness of the shadows. The dashing of the creek and the clatter of the horses on the stone underfooting made a strong racket. For a moment he had his doubt, and for a moment it was his inclination to turn back. What checked the impulse was the memory of Dura's skeptical expression, and Mixler's dislike, and the opinion of the troopers. They were watching him now; it was too late to change. He could not permit any of them to see any confusion in his mind. But the feeling of this place was bad. The farther the detail progressed the narrower the canyon seemed and the more smothered Castleton felt. He caught himself eying the overhead rim; he found that his leg muscles were pushing against the stirrups. Suddenly, near the bend, Sergeant Hanna clattered through the creek and cut in front of Castleton.

Castleton snapped: "What are you doing?"

Hanna's old-soldier face, bronzed and hard-boned, swung toward the lieutenant. "K Troop has fawrty enlisted men and three officers. 'Tis better arithmetic that wan enlisted man get shot than wan officer."

"Get back," said Castleton, and pushed past Hanna.

Beyond the bend was only the graying vista of water and stone and the blank wall of another bend in the distance.

Castleton shoved his horse forward. The trail bent again and the walls closed in until this canyon was no wider than

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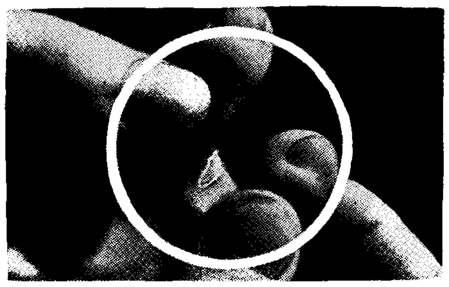

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the length of a horse. Trail and creek squeezed past black shoulders and then, beyond this point, Castleton saw the fresh clear twilight of a meadow beyond; the canyon walls broke away. He held his horse to a walk, crossed the creek and stopped in the meadow.

"Hanna, we camp here. No fire tonight."

He dismounted and turned his horse over to an orderly, watching the troopers stack arms and make cold camp. Manuel Dura crossed and recrossed the meadow, low-bent in the shadows. Presently he returned.

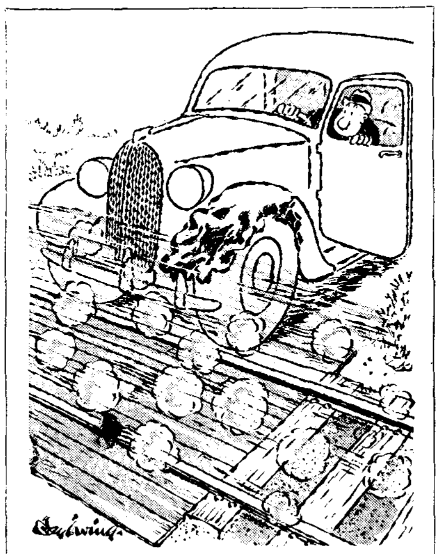
"They stop here and go on. Up there now, maybe." He pointed to the broken-black tangle of the hills eastward.

Castleton looked at Mixler, a tinge of irony in his tone. "I have always thought that Apaches were overrated. Antone is a better fugitive than a fighter."

All Mixler said was, "I should hate to have been caught in that canyon, Phil."

"He wasn't there," pointed out Castleton. "He will never stop to make a fight. We are being held back by a fear of something that doesn't exist."

Settled on his blanket, he listened for the drowsing talk of the troopers and didn't hear it. They lay silent, and in that silence was something sullen and dissatisfied and bone-tired. He fell into a shallow sleep and woke around three o'clock. This was the day to turn back, according to his orders, but he had still one hope, and so routed out his command, let them finish a cold breakfast, and put them in the saddle. Manuel Dura said, still not quite awake, "It is better we take another trail back to Grant."



"Tsk, tsk, tsk! That's the second fender this week!"

JAY IRVING

"Not yet. Which way did those tracks run last night?"

"East," said Dura.

"We go east."

The troopers traveled in a stolid file behind him. At first light they had reached a rising ridge above the meadow and faced a country crosshatched by pine-scattered draws and turning gulches, and rocky mounds. Dura had his look at the ground and came back thoroughly awake. "The sign is plenty. They meet here yesterday. See that peak? Maybe there now. Thirty-forty, *quien sabe?*"

A defile with ragged sidewalls marched toward the peak in the northeast; the cobalt shadows of dawn whirled around the land, eddying like water, tricking the eye and giving motion to the country beyond. "That way, Dura," said Castleton.

Dura's horse threw up its head and sidestepped in the trail. Dura studied the ground with a quick attention and saw nothing there to cause the disturbance. He lifted his head, eyes almost shut, staring forward. He said: "Do not take that way, Lieutenant."

"What do you see?"

Dura shrugged his shoulders. "I see nothing and I do not like it. But that trail she is a trap."

"Turn left, toward that barrier of rock."

Manuel Dura spread his arms. "A bad place."

Castleton gestured with his arm and crowded past Dura. The peak was his target, in the east. The barrier of rock, which was a six-foot breastwork heaved up by some ancient slipping of the earth's crust, lay a quarter mile forward; to either side the land rose in broken hummocks. Castleton put the column into a trot, aiming at the lowest section of the rock barrier.

Mixler swung abreast, his light complexion turned pink by the run. "Is that grass growing along the edge of those rocks?"

The steady run set up a racket of iron hoofs on the solid ground. Saddle gear creaked and Hanna's voice was heavy behind Castleton: "Close up, Flynn!"

"Hah!" rasped Dura and hauled his horse in. His arm whipped straight forward. The clumps of grass along the rock rim moved and fell away—and became round black heads. A first shot broke the morning, its echo rocketing all up the hillsides. A faint wisp of smoke rose.

Castleton called: "Skirmishers!"

HANNA'S voice beat at the troopers as they rushed into a long, broken line abreast Castleton. Mixler flung his horse around and rushed to the right of the line, his ruddy face alive and eager and suddenly pleased. A quick firing broke from the rocks, the smoke showing the Apaches to be scattered along the parapet. Castleton, taking his swift survey, thought there was an empty spot over toward the left of that parapet and promptly rushed for it, signaling his men to follow. It whirled the troopers into an irregular grouping; and this was the way they crossed the front of fire. A horse went down, throwing Trooper Sweeney far forward against the stony soil. He turned and kept on rolling until he reached a dip of earth and fell into it.

On that side toward which Castleton rushed a series of broken hummocks rose rather sharply. Driving in toward the end of the rock parapet, Castleton came close to the hummocks and at once felt the cross-whip of lead. Antone's warriors showed themselves briefly in the spaces between the hummocks, fired and fell back. Castleton wheeled, raced at them with his revolver swinging up for a shot. Hanna galloped behind. Mixler, making the complete circle from one side of this area to the other, brought on the last laggard men; they raced between the hummocks. Antone's warriors ducked in and out of sight, firing as they moved. Hanna and O'Grady, close together, rode an Apache down beneath their horses, looking behind to see him flat and dead on the earth. Mixler galloped around the base of a hump, came point-blank before a tall Apache with a carbine already lifted to fire. Mixler threw his horse aside and felt the breathing smoke of the carbine's explosion and, targeting the brave with his revolver, killed him with the shot.

It was a tight and wicked moment, the troopers rushing at the successive hummocks without order or direction, firing at the fugitive shapes around them. The Apaches kept fading and reappearing, from pocket to pocket; they gave ground and were lost, and reappeared again. The Indians stationed at the rock parapet were streaming forward from the rear and the right flank. Manuel Dura saw this first and, slipping

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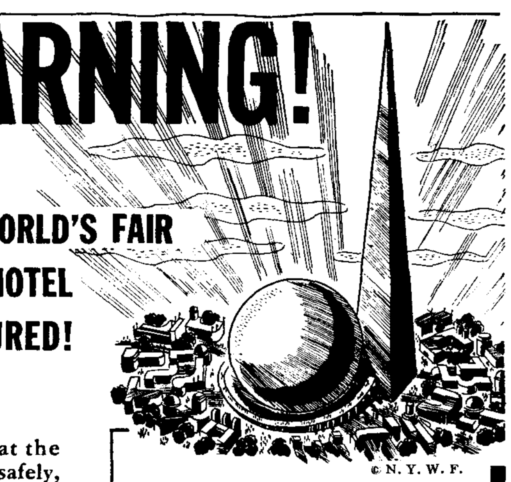

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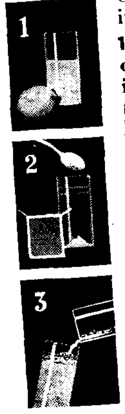

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off his horse, he ran to the crest of a hump, flattened against it and coolly targeted this new rush of Apaches with his carbine, aiming and firing with unexcitable method.

Mixler, circling a hump, discovered Dura at this business. Immediately Mixler called up the nearest troopers, rushed up to support Dura and dismounted. One man held the horses while the others dug in. Mixler's face was rose-red and his blue eyes were bright, almost laughing as he settled down. He said: "No hurry. Be sure you hit something, or don't fire."

Meanwhile, Castleton had gotten deeper into the broken country. Apaches kept retreating before him, vague shadows. He fired and missed his aim. An Apache dropped out of sight and Castleton, seeing the warrior's intent of circling the hummock, yelled at O'Grady near by: "Go around that side!"

O'Grady made a rush at the hummock's other edge while Castleton circled his own side. His horse went into a pothole and climbed out at the moment O'Grady galloped dead into the Apache's thrown-up gun. The bullet hit O'Grady in the chest, knocking him out of the saddle. Castleton's bullet killed the Apache. Rushing on, Castleton saw O'Grady's dead face turned toward the first brass-yellow flash of sunlight.

The Apaches were shadows that vanished. There was nothing now to be seen around the potholes. Wheeling back, Castleton saw Apaches trotting away from the fight, in a country too rough for cavalry to follow safely. Over in the clear ground the racket of the carbines kept going; all the troopers were rushing in that direction.

Coming around the last hummocks, Castleton saw the main section of Antone's band break back for the rocks, those brown bodies squirming through the apertures and out of sight; but one Indian raced toward the hollow where Sweeney lay, reached down and stabbed Sweeney to death and ducked away. A dozen bullets ripped the ground around him and caught him and knocked the life out of him. Galloping to the highest hummock, Castleton watched Antone's band reach their horses in a distant hollow and race back in the direction of the peak.

A FEW last shots followed them, but in a moment the pines and the rough country hid them entirely. Troopers rose from the ground, walking loose-jointedly along the uneven earth. Hanna came up and stood at the head of Castleton's horse. Sweat hung in bright balls at the ends of his mustache; his shirt front was gray with dust. His old soldier's eyes turned to Castleton, reserved and waiting—and full of things Castleton could feel.

"What would the lieutenant be wantin' now?"

Castleton watched the slopes of the far peak, seeing his chances of capturing Antone fade entirely. There could be no pursuit in land like that, formed as it was with pine thickets and rock pits against a steep climbing grade. The sun rose, red-hot in the sky, his rations were only for three days, and his horses were jaded from the steady pushing through the rough country. All this he knew with a bitter disappointment. And had he not known it, Sergeant Hanna's black eyes would have told him.

Corporal Oldbuck called: "Sweeney's a dead one."

"So's O'Grady."

These men stood around, the excitement of the encounter fading, leaving them loose and weary. Castleton felt the dull judgment in their heads; he heard it in Manuel Dura's voice when the guide sauntered up:

"Maybe now you theenk Antone can fight, Lieutenant."

"Hanna," said Castleton, "we turn back. Tie Sweeney and O'Grady to their horses."

He rode away from the men, down to where Sweeney lay on his back with two long knife slashes through his bloodstained shirt. Castleton didn't dismount. He sat forward, watching Sweeney's face, curious to catch the shadow of some expression. This was his hard moment, to know that he had led Sweeney and O'Grady to death. This was when he realized how eagerly he had fallen into Antone's trap. He had no particular conscience about the matter, no regret, for this was the risk he took along with the rest of them; this was what soldiering was for. But he knew what Major Warren would say, and what the post would say, and how his men would be judging him. He sat there, thinking of it, turned harder than he had been, enraged and made a little mad by failure. It was the failure that mattered.

ELEANOR and Tom Benteen, with a detail of eight men, left Grant before sunrise and camped that night in the gloomy jaws of Gold Canyon where, not long before, Apaches had slaughtered the Kennedy-Israel party. The following morning they reached the desert floor west of the Santa Catalinas and struck southwest into a yellow-blue heat haze. In the surrounding distance was the smoky outline of peaks and buttes rising from the flat plain. Northward, the black summit of the Pinals and the lesser summits of the Mescals and the Tortillas. Westward, the Picacho, marking the route of the mail stage line.

Along this route were the marks of the Apache scourge in the shape of mounded graves, old and new, scattered at frequent intervals, to indicate the violent end of Mexicans, stage drivers, ranchers and prospectors suddenly ambushed. A blackened square showed where a ranch house had been; the bleached bones of a horse lay beside the metal fragments of a wagon. Summer's sun was a melting ball in a spotless blue sky and heat waves danced in gelatin layers along the cactus-studded soil. Gradually the low-lying shape of Tucson lifted from the plain and at sundown that day the party crossed the parade of Fort Lowell on the edge of town. The commanding officer's wife, Mrs. Bursom, immediately took Eleanor in charge. "You will join us for dinner, Mr. Benteen," she added. The troopers moved to the stables, and Tom Benteen reported to the paymaster.

"I shall be ready to leave in the morning," the paymaster said. "Incidentally, there's a Mexican troupe in town tonight, playing Eleana and Jorge."

Benteen repaired to the post's bachelor hall, cleaned up, and returned to Colonel Bursom's quarters for dinner. Afterward, in the soft, hot desert twilight, he escorted Eleanor into Tucson.

"This," he told her, "is the Mecca of the Southwest. There is nothing like it from San Antonio to San Diego, except perhaps Prescott up in the Mogollon Range. But Prescott is strictly American. This is almost straight old Mexico."

At this half-light and half-dark hour a soft quiet lay over the town. There were no streets to speak of, only casual alleys threading the scatter of single-story dobe houses, along the walls of which strings of drying peppers hung colorfully. The dust was ankle-deep. Near one livery stable a water trough's overflow created a deep mudhole, and in this a hog lay, nothing but his eyes and snout showing. The church of San Antonio stood in the center of a plaza, its steeple and cross standing high over the low dobe dwellings. Around this plaza were shops and saloons and the long, windowless warehouses of the freighting merchant. In front of them canvas-topped wagons were banked, idle

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after their long runs to Missouri, to California, to Guaymas and Hermosillo, deep in old Mexico. They passed the rankness of the Munoz corral. they skirted the lighted windows of saloons, hearing the restless bubble of talk and the clatter of chips and the call of the roulette croupier. Beyond this, as darkness settled down, they followed the broken remnants of the old wall that once, in the time of the padres, had kept Tucson a safe haven in the heathen wilderness of northern Mexico.

Vesper bells were ringing. People moved through town, toward the quartermaster's corral. Candlelights gleamed out of doorways and the softness of Spanish talk was pleasant to hear. Darkness came down and the mystery of the desert pressed in. Eleanor took Benteen's arm, keeping step with him. "It is," she murmured, "a million miles to anywhere."

He felt the rhythm of her body; he was conscious of the sweet smell of her hair. Long afterward he said: "If I ever left the army, here's where I'd stay. In the Territory."

"Why?"

"Why," he said, surprised at being pinned down, and not quite finding the right words. "I like the desert. I like the hills. I even like the heat."

She said: "Well, that is the kind of man you are, Tom."

THEY recrossed the plaza in front of the church. Then he said, "What kind?" and was really puzzled.

She didn't answer him directly. She stopped, coming in front of him, looking up to him with her hand still on his arm. A quarter moon threw its soft light across her face; he saw its breadth, its strength, and the dark, unknown things lying in her eyes. "Do you think you'd ever leave the army?" she asked.

"Not by choice. Only if a bullet or an arrow ruined me. It is always a possibility a man has to consider."

He said it in a thoroughly impersonal manner, as if it were a contingency that didn't much matter. He had, she recognized, a broad streak of fatalism in him. Many things didn't matter to him; he shrugged them away, he closed his mind to them. It was odd that this should be the way of so vital and so physically strong a man. Once, she guessed, he had been hotheaded and restless—now and then she saw its remaining force, as in the scene with the outlaw, Jack Bean. But he had been through the Civil War as a boy, and had toughened on the frontier; and it had made him older at twenty-five than most men would ever be. That was what made him so brief-talking, so indolent. This and one other experience, she added at once. The Southern girl had done the rest of it. The Southern girl had taken all of him and had given back very little. She wondered then how much he still loved that woman; and because she was very curious, she said gently:

"Well, this is Southern, too. You like the South?"

"Without magnolias and honeysuckle," he answered. "No more of those."

They crossed the plaza, threading the little alleys near Ochoa and DeLong's freighting warehouses. Mexicans were going ahead of them, toward the quartermaster's corrals; all laughing and soft-talking people. Eleanor said: "Are you really that bitter about it?"

"If I were bitter," he said, "it would mean I hadn't forgotten, wouldn't it?"

"You haven't forgotten. I know that much."

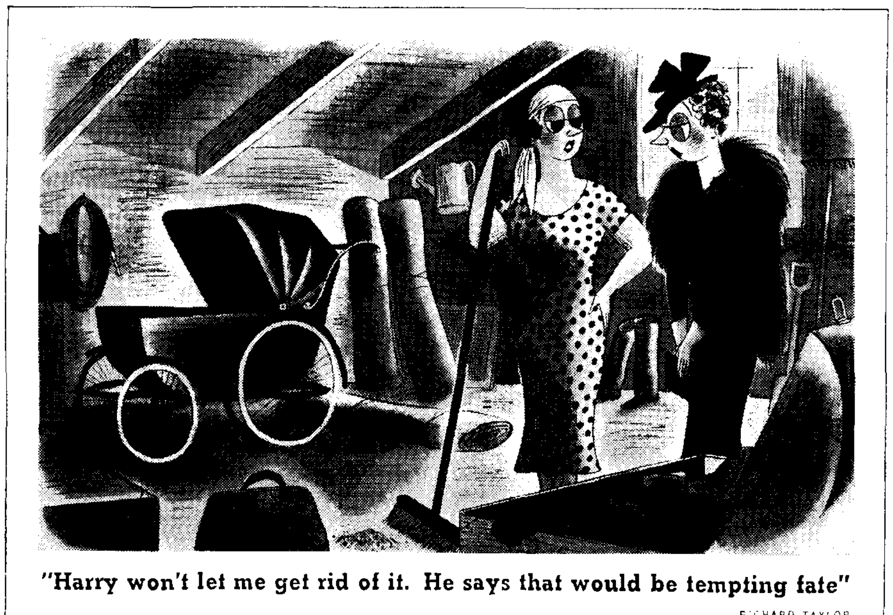
"No," he said, "I haven't. But I'm not bitter."

"You think of her a great deal," she said quietly.

"I think of many things. I remember a cavalry charge in '63. I think of the smell of the swamps around Richmond when we were dug in—rotten and full of malaria. Water moccasins slid around your boots and scared hell out of a man. I think of the sound of the Minié balls at Gettysburg, at Little Round Top. I think of the time Mr. Lincoln came down to camp to see McClellan. McClellan kept drilling the army and not doing anything and Mr. Lincoln wanted to know why. Mr. Lincoln was very tall and his stovepipe hat added another foot and he was dressed in old clothes that made him look like a scarecrow. Little Mac was small and very neat. I think of a drink of buttermilk a little girl handed me one day in the summer of '62. This was in the Shenandoah Valley. She was ten years old and her father was on the Confederate side with Lee. But she gave me a beautiful curtsy and flirted with her eyes. We gave her a salute when we rode on." He looked down at Eleanor with that slanting expression which was so near smiling and so near irony. "That's what I think of. Just pieces of action and little scenes that don't mean much. Put them all together and that's my life."

"No," she murmured. "You think of her. When you are quite tired. At night. When you are lonely."

He said: "Your eyes see too much, Eleanor," and led her into the quartermaster's corral. Cottonwood saplings had been thrown across the corral for seats. At the end of the corral a row of burning torches indicated footlights. A barrel, a wagon and a watering trough comprised the stage, on which the actors waited. The admission, the polite young Mexican said, was fifty cents for the citizens, but a dollar for the distinguished



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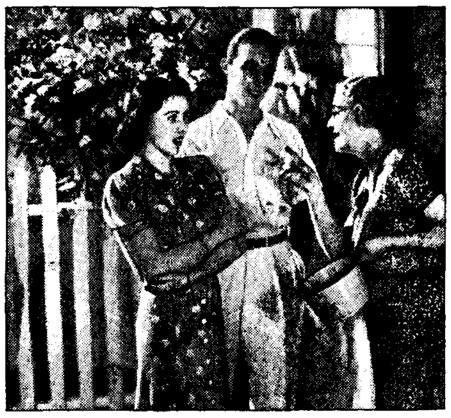

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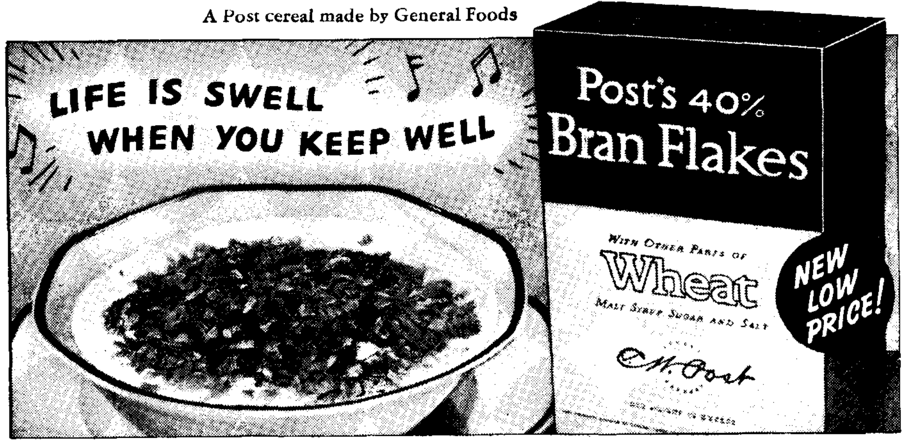
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Americanos. Benteen paid and escorted Eleanor to the least uncomfortable cottonwood he could find. All the youngsters were down front, making a great racket. Elsewhere sat the men of Tucson, a sprinkling of soldiers and the black-eyed Mexican girls with their ever-present duennas, cheeks plastered with the customary flour-paste cosmetic. An orchestra—flute and guitar—made a desultory effort to rise above the considerable confusion and presently ceased. A broad Mexican came before the footlights, adjusted his serape and harangued the crowd in Spanish, made a low flourish and retired, whereupon the actors took station, struck their postures with heavy theatrical license, and Eleana and Jorge began in the shape of an extremely tearful scene between a rich uncle and his sorrowing niece.

"This uncle," explained Benteen, "is a mercenary old scoundrel who intends to sell his niece, Eleana, to a rich French officer who is a poltroon of the first rank. Jorge is a poor but very brave Mexican officer who loves Eleana. Of course Eleana loves him. It is very pathetic. But maybe love will win."

ELEANOR smiled at his tone. He had turned pleased and gay and skeptical. The cottonwood log made a perilous bench, which was the reason Benteen hooked his arm through the crook of her elbow, meanwhile vigorously applauding Eleana's unintelligible but highly dramatic speech. The rich uncle departed and Don Jorge, hiding all this while behind the barrel, sprang up to the tremendous cheers of the audience, made his impassioned declarations of undying love and stalked behind the wagon; at this juncture the French officer, leering and effeminate, rose from the barrel and minced forward.

A storm of hatred rose from the cottonwood benches: *"Muere—Muere—* may him die!" Benteen clapped a hand across his mouth, emitting strong whoops of approval. At the end of the first act Benteen and Eleanor munched edible quinces, listening to the constant clack of the cigarette-smoking duennas. More troopers lined the rear of the corral, the music struggled feebly against the racket and the tar flares made a smoky saturnine light against the black Arizona night. A frail little Mexican girl with eyes as round as dollars flirted behind her duenna's back at a youth with a dramatic face in the shadows.

The second act showed the cowardly French officer's temporary ascendancy and Don Jorge's departure to death or glory. The second intermission brought a payaso, or Mexican clown, to the stage waving a Mexican flag and chanting death to foreign foes. By this time both Benteen and Eleanor were thoroughly hungry. Benteen bought steaming-hot enchiladas and chocolate and both of them ate their late supper while the third act confounded the French cad and the avaricious uncle and brought Don Jorge and beautiful Eleana to the center of the stage in happy embrace. Tucson—man, woman and child—stamped and shrieked its approval.

Benteen guided Eleanor through the crowd. "Everything comes out right and now we go home to sleep in exhausted contentment. Could opera night in New York be any better?"

"I thought Eleana was a little buxom," said Eleanor.

"The Spanish taste," said Benteen. "Anyhow, she has to be buxom to stand three acts behind those footlights. Must be 110 Fahrenheit up there." Turning from the crowd, they swung the long way home, back through the devious pathways and plazas of Tucson.

In passing from the corral he had not noticed Sergeant McSween in the shadows near by. But after he had gone McSween swung around and stared into the semidarkness near the quartermaster's shed. Jack Bean stood there, and had been there during the last half-hour, closely watching Benteen. Presently Bean turned into the night, whereupon McSween plowed his way through the crowd of Mexicans, following Bean at a careful distance.

Benteen and Eleanor, slowly pacing this bland, hot night, came again to the church plaza. A few late worshipers came out and went away; the crowds straggled through the formless streets and a group of horsemen galloped from town. Men filed into the saloon on the far corner of the plaza and the lights there grew brighter. Eleanor settled on the church steps, pulling Benteen beside her. She laced her fingers together, around her knees, watching the high, brilliant stars and the capsized outline of the quarter moon. Silence settled across Tucson, a soft, smothering wave.

Benteen rolled a cigarette and lighted it, the smoke trailing fragrantly into the still air. He sat loosely on the steps, his long legs sprawled before him; he was, she thought, as thoroughly relaxed and at ease as a man could be. His face had softened from its habitual expression of disinterest and for this moment she was sure he had forgotten the past.

"Eleanor," he said, "this is damned pleasant."

Her presence, she thought, did this to him. But immediately the instant pleasure of that knowledge was qualified: her presence, or any other woman's presence. For she was an army girl and she knew how hunger built up in a man until the nearness of a woman was the strongest temptation in the world. Even for Tom Benteen. He was a solid man, strong and physically alive; he had his thoughts, he had his desires. The memory of the Southern girl, clear as it might be to him and as near as it might be, wasn't enough. He couldn't live with that pale shadow.

She murmured: "How far are those stars?"

"Too far."

"How near," she whispered, "could we get, if we tried?"

"Why try?"

She shook her head. "I know you better now. You don't mean it. You cover everything up."

He breathed in the cigarette smoke and expelled it. She heard the long sweep of wind in his chest. "Eleanor," he said, "don't be too curious about me."

"Why not?"

"I don't think I want you to know what's inside."

SHE spoke in the gentlest, most wondering voice: "I won't be able to help that, Tom. I think any woman would be curious about you. Harriet is. Lily Marr is. Should I be different? Remember, we will be in this regiment most of our lives. As long as you are a line officer and Phil is a line officer. Twenty years at least. That means we'll all be thrown together. You two hate each other. I see it very clearly. When I marry Phil I shall take his side, of course. But I know you both rather well, and I'll never be able to hate you at all. It will be hard for me. Do you see?"

He didn't answer. He sat with his elbows on his knees, his head dropped forward and the smoke of the cigarette spiraling around his face. His lip corners had a tough, sharp set. She watched him with the closeness that could come only of deep, personal interest; his expressions and his mannerisms, the very manner in which his long fingers hung down, registered in her mind. He had a man's reticence and a man's rough humor; he had a man's thorough temper hiding behind his silence, sometimes gay and sometimes hard and hot as fire.

She said: "I should try to do something about that. But you and Phil are the whole world apart and never will be any closer. I'm sorry. It will make our lives difficult. We shall have our troubles."

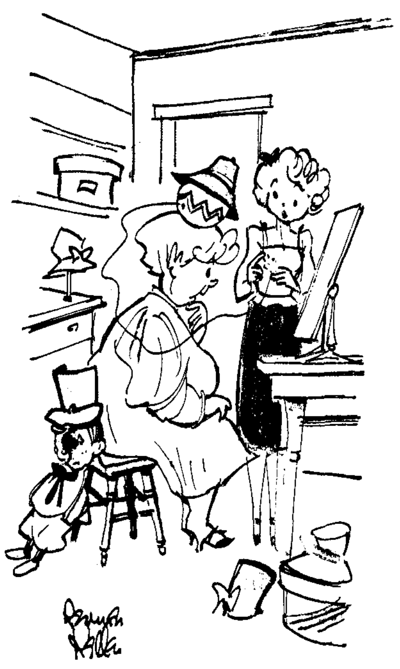
"I have thought of that," he agreed. "The trouble will not come from me. Been wanting to tell you that the last day or so."

She said quickly: "I wish you'd marry."

He looked around at her, surprised and on the edge of smiling. "Now why?"

She didn't smile back. Soberness held her face dark and still. She reached out and held her hand toward him until he took it. Her fingers closed around his palm, suddenly strong; holding to him, pressing some of her thoughts into him. The silence went on like this, full of unexpressed and puzzling emotions. Abruptly she drew her hand away.

"I do not believe I can tell you why, Tom. I don't believe I should. I don't think it would be very clear to you—or to me. But it would put an end to one thing. And that, I think, would be good for all of us. Does it mean anything at all?"



"All you've got to do when you're tired of it is stick this plug in a socket and you've got a lamp"

REAMER KELLER

"Yes," he said. "Maybe it does."

Somewhere in town a Mexican boy was serenading the window of his own particular love. The melody of his guitar drifted through the thick desert silence; the sound of his voice was quite clear.

From his position in the shadows of a dobe across the plaza, Sergeant McSween saw Benteen and Eleanor as two close-placed shadows in the vague moonlight. The sight stirred him and the song got into his Irish heart, and he stood there, patient and watchful, and did his own particular wishing, for a moment forgetting why he was here. Then he remembered and turned his attention to a sharp black line under the porch of the Shoo-fly restaurant. This was Jack Bean.

Eleanor said: "I have been thinking of what you said, about leaving the army. Short of death, you never will leave it. It is your kind of life. You would never be happy in any other."

"No," he said, "I never would."

She went on in her clear and sweet and judging voice: "I don't believe the slowness of promotion worries you. I don't believe you think about that much. I don't believe you ever have the heartburnings that other officers have. Yet this will happen to you, Tom. Promotion will come to you. Do you know why? Because you are a natural officer. You live and breathe the army. Your men feel it and the officers feel it. I've watched officers since I got old enough to notice. Some men do the right thing because it is just in their make-up, or in their blood. They were born with it, I guess. Some men have to learn it all. The gift is yours—without even thinking of it."

She paused and drew a long quick breath, listening to the fading melody of the distant singer. "Would he be mentioning love, Tom? Let's walk."

They rose and crossed the plaza, close together under the vague shine of moonlight. Fort Lowell's gate lay northward but they paced silently and slowly southward, on out toward the silver shining border of the desert. Deep down there behind the black mountain masses lay Mexico; eastward the near peaks of the Santa Ritas cut heavy chunks from the sky; and all around was a loneliness and the smell and hint of sharp danger. The Mexican boy's song had entirely faded.

Behind them, though they didn't know it, Jack Bean walked; and behind Bean came old Sergeant McSween, moving like a cat in the dust.

Eleanor said: "What was her name, Tom?"

"Lucy."

"Pretty, and Southern. Is she married now?"

"I never found out," he said.

"You should."

"Why?"

"Because it would close a door. It's open now and you keep watching it, thinking maybe someday she'll come through it."

HE STOPPED, pulling her around. His voice was quite troubled: "You see a lot. Don't rummage through me like this. Why should you be curious? You've got a man."

"You should do something else," she said in the same, even way. "You should either go to her or get her out of your head. For a man like you, Tom, an old lavender-and-lace memory is bad."

"Maybe," he said. They paced on, saying no more. They rounded the entrance to the fort gate and went through it, quietly circling the parade. The sentry's hour call ran from post to post: "Two o'clock and all's well." Suddenly Benteen was softly laughing in the deep darkness.

"Eleanor, it is a damned short time till reveille!"

"It's been fun."

He stopped again, touching her arm. She came about, seeing the blur of his face, the black cut of his shoulders against the night. She knew he wasn't smiling. She knew what was in his mind. He said: "This is the way it ought to be. A little fun. A lot of riding. Something to cry about. Something to remember when it is all over." The pressure of his hand grew greater, pulling her in. She had lifted her head and her two hands came against his chest, without resisting pressure. This was the way she stood when he kissed her, heavy and long and hungry. If she had never known what was in the heart of this man before, she knew now—the wild run of his temper, the force of his will. It came out, it broke through; it was, suddenly, something that passed over to her.

He stepped back, softly speaking: "Regrets?"

"No," she said. "No regrets. It has been a lovely evening, Tom. What did you say—something to remember when it's all over?"

(To be continued next week)

STOP
wondering about friends and relatives who live out of town
LOOK
in the front of your telephone directory for the low rates*
LISTEN
to friendly voices telling you all the news you want to know
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*If they're not there, ask Long Distance. Out-of-town rates to most points are especially low after seven every evening and all day Sunday.

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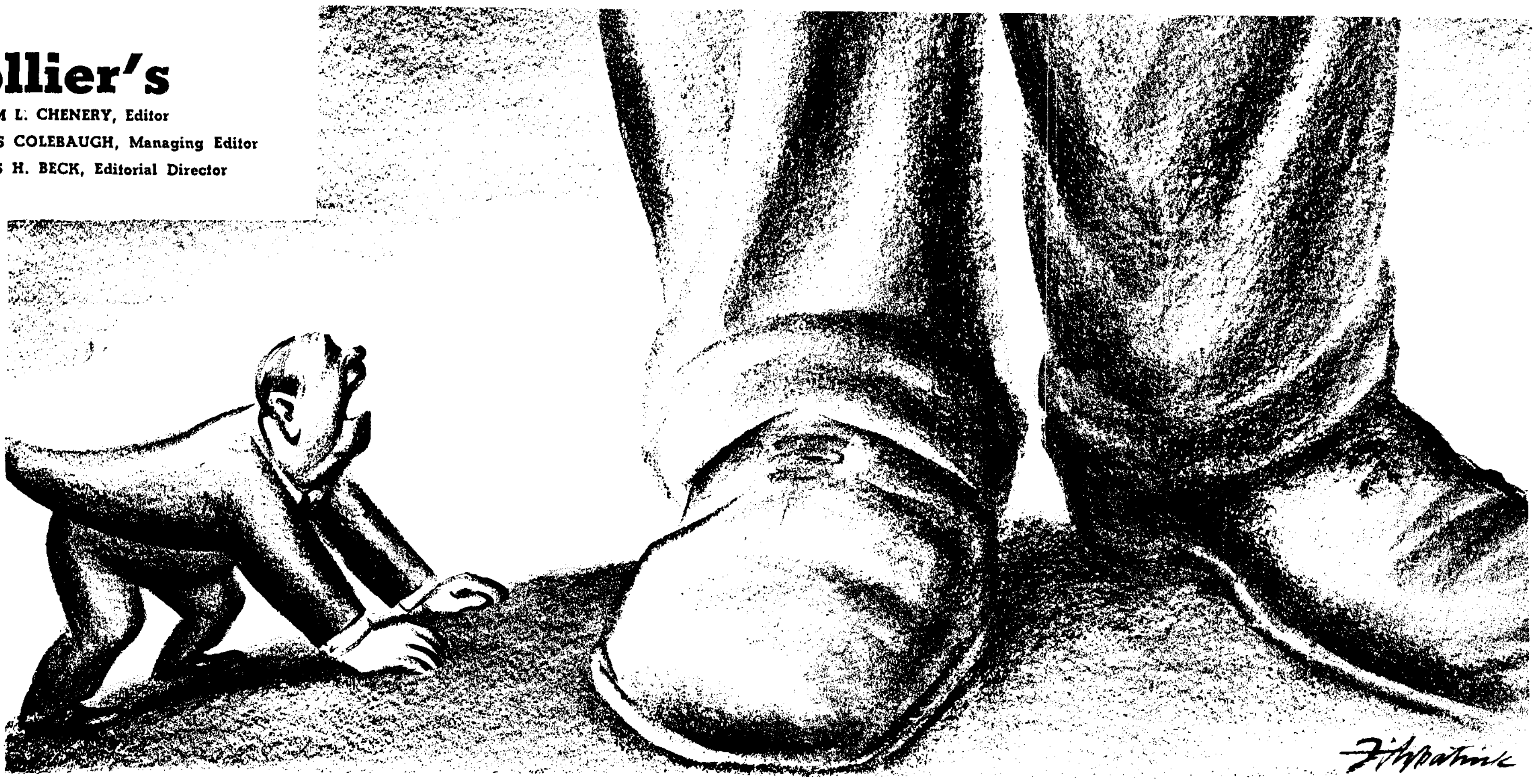


Let's Not Hound Labor

FOR all their shortcomings, which are plentiful, labor unions do more good than harm; have done so for generations.

Organized labor delivers two big services. It keeps brakes on the human greed of employers and it inches mass buying power upward.

If it weren't for the labor organizations, our unemployment problem would probably be worse than it is. More people would have less money; fewer goods would be consumed; there would be fewer jobs for makers of goods.

In this phase of our economic evolution, it looks as if we have to have labor unions, dislike them though many people do. If you doubt the necessity of unions, have a look at the sagging standards of living in Germany and Italy, where labor unions are outlawed; and at the Russian slave state, where they have things called trade unions which really are government organisms for the shackling of labor to the big Rolls-Royce in which Mr. Stalin swanks around.

To come down to cases, it begins to look to us as if the pendulum may swing unhealthily far against labor in this country if we're not careful. As pointed out in Collier's some weeks ago, Oregon's drastic antilabor law adopted by referendum last fall should be warning enough of the flow of popular feeling.

The pendulum was bound to swing back, after the years of sitdowns, labor-leader feuds, excessive and unreasonable picketing, jurisdictional strikes, etc., and it is swinging back now with a mighty swoosh.

The Supreme Court has blown the whistle on sitdowns. A Philadelphia federal jury has soaked a C.I.O. union for $700,000-plus as triple damages for the Apex Hosiery sitdown strike of May and June, 1937—a verdict which, after all due allowances are made, still seems overwhelming. This decision, unless reversed on appeal, may lead to the bankrupting of innumerable labor unions through damage suits brought under the Sherman and Clayton antitrust acts—which never were intended to apply to labor organizations.

Further, the National Labor Relations Board is being a much nicer boy than it was a couple of years ago . . . the C.I.O. is firing Communists out of key positions in its setup . . . various labor leaders have been pretty well sandpapered down to the proper size (remember when there was serious talk about John L. Lewis perhaps muscling into the presidency someday?).

Isn't all this about far enough for the swing-back to go? Shouldn't most of us now make up our minds, for the well-being of all of us, that organized labor shall not be hounded into the bull pen?

Employers would be wise, we think, to go easy as regards following up recent advantages many of them have gained over labor. This, though it is hard to forget how prosperity and the New Deal's erstwhile prolabor bias made a lot of the boys and girls power-drunk a few years ago.

We believe the courts would be wise to interpret the laws liberally in cases involving labor unions. The courts needn't tell us, either, that they can't interpret one and the same law liberally or strictly as they choose.

And we believe our lawmakers—impelled, we hope, by public opinion—would be wise to keep working toward what still looks like the only workable, common-sense method of handling capital-labor relations in a democratic country. The core of that method is impartial but friendly government umpiring between capital and labor in their disputes, the consuming public's interests to get ample consideration every time.

Gifts with Strings

IF YOU have anywhere from $5 to $5,000,000 to spare, one good place to put it would be in the treasury of some college or university. If it is a nonstate institution, depending chiefly on income from gifts and endowments, so much the better.

These institutions' donations and dividends both have been shrinking since 1929. It is a sad day for academic freedom, untrammeled teaching, and various other invaluable intangibles, whenever a privately endowed college or university has either to shut up shop or ask the politicians for some of the public's money. For a balanced and adequate higher-education system we need both kinds of colleges and plenty of them—the publicly and privately financed.

Allow us to recommend, too, that when you give your $100 or $100,000, you resist that impulse to specify how it shall be used. Give it, without strings attached, to the general fund at the institution, to be spent as the operating board sees fit. Don't earmark it for some pet purpose of your own.

As President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University puts it:

"Welcome as are gifts to income for specific purposes, and much as they aid the university in its public service, they alone do not lift the burden which rests upon the trustees to find funds with which to meet the cost of carrying on the general work of the university."

In blunter language than Dr. Butler cared to use, a gift without strings will go farther and do more good than an earmarked gift, though admittedly it may not butter up your ego as unctuously. And these special gifts are becoming so numerous that they may threaten to make very lopsided, inefficient affairs out of the facilities of our colleges and universities.

SPECIAL·SPRING TUNE-UP
FLATS FIXED

Tune in on **"Tune-Up Time"** featuring Walter O'Keefe... Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra . . . Kay Thompson and Rhythm Singers... Columbia Broadcasting System, 9 P. M., E. S. T. (10 P. M. Daylight Time).

"What's this about Spring tune-up, Mac? Am I missing something?"

"What do you mean by 'tune-up,' Mac?" asked Mr. Kent.

"A tune-up will help you get the most out of your engine and your gasoline this summer. It isn't expensive. We simply check up and readjust the engine to factory specifications. You see, every engine gradually works itself out of adjustment so that you waste gas and power even though you don't realize it!"

"Well, if that's all it is, go ahead and tune-up my motor."

"Right! What grade of gas are you using?"

"What's gasoline got to do with it?"

"Plenty! You know what the spark adjustment is, don't you? That's the adjustment under the hood that controls engine performance."

"Go on. I'm following you."

"Well, the closer I advance your spark to the point of top performance, the more power and mileage you should get. But I can't advance it any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gas in your tank permits—because then the engine will 'knock' or 'ping.' That will *waste* fuel and power just as surely as a retarded spark."

"In other words—the better the gas, the better the tune-up and the better the performance?"

"That's it. Different grades of gasoline give you different grades of performance, depending on the grade you use and the spark setting."

Mr. Kent chose *first-grade* performance. The chart at the right will help you choose the performance *you* want.

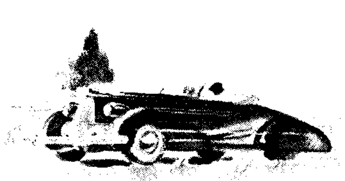
* * * * *

Do you know what oil companies are doing to make cars run better?

Oil companies the world over are now using tetraethyl lead to improve the anti-knock quality of their gasolines. This enables car-owners to take advantage of the higher compression engines built by the automobile industry in recent years.

Tetraethyl lead is a liquid that completely mixes with and improves gasoline. It raises the anti-knock quality of any motor fuel. It is the active ingredient of the anti-knock fluids made exclusively by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.

Buy "leaded" gasoline.



YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES OF CAR PERFORMANCE

BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines *now* contain tetraethyl lead, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

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ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

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